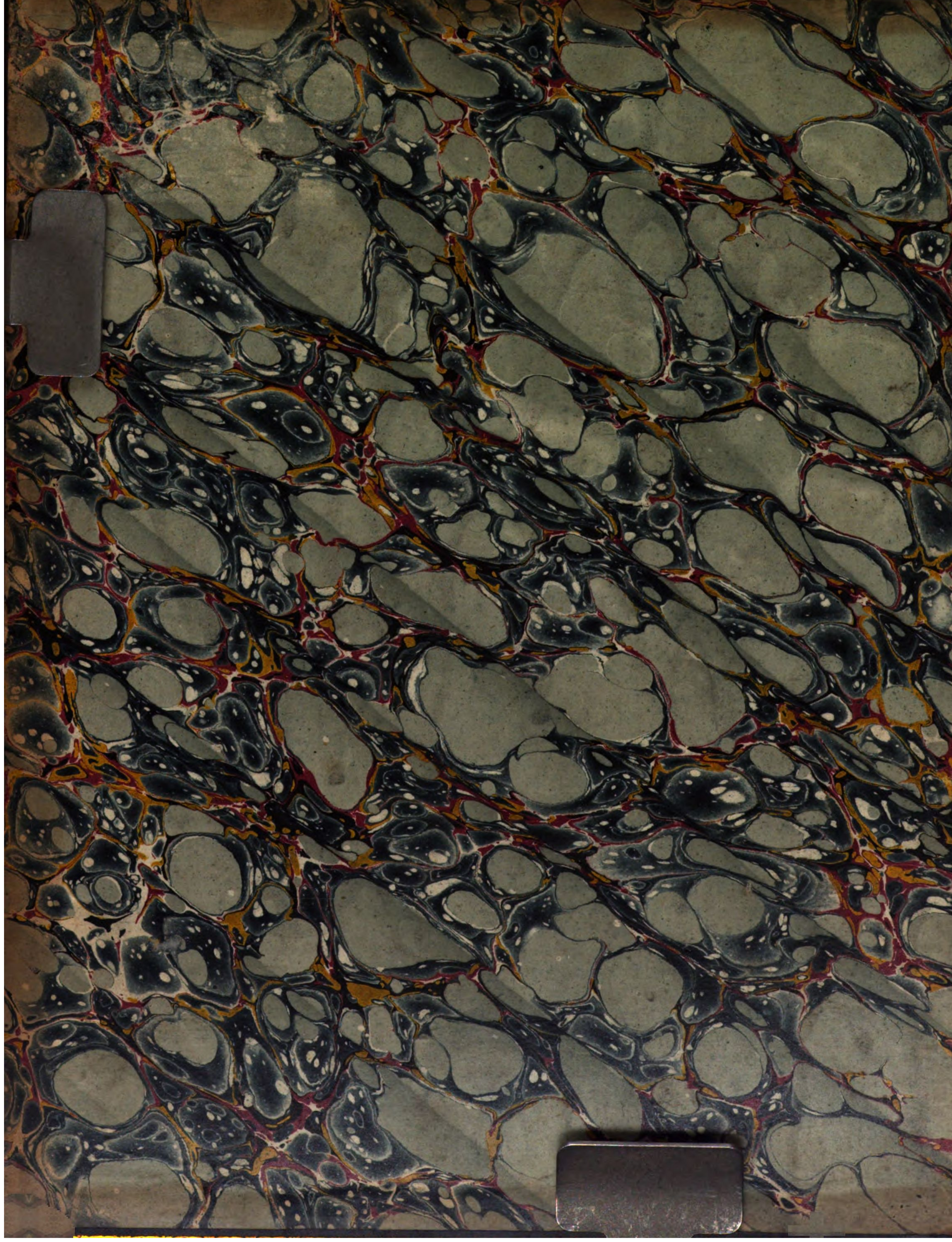








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Rolland

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THE SEVEN SAGES,

IN

SCOTISH METRE.

BY

JOHN ROLLAND OF DALKEITH.

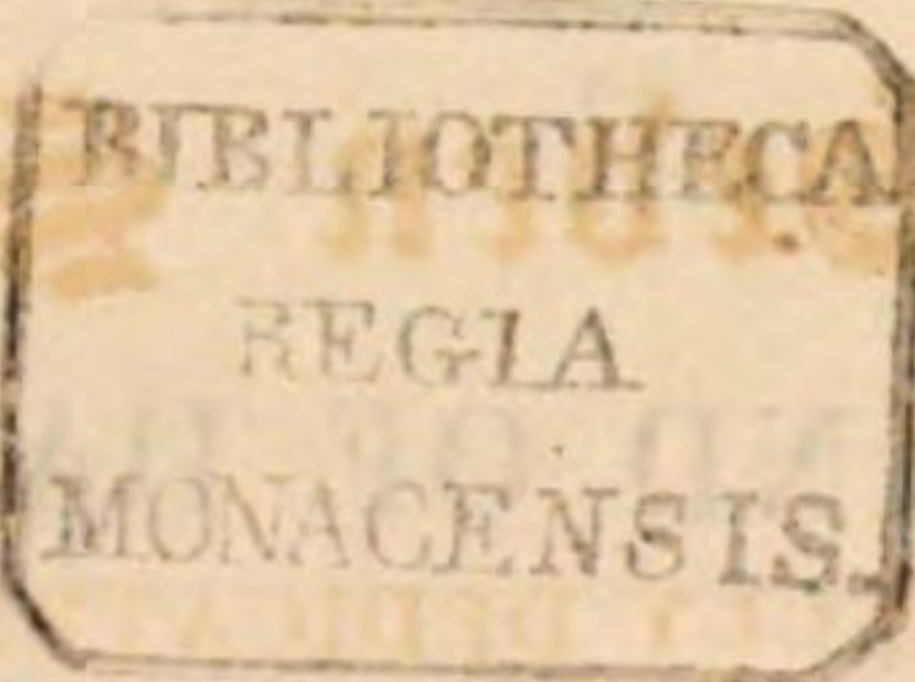


EDINBURGH: REPRINTED
FROM THE EDITION OF M.D.LXXVIII.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.

THE SEVEN SAGES

SCOTTISH METRE



FROM THE EDITION OF M.DCCXXII
LONDON: PRINTED

THIS REPUBLICATION

OF

Rolland's Seven Sages,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF

The Bannatyne Club,

BY

JAMES IVORY.

PREFACE.

THE Collection of Tales, entitled "The Seven Sages," or "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," may be regarded as one of the most popular works of fiction of the Middle Ages. "Few works," Mr Dunlop observes, "are more interesting and curious than "the Seven Wise Masters, in illustrating the genealogy of fiction, "or its rapid and almost unaccountable transition from one country to another."¹ In like manner, a French antiquary remarks, "On ne connoît point de livres qui aient été traduits en autant "de langues, et sous autant de formes différentes."² Another foreign critic, in treating of the Popular books of the Germans, adopts a more enthusiastic style, and speaks of "The Seven Wise Masters," "as a work that must be respected by us for its "venerable antiquity. It sprang originally from the Indian Mountains, whence, from primeval times, it took its course as a little "rivulet, and poured into a westerly direction through Asia's wide

¹ History of Fiction, vol. ii. p. 166, 2d edit. 1816.

² Roquefort, De l'Etat de la Poésie Française dans les xii^e et xiii^e Siècles, p. 173.

“ field, and while it proceeded for thousands of years through
 “ space and time, always spreading more and more in reaching us.
 “ Out of it whole generations and many nations have drunk ; and
 “ having passed to Europe with the great tide of population, it is
 “ now also in our day and generation supplied to such a con-
 “ siderable portion of the public, that in regard to its celebrity,
 “ and the magnitude of its sphere of influence, it reaches the
 “ holy books, and surpasses all classical works.” ¹

Without assigning to the work either such very remote antiquity, or attributing to it such extraordinary influence, there can be no doubt of its great popularity. It has indeed been traced into almost every modern language, either in verse or prose, from its Oriental prototype, “ The Book of the Seven Councillors, or the Parables of SANDABAR,” an Indian philosopher ; although it is probable that some portions of the work were originally supplied by the fertile invention of the Greeks. ² Without attempting, however, to trace its origin, or to enumerate the several versions of this highly popular work, it may be sufficient to indicate some of the sources from whence further information may be derived.

The romance of “ The Seven Wise Masters,” in all its varied forms, consists of a number of stories connected into one continued dramatic narration ; of which the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments, the Decameron of Boccacio, and the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, furnish the most unrivalled examples. The names of

¹ J. Görres, “ Ueber die Teutschen Volksbücher,” as quoted by Keller, in the Introduction to his edition of “ Li Romans des Sept Sages,” p. 1.

² A writer in the Gentleman’s Magazine, August 1832 (p. 136), attempts to show that the work, in part at least, had a Grecian origin, from whence it was carried to the East.

the persons, the frame-work, and the stories introduced, differ considerably in the several versions ; but the plan remains essentially the same, and may be thus briefly stated :—

Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, had a son named Florentine. After the death of the Empress, Diocletian convened the wisest and most learned men, from whom he selected seven, under whose charge he placed the child to be instructed in the seven liberal arts. This they undertook to accomplish in the space of seven years. In the mean while the Emperor was persuaded to marry again, and became so much enamoured with his new wife, as in a great measure to forget his son. When the time of tuition was nearly expired, the Empress, who had heard the young Prince very highly commended, felt the strongest desire to see him, and easily persuaded her husband to summon him to court. His Masters, the night before their intended journey, thought it advisable to consult the stars, when they discovered that the first moment the young Prince, after his arrival at court, should open his lips would prove fatal to him, and very possibly to each of themselves. On hearing such an alarming prediction, Florentine himself examined the heavens, and ascertained that, if he could preserve a strict silence during seven days, the threatened danger would be averted, and he might expect many years of security and happiness.

Florentine was received at court with every demonstration of joy, till the Emperor, surprised at his son's want of speech, threatened his Masters as the cause of it. The Empress, however, requested the Prince's attendance in her own apartment, in the view of discovering the cause of this impediment ; and, when alone, she proposed and offered every encouragement to the

indulgence of a criminal passion. Florentine still preserved invincible silence ; but shewed such aversion to her proposals, that, at length finding her solicitations ineffectual, her love passed into the extreme of rage, and tearing her hair, and rending her clothes, like another Potiphar's wife, she accused the Prince of an attempt to ravish her, and demanded of the Emperor his instant execution. To confirm the Emperor in this resolution she tells him the tale of the Pinote tree, and impressed with the example thus exhibited, he gave express commandment to put his son to death next day. While he is conveyed towards the place of execution, one of the Seven Wise Masters stops the procession, until he has remonstrated with the Emperor on his injustice and cruelty :— he assures him, should he sacrifice his son, he would be tortured by unavailing remorse, as was the Knight who slew his good greyhound. The Emperor, who is easily swayed by the words of the last speaker, and who has an inordinate fondness for stories, desires to hear this tale, which the First Master obstinately refuses, until he has obtained an order to suspend the execution till next day. In this manner, through six successive days, he is alternately prevailed on by the Empress at night, by telling some appropriate story, to order his son to be put to death on the following morning ; while his purpose is delayed as each Master, in his turn, by exciting his curiosity, obtains a further respite, in order to relate some other example, illustrating the risk of inconsiderate punishment. At length, the fatal interval of seven days having elapsed, the young Prince, no longer under the dread of his threatened danger, to the unspeakable delight of the Emperor, breaks his silence, and relates the tale of the Ravens ; and having con-

victed the Empress of her false accusations, she suffers merited disgrace and punishment.

It has been doubted whether any Indian original of the Parables of SANDABAR ever existed. We find, however, mention made of versions of it into different languages, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac. Manuscript copies of one or more versions of the Hebrew text exist in public libraries, and also in a printed form;¹ but, from the account given of the work, it possesses no more than a general resemblance in its plan to the Seven Wise Masters. A nearer approach is made in the Greek romance of SYNTIPAS, some copies of which profess to be translated from the Persian, others from the Syriac. An analysis of this work was given by M. Dacier,² and a short abstract in Ellis's Specimens.³ The King is Cyrus of Persia, and Syntipas is the tutor of the young Prince; while there are Seven Philosophers, each of whom tells two tales in order to save the Prince's life. "This last circumstance is an argument, I think," says Mr Tyrwhitt, "for the originality of Syntipas; and another may be drawn from the insipidity of the greatest part of the tales."⁴ An eminent Orien-

¹ The Romance, or Parables of Sandabar, in Hebrew, was printed under the title of MISCHLE SANDABAR, first at Constantinople, in 1516, and afterwards at Venice, in 1544, 1568, and 1605. Our countryman James Bonaventura Hepburn is said by Dempster (Hist. Eccles. p. 364) to have translated the work from Hebrew into Latin.

² See "Notice d'un Manuscrit Grec, de la Bibliothèque du Roi; Ecriture du xvi^e siècle, sur papier in 4^o. coté 2912. Par M. Dacier." Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, vol. xli. p. 546. This MS. of Syntipas professes to be translated from the Syriac.

³ Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 9.

⁴ Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490, 4to edit. The romance itself has been since published under this title, "Συντιπας. De Syntipa et Cyri filio Andreopuli Narratio, e Codd. Pariss. edita, a Jo. Fr. Boissonade." Parisiis, 1828, 8vo. It may be added, that there exists a collection of Fables in Greek also ascribed to Syntipas. These were first published by Professor C. F. Mat-

talist mentions the Hebrew romance as a work unworthy of much notice, and adds, "Le roman Grec de Syntipas tel que nous le connoissons, est beaucoup plus étendu que le roman Hébreu de Sendabar, et ne peut pas être la source de ce dernier."¹

The earliest version of "The Seven Wise Masters," in any modern language, is probably that in French verse, entitled *DOLOPATHOS*. It was derived from a Latin copy, ascribed to Dan John, a monk of the Abbey of Haute-Selve. The translator was *HEBERS*, surnamed the Clerk, who flourished some time in the course of the thirteenth century.² This metrical version contains about 9000 lines, and is now in the course of publication, for the first time, at Paris, under the auspices of M. le Roux de Lincy, with a preface by M. Loiseleur de Long Champs, a distinguished Orientalist, who, we may confidently expect, will throw much new light on the Eastern versions of the work.

Another Latin romance, entitled "*HISTORIA SEPTEM SAPIENTUM ROMAE*," or "*Historia Calumniæ Novercalis, quæ Septem Sapientum inscribitur*," was frequently printed towards the close of the fifteenth century. This work has been considered as the original of most of the subsequent imitations in French, both verse and prose, and also in various other languages. One of those in French verse was the work of an anonymous Trouvère, of the

thæi of Moscow. "*Syntipæ Philosophi Persæ Fabulæ LXII. Græce et Latine, ex duobus Codicibus Mosquensibus primum edidit*," &c. Lipsiæ, 1781, 8vo.

¹ See p. 417 of "Notice d'un Manuscrit Hébreu, &c. contenant un fragment de la version Hébraïque du livre de Calila et Dimna, ou Fables de Bidpai, le Roman intitulé Paraboles de Sandabad, et divers autres Traités. Par M. Silvestre de Sacy." Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits, &c., tom. ix. p. 397-450. Paris, 1813. 4to.

² The exact date of the work has been disputed among French writers. Some assign it to the reign of Lewis VIII., who died in 1226; others fix it as late as 1260. See Roquefort, p. 172. Keller (Enleitung), p. xxxix.

same age with Hebers, and contains 5061 lines. It remained unpublished till last year, when it was accompanied with a most curious and elaborate dissertation (in German), containing the most minute account that has yet appeared relating to the several versions and editions of the work in different languages, and also elucidating the history of the various tales which it contains. It has the following title: "LI ROMANS DES SEPT SAGES, nach der Pariser Handschrift herausgegeben von Heinrich Adelbert Keller, Doctor der Philosophie, &c." Tübingen, 1836, 8vo, pp. ccxlvj and 197.

The most ancient English copy of the SEVEN WISE MASTERS, in our own language, is contained in the Auchinleck MS., and has been assigned to the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a fragment of 2630 lines; but corresponds very closely with a more perfect copy, written in the Scottish dialect, and entitled "THE PROCESS OF THE SEVYNE SAGES." The latter is preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Galba, E. 9.) in the British Museum. The Emperor is named Diocletian, and his son Florentine. The Seven Masters are Bancillas, Ancilles, Lentilion, Malquedras, Caton, Jesse, and Maxentius. The "Process," Tyrwhitt says, "is not later than Chaucer's time, and agrees exactly with *Les Sept Sages de Rome*, in French prose, in MS. Harl. 3860."¹ From these two copies Mr Ellis² gave a minute analysis of the work, preceded with a copious and learned account of its origin and the various translations, partly derived from information communicated to him by the late intelligent antiquary, Francis

¹ Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 490.

² Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 23-101.

Douce. The text itself, extending to 4002 lines, has been subsequently published by Weber¹ from a collation of both manuscripts.

Another version, bearing the title of *THE BUKE OF THE SEVYNE SAGIS*, by an anonymous Scottish poet of the end of the fifteenth century, hitherto undescribed, is preserved in Asloan's MS.; and might be worthy of publication, as a curious and interesting specimen of our vernacular literature. It is written in eight syllable verse, in couplets, and extends to about 2800 lines; but the MS. does not contain any tale by the Sixth Master, or the corresponding one by the Empress. The name of the Emperor is Diocletian. The Prince also bears the same name, having been called after his father. The Masters, as first described, are named Bantillas, Anupullus, Lentalus, Catone, Malcome, Ampustinus, and Cratone; while at the commencement of their several tales they are called Bantillas, Maxillas, Lentulus, Mancundas, Cato, (the sixth omitted,) and Cratone.

THE SEVEN SAGES by JOHN ROLLAND, translated out of prose into Scottish verse, belongs to the middle of the sixteenth century, and was first published in 1578. Although it passed through at least five editions in little more than half a century, it is a work of great rarity. Its value, as connected with the history of our popular literature, suggested, however, the present republication, as a suitable contribution to the BANNATYNE CLUB. Unfortunately we are unable to throw any light on the Author's personal history, as no mention of his name has been discovered in any contem-

¹ Metrical Romances, &c. vol. iii. p. 1-11, Edinburgh, 1810, 3 vol. 8vo.

porary writer, and the particulars which he himself has incidentally communicated are not calculated to satisfy our curiosity. Whether, in fact, he was alive in 1578, the date of its first publication, must be left to conjecture. From the colophon (at page 335), "Quod Rolland. 1560,"¹ the translation may undoubtedly be fixed at that year; and this is fully confirmed by the verses which he entitles, "*Ane schort schawing quhair and quhen, and at quhais requeist this buik was translatit out of prois in Scottis meter.*" From this we learn that the task was undertaken at the request of his aunt Kate, *ane proper wench*, who had borrowed from him, under pledge, an earlier work (to be afterwards mentioned,) and which she had returned, complaining of its obscurity, and requesting him to write something else in a more homely manner, and to abstain from the use of strange terms, or a learned style. This work was accomplished, he tells us, in the course of seven weeks, within the Castle of Tantallon (in East Lothian,) at the time when the English fleet lay beside Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth, and when Leith was besieged by the Scottish and English forces. This allusion fixes the precise date, as it can only apply to the Siege of Leith in April and May 1560.²

That Rolland had embraced the Protestant faith, is sufficiently evident from the strong terms he uses at the commencement of his work, where he contrasts the ancient splendour of Rome with its declension under its ecclesiastical government, which he asserts was occasioned

——— throw wicketnes and vice
Of the Papists, and thair foule merchandice :

¹ This date, 1560, omitted in the subsequent editions of the work.

² Sibbald, in his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," vol. iii. p. 287, supposes that this reference points to 1544 or 1547; but it can only refer to the year 1560.

For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
 Bring thame againe the wecht of golde sa reid ;
 And gar¹ the hippis of ane deid 3ow,² or skin,
 Assol3e 3ow of all 3our deidly sin,
 Incontinent in hevin up to be brocht
 Contrair God's will, quhidder he wald or nocht.

It is somewhat uncertain from what copy Rolland translated his Seven Sages. The names of the Emperor, Pontianus, of his son Diocletian, and of the Wise Masters, Pantyllas, Lentalus, Craton, Malquydrak, Josephus, Cleophas, and [Joachim,] as well as the tales, correspond with the Latin "*Historia Septem Sapientum Romae*;"³ and also with the French and other modern prose translations. The probability, however, is, that the translation made use of by Rolland was the one in English prose, which was printed at London by W. Copland about the year 1550. But this point must still remain as matter of conjecture, as the copy of Copland's edition, without date,⁴ that belonged successively to Baynes and Ritson, cannot be traced to its present possessor; and no other copy has been discovered. It is likewise no improbable conjecture that Copland's English version, like many similar works of fiction which came from his press, was derived from one of the early printed copies of the Romance in French prose. "*Les Sept Sages de Rome*," in prose, was printed at Geneva, as early as 1492, and again in 1494, both in small folio.⁵ There is also an edition, printed at Lyons, without date, but not later than 1530, entitled "*Les Sept Saiges de Romme, Histoire de Poncianus*

¹ *Gar*, cause.

² *3ow*, a Ewe.

³ The edition referred to is in 4to, without date, but seems to have been printed about the year 1490, probably at Antwerp.

⁴ Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, by Dibdin, vol. iii. p. 170.

⁵ Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, vol. iii. p. 325.

“lempereur, qui n'avait qu'ung fils qui avait a nom Dyoclecian, “lequel il bailla aulx Sept Saiges de Rome pour le gouverner “en sciences,” etc., 4to. From what Rolland states, he at least was not aware of any former metrical translation. His words are,

Thairfoir myself, as now I am constrane
It to translait, in our tounge naturall ;
Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
Without cullour or feit, now I againe
In rurall ryme, to set it furth I sall.

But, besides the request of his Aunt, to avoid “high and curious terms,” he hints in his address “To the Reidar,” another and a most efficient cause for the neglect of poetical diction :—

Ane uther caus siclike, I wait ye ken
For to bring *but* it's ill that's not thair *ben* ;¹
Nor thair is nane I wait, in all this toun,
Except he have it that can put on ane gown ;
Of ane tume tun² nane can draw out licour ;
Nor of ane Fule to mak a wise Doctour.

Rolland's Seven Sages, as already stated, was first published at Edinburgh in 1578. It was printed by John Ross, at the expense of Henry Charteris, a well-known bookseller, to whom we are indebted for the publication of many similar works of our early vernacular poetry. Ross the printer died in July 1580, and in his stock there remained “Twa hundreth Sevin Seiges unbound, “price of the peice, iij s. iiij d. (3s. 4d.)—Summa threttie-fyve “pundis” (Scotish).³ This edition, however, is of such extreme rarity, that only one copy is known to exist. Its history is worth mentioning. In 1803, at the sale of Ritson's books (who proba-

¹ *But*, the outer, and *Ben*, the inner apartment of a house.

² *Tume tun*, an empty cask.

³ The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 205.

bly picked it up for a trifle during one of his visits to Edinburgh,) it was purchased for the Duke of Roxburghe at L.30, 10s. At the sale of the Duke's library in 1813, it was bought by Mr Constable for L.37, 5s. 6d. It afterwards came into Mr Heber's possession, at whose sale, in 1834, it was bought by Mr Thorpe for L.27; and is now the property of William Henry Miller, Esq. of Craigentinny, M.P., who very readily gave the use of the volume to be reprinted for the Club. The present edition is, in every respect, an exact fac-simile of the original, page for page; and the orthography, which is considerably altered in the subsequent editions, has been carefully retained.

A subsequent edition appeared in 1592, with the following title, "Heir beginnis The Sevin Seages, Translatit out of Prois
" in Scottis Meiter, be JHON ROLLAND in Dalkeith. With ane
" Moraltie, &c. EDINBURGH, Prentit be Robert Smyth, dwelland
" at the nether Bow. M.D.XCII. Cum Priuilegio Regali." 8vo, black letter. A copy of this edition was in the Harleian Library,¹ and is probably the same that was afterwards in the collection of George III., now transferred to the British Museum. No other copy is known.² Whether Smyth printed more than one edition is uncertain; but, singularly enough, the copy in the Museum, while it has the date of 1592 on the title-page, at the end it bears to have been "Imprinted at Edinburgh be Robert Smyth. And ar to be sauld in his buith at the Nether Bow.

¹ Catalogus Bibl. Harl. vol. iv. No. 13,877, and vol. v. No. 12,354.

² Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 590. Herbert's edition of Ames, vol. iii. p. 1512. In the printed Catalogue of the Advocates Library, vol. ii. p. 458, Smyth's edition of 1592 is very minutely entered; but from the MS. Catalogues it does not appear that any such book was ever in the Library, which can only boast of an imperfect copy, without title or date, made up with sheets of two later editions. The presumption is, that the Compiler of the Catalogue, in 1776, not aware of any other edition, copied the title and imprint from Ames.

M.D.XC.V.”¹ The printer died in May 1602, and, from the inventory of his stock, we learn that 45 copies of the volume then remained unsold.²

Of another edition of the Seven Sages, apparently coeval with Smyth's, only one or two stray leaves (Signatures M iij and iiij, marked fol. 87 and 88) have been discovered. It is in 8vo, black letter, averaging 28 lines on a page, exclusive of the running title, “¶THE SEVIN SEAGES.”

That Rolland's work was popular may be inferred from the circumstance, that “ane buik callit The Seavin Sages” is specially mentioned, among others, for which licence to publish was successively given, by a grant under the Privy Seal, to John Gibson, 13th May 1590, to Robert Smyth, 3d December 1599, and to Thomas Finlayson, 17th June 1606. The same general licence was renewed and confirmed to Walter Finlayson, 17th January 1628.³

The next edition of Rolland's Seven Sages, of which any mention can be found, was printed in the year 1620, as noticed by the German bibliographer, Ebert.⁴ Copies of such an edition, appa-

¹ While this sheet is in the printer's hands, the Editor has been favoured by SIR FREDERICK MADDEN with a more minute description of Smyth's edition. He says, “It is a short 8vo, in indifferent condition, wanting the leaves between p. 6 and p. 11, which contain the commencement of the Poem. The whole volume consists of 275 pp. (numbering the title-page and colophon), but is only actually paged as far as p. 271. The sheets are folded in eights, which are numbered from i to v, under each letter of the alphabet, and the Signatures run from A ij to S [i].”—“The volume appears evidently to have been printed with the same types throughout, and the date at the end is certainly the true one of publication. Either, therefore, the date in the title-page is an error, or, what I am inclined to believe, the work was three years passing through the press, and the title-page printed when the work was begun in 1592. In a full page there are 42 lines, exclusive of the running title.”

² The Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 234.

³ See pages 19, 23, 24, and 40 of the Appendix to Dr Lee's Memorial for the Bible Societies of Scotland. 8vo. Edinb. 1824.

⁴ Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon, vol. ii. No. 13,592.—Ebert, however, mistakes the date of the first edition, which he makes 1575, instead of 1578.

rently from the press of Andrew Hart, bookseller and printer in Edinburgh,¹ are preserved in a mutilated state, (wanting the title, and one or more leaves,) in the University Library at Glasgow, in the Advocates Library, and also in the possession of Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. It is in small 8vo, black letter, containing 30 lines on a page; and when complete should have Sign. A 4 and B to A a, in eights. The running title is "The feven Sages."

A reprint of this edition, page for page, and uniform in size and appearance, bears on the title, "EDINBURGH, Printed by the Heires of Andro Hart. 1631." The running title is "The feuen Sages." A description of the work from this edition was given, probably by Dr Leyden, in the Scots Magazine, January 1802, p. 43. A continuation of the article was promised, but never appeared. The copy then made use of belonged to George Paton, which at his sale, in 1809, was bought by Mr Blackwood, and afterwards sold to Sir Walter Scott, who lent it for the purpose of having the work reprinted. These later editions, however, are inferior in every respect, as the language was considerably altered, and rude phrases modernized, as the work passed through the press. A second copy of the edition 1631 is in the possession of the present Editor; but no third copy has been discovered.

Rolland, who describes himself as a native, or at least a resident in the town of Dalkeith, was the author of another poetical work,

¹ The Will of Andrew Hart, who died in December 1621, is printed in the Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. ii. p. 243; but, in the inventory of his stock, the books are not specially enumerated. We should have been glad to know what were the "42,300 unbound Ingleish buikis of the said umquhile Andrew his awin printing."

entitled *THE COURT OF VENUS*. As he makes particular allusion to it in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, the date of its composition must thus have been previous to the year 1560, although it was not printed until 1575. It is divided into four books, and is written in stanzas of nine lines. The poem itself is a prolix and uninteresting allegory; and is an evident imitation, both in the subject and his manner of treating it, no less than in the measure, of “*The Palace of Honour*,” by Bishop Douglas, whom he commemorates (at fol. 37 b) in the following stanza:—

Alsua quha list to tak pane, or laubour
 Out throw to reid the PALICE OF HONOUR
 Maid be GAWINE DOWGLAS of Dunkell
 Bischop, and als ane honest Oratour,
 Profound Poet, and perfite Philosophour,
 Into his dayis abone all buir the bell:
 In sic practikis all vtheris did precell.
 Weill put in vers in gude still and ordour
 Thir Nimphis names thair he dois trewly tell.

Rolland, in his Prologue to the Seven Sages, mentions that there flourished four poets at the Scottish court—Sir David Lyndsay, John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, William Stewart, and Durie, Bishop of Galloway; and that, with hat in hand, he approached reverently, and entreated to learn a lesson from them. Having obtained their leave to show his skill, he informs us that he was at a loss what subject to choose. They advised him to attempt something in the form of a dialogue; but this he conceived was too common-place. At length falling asleep, Lady Venus appeared to him in a dream, and this suggested the subject of his work. Having accordingly completed “*ane lytill quair*,” he delivered it to his Four Masters for their judgment, and they greatly commended his performance, “as

those who heard it said." The mention of these four Poets seems to point at the reign of James V., (1527-1542); but this is evidently too early a period for Rolland. Bellenden is said to have died at Rome in 1550; Sir David Lyndsay's latest work, his Dialog, was written in 1552; but Stewart's history and works are alike unknown; and Andrew Durie,¹ who was Bishop of Gallo-way from 1541 to 1558, is only known as a poet from the satirical notice of the Scottish Reformer. In describing the tumults in Edinburgh, in February 1558, when the new image of the Patron Saint, St Giles, was forcibly destroyed (the old "grit Idoll" having been previously seized and first drowned in the North Loch, and then burned,) Knox says, "This Tragedie of Sanct Geill was sa
 "terribill to sum Papistis, that Durie, sumtymes callit for his
 "filthines Abbote Stottikin, and then entitled Bischope of Gallo-
 "way, *left his Ryming, quhairwith he was accustomed*, and departit
 "this lyif even as that he levit."² According to Keith, however, it was not till the month of September that Durie died. But this allusion to Lyndsay and his brethren may signify not that Rolland was personally acquainted with them, but, merely from studying their works, that he looked on himself as their scholar.

As Rolland's "Court of Venus" presents so little in the way of recommendation for a new edition, excepting its scarcity, the following notice and abstract may not be unacceptable. It is, in fact, a volume of such extraordinary rarity, that the copy in the British Museum is the only one known to be extant. A facsimile of the title-page is given on the opposite page. It is in 4to, black letter, and contains A to I in eights, or 72 leaves.

¹ Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, 4to edit. p. 165; 8vo edit. p. 278.

² Historie of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 96, Edinb. 1732, folio.

**Ane Treatise callit the
Court of VENVS, deuīdit into four Buīkes;
Newlie Compylit be IOHNE ROL-
LAND in Dalkeith.**



[Impre]ntit at Edinburgh be

[IO]HNE ROS, M.D.LXXV.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

On the last leaf is the same device as on the Title, with the following colophon:—

Imprentit at Edinburgh be

Iohne Ros, 1575.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

“The Prologue to the Court of Venus is in verse, and fills eleven pages. The author describes the different temperaments of mankind, comparing them to the complexion of the planets, &c. Hence he intimates the various dispositions and pursuits of mankind, and declaims against vice, idleness, and bad company. In order to avoid idleness and bad company, he says,

I tuik ane pen and drew this *Comedie*.

He then bespeaks the reader's favour for his work, and requests him to give it a careful perusal and right interpretation. Lastly, he addresses his book:—

AUCTOR ALLOQUITUR LIBRUM.

Now pas thy wayis, thou barrant buik new brevit,
With beggit termes, and barbar tounge mischevit
And cast thy hude and hat outovir thy face :
At ilk gentill upon thy kneis ask grace.
Excuse thyself of thy greit ignorance,
And in thair will put all thy ordinance.
For Gentilmen can richt weill thee considder.
For commoun folk will call the lawit and lidder.
Thyself present to Nobillmen and gude,
And fle the sect of Rurall folke and rude, &c.

“The first Buik of the Poem commences with the following stanza:—

Quhen Eolus out our thir rokkis rang
Be donk and daill, baith herb and tre he dang :
With passand pith, fra Poleartike come down,
Thringand with thrist out throw thir woddis thrang,
And ceissit swyith the small foulis of thair sang :
Caussit thame throw could mak lamentatioun :
Quhilk could become be nature of sessoun :
For than Pisees with potent power sprang,
Into his Spheir and tuik dominatioun.

“ In this Buik, the author describes the season, and the particular day (Valentine Day) :—

This samin day (gif I remember richt)
Is consuetude to all kin foule of flicht,
Quha is vakand to cheis thame than ane maik.
Siclike it is to King, Keyser and Knicht:
Gif thay sa be, cheis thame ane bird sa bricht,
To pas the time, and ather solace mak,
Bot I alone of sic curage did laik,
Pansing far mair how sone wald cum the nicht
Me to repois, in my couche rest to tak.

Nevertheles git to rejoyce my spreit
Howbeit the day was sum part set with weit ;
I walkit furth on be ane valay syde,
With hat on heid, and mittanis that was meit
Maid to my handis, and heich shone on my feit ;
Under ane bus I sat me down to byde,
Me to preserve fra tempest of that tyde,
And maist part was my prayers to compleit
Knokit on breist, and *Cor Mundum* I [cryde].¹

“ While saying his prayers he saw appear,

—— in ane Gairth preclair,
Twa 3oung 3ounkeirs, perfite at all pointment,
In richt array, and honest ornament,
But companie, bot thameself solitaire,
Nothing knawand that I was thair present.

“ He then describes minutely the dress and appearance of these two youngers, one of whom was named Esperance, and the other Disperance; the first a gay young votary of Venus, and the other a grave lover of Virtue. The author listens to and relates what passed between them; the one speaking highly in praise of Venus, the other against her. The champion of Venus was so

¹ A word at the end of this line is wanting. The copy of the original in the Museum is, in some parts, slightly mutilated.

hard pressed by his opponent, that he was obliged to call the Goddess to his assistance. She appears, and learning what had passed, and how her true knight had been treated, she blew a silver horn, and her nymphs come to her assistance. She relates to them the heinous offence of Disperance in blaspheming her mighty crown, and abusing her champion. After some consultation they advise her to set a Court for the trial of the culprit ; which was done, and he summoned to appear. Upon his applying to the Seven Seages of Sapience to be his advocates and defend him, they advise him to seek help from the Nine Muses, which he did humbly, but they declined to interfere in any thing against Venus ; and they referred him to ‘ the Nobillis nyne ’—Hector, Josue, David, Julius Cesar, Alexander, Judas Machabeus, Godefridus, Arthur, and Charles le Mayne. They received him sternly, and treated him with sharpness for abusing Venus. They sent him to the ‘ ten Sibillais,’ who received him as ungraciously, and referred him to the ‘ three Fatales,’ and they to others. At length Vesta, to whom he applied, took compassion upon him, and undertook to defend his cause.

“ The third Buik, which begins with a description of ‘ Venus Court,’ the Judge, Members, Assise, &c., gives a very tedious account of the proceedings ; the defence of Disperance by Vesta ; the difficulty of the Assise, who, after an assurance of mercy, put the culprit in the will of Venus, by whom he is ordained to be severely punished and imprisoned. This excited the lamentation of Esperance,¹ who had brought his friend Disperance into this

¹ In Beloe’s *Anecdotes of Literature* will be found, as an extract from Rolland, this “ *Lamentatio Esperantiae*,” vol. ii. p. 107.

state; and also the lamentation of the Assyse, who, with Esperance, apply to Venus for a remission, which she agrees to give on Disperance quitting Vesta, and engaging to serve her. This he promises, and she changes his name from Disperance to Dalliance, dubs him a knight, and introduces him to her other knights; after which follows dancing, music, and tournaments, &c., and an account of these festivities concludes the fourth Buik and the work.

“The whole work is prolix and tiresome, greatly inferior to the allegorical and descriptive poetry of Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay; and Rolland must rank much below any of these poets, from whom he has ‘beggit’ or borrowed his ornate terms.”¹

In neither of his productions has ROLLAND shown much poetical genius. His great defect is his uncommon diffuseness; and, as he tells us he wrote his “Seven Sages” in as many weeks, it might have been well for his reputation had he devoted at least as much time to revise and condense his work. The story of the Two Friends,² near the end of the book, which is not found in the other metrical versions of the Seven Wise Masters, is perhaps the best told. In his Moralities, he has given very unnecessary recapitulations of the different tales; but in these, and in his varied Exclamations against the Empress and the wickedness of the female sex, there is something original and amusing, and they exhibit a variety of measures, which occa-

¹ For the preceding Analysis of Rolland’s Poem, the Editor is indebted to his friend JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., London.

² The same story forms the subject of the early Metrical Romance of Chivalry, “Amys and Amylioun.”—See Ellis’s Specimens, vol. iii. p. 396; and Weber’s Collection, vol. ii. p. 369.

sionally bear a resemblance to the satirical poems of Burns. At the time when Rolland flourished, the state of the country, so long agitated by political and religious contentions, was not favourable for the encouragement of poetical genius; and the literary remains of that period present a striking contrast to those of the earlier part of the century. From the style of his writings, Rolland, however inferior he may be to the more distinguished Poets who preceded him, may be considered as the last of their school. But it is not, as already stated, on the ground of poetical merit, that the present Romance was deemed worthy of republication; although it is only by an extensive and careful examination of such remains—(and the difficulty of obtaining access to works of extreme rarity, might serve as an excuse for reprinting almost any thing of that age in verse which has been preserved)—that we can form some adequate conception of the actual state of literature in this country at the period of the Reformation.

D. LAING.

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 long neglected by political and religious contentions, was not
 favourable for the encouragement of poetical genius; and the
 literary remains of that period present a striking contrast to
 those of the present day. I have, however, from the style of his
 writings, believed that he may be said to be more distin-
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D. LAING.

The Iewin Seages

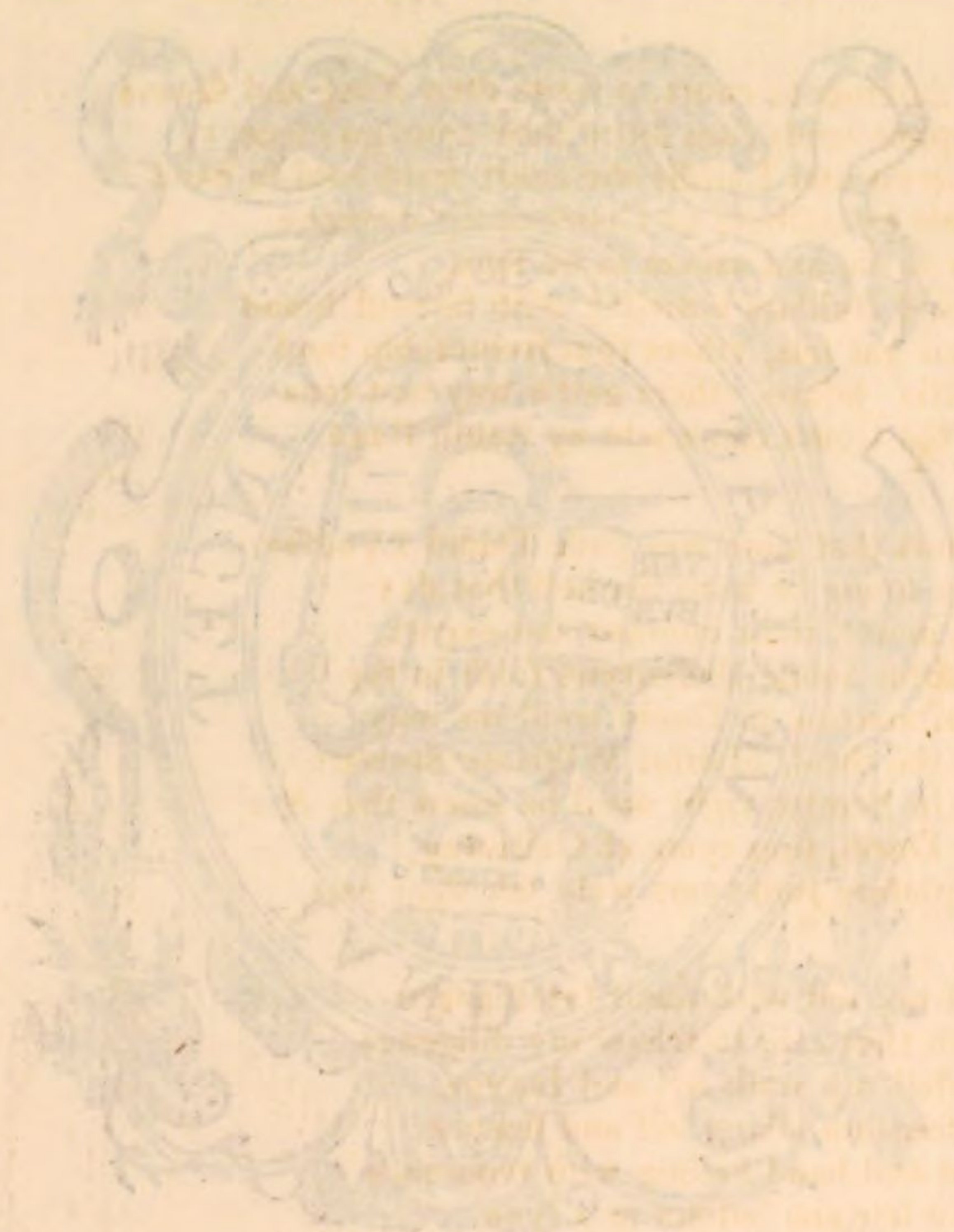
Translatit out of prois in Scottis meter be
IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith, with
ane Moralitie efter euerie Doctouris Tale, and
siclike efter the Emprice Tale, togidder with
ane louing and laude to euerie Doctour efter
his awin Tale, & ane Exclamation and
outcryng vpon the Empreouris wife
etter hir fals contrusit Tale.



Imprentit at Edinburgh be Iohne
ROS, for Henrie Charteris. M. D. LXXVIII.
CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

The Union

Transferring out of place in the Union
JOHN ROLL AND A. J. ROLL
and separate the Union from the
other side the Union from the
and Union and Union from the
the Union from the Union from the
outstanding from the Union from the
the Union from the Union from the



as the Union from the Union from the
Roll and the Union from the Union from the
the Union from the Union from the



THE PROLOGUE.



EN into Courts is Curiofitie,
Manheid, maners, nurtour and courtasie,
Gif in the heid greit vertew dois auance
Sa in members I think ficlyke fuld be.
Curage, kyndnes, gentrice and honestie
To do the heid feruice and obferuance,
To God alone alfo for his plesance
And failzeing that, all is bot fantasie,
For warldlie myrth wald haue fum temperance.

Sum cummis to court to ferue thair King and Quene
To conqueis lands fum fettis thair courage clene,
Greit Lordis and Lairdis the court wald hald in hand
Sum thair kynnismen to Court caufis conuene.
Sum for to fe, and vthers to be sene.
With braid Buklars brawling with birneift brand
Sum thair gat fais, vthers fum freindschip fand
Sum gettis plesure, vthers gettis tray and tene
Ze ken the Court can nocht ay stabill stand.

In Court that time was gude Dauid Lyndfay,
In vulgar tounge he bure the bell that day
To mak meter, richt cunning and expart,
And Maifter Iohne Ballentyne fuith to fay
Mak him marrow to Dauid weill we may.
And for the thrid, Maifter Williame Stewart,
To mak in Scottis, richt weill he knew that Art.
Bifchop Durie, fum tyme of Galloway,
For his plesure fum tyme wald tak thair part.

And I my self with small Intelligence
Thocht in that cafe to fchaw my diligence
To manifest my waik wit and Ingyne,
At thir fourfum asking leif and licence,
With hat and hand keiling with reuerence
Me for to leir ane leffoun or a lyne
Of thair prettick to me ane point propyne.

A. ij.

The Prologue.

They said go to, schaw sum Experience
And I thairfoir to thame promiseit the wyne.

Sa at thir four, quhen I had leif purchest,
To thame (said I) quhat mater is metest?
For to begin (quod thay) we wald ze drew
Sum Dialog, or argument that is best,
And that will mak zour mater manifest.
Sa folk may knaw the fals Tale be the trew,
For Dialogs (quod I) weis get anew.
And fa fra thame Incontinent me drest,
And tuke gude nicht, and said gude schirs adew.

Bot zit knew not quhat my mater fuld be
Quhidder of myrth or zit of grauitie.
Efter Supper to bed I maid me boun,
Sa in my sleip me thocht I saw swythlie
Lady Venus cumming and spak to me,
And said I am cum with the for to resoun,
Thairfoir my wordis, se that thow not cheffoun,
Tuitching my stait, honour and dignitie
Forzet me nocht quhen thou makis thy Sermoun.

Sa on the morne quhen time was for to ryfe
I thocht I wald begin my Interpryse,
And rememberit on Venus Lady Quene
Keft in my mynd ofter nor anis or twyse
That she bad me with hir mater auyse,
And I knew small quhat hir mater did mene
Confiddering at me hir self had bene.
I wist nocht weill quhat mater to deuyse,
Hir for to pleis, and to eshaip hir tene.

And fa at schort my pen I tuke in hand
Began to wryte at Quene Venus command
Ane lytill Quair, I ken nocht gif ze knaw it,
Embrowd about with barbarus termes bland
And with trym termes maist vfit vp on land
As to the Name Dame Venus Court thay caw it
I wait nocht weill gif euer Schiris ze saw it,
Delyuerit it vnto my Maisters four
Quha it ressaunt, and reddelie red our.

This lytill

The Prologue.

This lytill Quair, quhen thay had red and endit
Sum said that hard, thay greitlie it commendit,
And sa beliuie delyuerit it againe
To euerie verse thairin thay condiscendit,
And said thay wist, thairwith nane was offendit
Except it war ane prydfull pure Putane,
At quhais wordis men wald tak small disdane,
Quha that fand faltis, all four thay wald defend it
Be word and deid, with micht and all thair mane.

Ane proper wenche come to me on ane day
Ane of my Ants, bot thairto I say nay
My buke to borrow, greitlie scho did Inquyre
Ane wed thairfoir scho said scho wald down lay
Quhill scho it red, within ane Oulk or tway.
Sa I grantit that thing scho did desyre,
Bot in few dayis my Ant begouth to tyre
Her Pyat tounge, hir poet tounge I fuld say
Micht suffice weill to preiche in barne or byre.

My buke againe scho brocht and callit it gude
And said sum termes was scho not vnderstude,
Because thay war sa heich and curious
Meruellit at me how I durst euer dude,
Aganis wemen to speik sa ruch and rude,
And said I trow zour mynde was furious
Quod I Lady the mater standis thus
Quhen twa arguis, in ane or thay conclude
On force thair talk mon be contrarious.

Thairfoir Maistres I mon hald zow excusit,
I traist sic termes befor few tymes ze vfit,
Or at the leift, ze come nocht quhair thay grew
I hard sum say that ze war greitlie rusit,
And ze zour thocht and mynde on sic termes musit
Baith into Greik, in Latine and Hebrew,
Now I persaeue that thay Tales ar not trew.
Thairfoir trewlie my self fuld haue the pyne,
I was to bald to cast Peirlis to the Swyne.

Than scho me prayit with wordis sweit and fair
To be sa gude to tak ane vther Quair

A. iij.

The Prologue.

In planer termes, and it in Meter mak
Anents wemen, not tuitching thame fa fair,
For zour requeist (said I) I will do mair.
Ane vther Roll I chancit in hand to take,
It to performe for that fair Ladyis sake.
Maid and compylit be the wyfe Sages feuin,
Quha was that tyme maist sapient vnder heuin.

For naturall wit, thay ar all haldin plane
The springing well, and onlie fresche Fontane
The perfyte ground, and rute Originall
Of this storie, now following but lane,
Thairfoir my self, as now I am constrane
It to translat, in our tounge naturall.
Quhair I it fand into plane prois at all
Without cullour or feit, now I againe
In rurall ryme, to set it furth I fall.

The fault I said, for hir saik I suld mend it
Quhair scho befoir with strange termis was offendit.
I prouise hir of honestie to quyte thame,
And with toun termes my bow it suld be bendit
Fra Clerklike termes my pen suld be suspendit
And in my verse be na way I suld wryte thame,
Ze fall all knaw doutles that I despyte thame.
On this debait than we war condiscendit,
At hir desyre I fall eschew to dyte thame.

Sa we aggreit (quod scho) gude Schir adew
Quod I Lady, forsuith richt fair I rew,
With fa dry mouths, that we twa suld depart
Quod scho but dout, as I am traift and trew
Sum vther tyme my self fall zow perfew,
Bot not as now, thair is tyme efterwart,
Quhen euer ze pleis (quod I) welcum my hart,
For verray shame me thocht scho changeit hew,
Than turnit hir bak, and fa we did depart.

Incontinent but ony mair delay
I thocht it best my pen for till assay
This lytill buke in verse for to compyle
Quhair it befoir into plane prois was ay,

Gif I

The Prologue.

Gif I culd fynd ony gude wyle or way
To steir it vp into ane better style,
That I suld not this fair Lady begyle,
Confiddering the same on hand I tuke
As ze fall heir, thus I begin my buke.



Finit Prologus.





To the Reidar.

BECAVS I was reprouit of befoir,
That I fuld not in Clerklie termes gloir:
Bot in plaine speiche my buik for to addres
With commoun talk, bot zit neuer the les
This Tale of auld I hard quhilk is richt trew,
And richt weill knawin, that neid oft makis vertew
Thairfoir on force, becaus strange termes I want
I haue na dout, bot heir thay fall be skant.
Thairfoir in tyme I think best to deny thame,
Zone fair Lady me think scho settis nocht by yame
Ane vther caus siclike I wait ze ken
For to bring but its Ill thats not thair ben.
Nor thair is nane, I wait in all this toun
Except he haue it, that can put on ane gown.
Of ane twme Twn, nane can draw out licour,
Nor of ane fule to mak a wise Doctour.
For quhy wit wants, quhair wisdome fuld cum fra
Into this case, the mater stands sa.
Force me compellis, strange termes to forbeir,
Within my box thairs few to get or leir.
Quhair Gold is skant, siluer mon vs content,
Euen sa it stands but dout at this present.
Praying hartlie this Tale in patience tak,
A man can sell nathing out of his pak
Bot as he hes, than present for the tyme,
Ze may persaeue that be this roustie ryme.
Beseiking zow gude Reidars to excuse it,
Not to detract, nor zit ouir hie to ruse it.
This I wald wis my freinds ze wald do so,
Than in Goddis name to purpois lat vs go.

Heir



Their beginnis the

feuin Seages, tranflatit furth of prois in Scottis
meter be Iohne Rolland in Dalkeith.

IN Eldaris dayis oft times it hes bene tauld
That Rome has bene ane Cietie of the auld
Of cunning Clerks, & wonder vailzeand men,
As ancient Acts makis vs for to ken.
Duir all the world it had Preeminence,
All pepill maid to it Obedience.
With greit Captanes, Kings Knights & Empreours
Kene men of weir, & cruell Conquerours,
Of townis and towris, greit villages & cieteis,
Triumphand far abone thair Enemeis :
Subdewand thame to lestand seruitude,
Not regarding thair lynage, kyn nor blude.
Coquest grit realmes, lordschips & rowms braid
Thair commoun weil sa meruellous riche thay maid
That all cōtreis & kīgdomes thē about
Of thair fell feir greit dzeddour had and dout.
That thay on force behuid to mak homage
Or ellis haue loist baith life and heritage.
For thay war sa repleit of all riches
Wlin into weiris be martiall besynes.
Thay tuke na cure of na mānis fauour nor feid
Sa thay become of all the world the heid :
And had thairof the haill Authoritie,
Bot this was not in time of Papistrie,
For fra that time y^t Papis was maid in Rome,
Of all vertew that Cietie was maid tome.

And day be day fra all vertew decreest
 Continuallie the self it ay opprest.
 For thze strangers rais vp in that Cietie,
 Quhilkis of befoir na way wald sufferit be,
 The commoun weill caus thay war ay agane
 Chairin thairfoir thay wald not thole remane
 Bot fra Papis come that Nobill towne within
 It did abound sa sair in deidly sin,
 And that na stait to Clergie was compairs,
 Sa weill thay treit thir thze vncouth strangairs
 Quhilk thze thir was, the first luckand haitrent
 The secund was, zyoung counsall and consent,
 Singular profite it was the thrid I wis,
 Quhilk thze was caus to gar Rome go amis.
 And causit it tme the greit triumphand Name,
 And to be callit the hous of warldlie schame.
 Tint the greit rowmes and warldlie possessiouns
 That thay conquest fra diuers vther Crowns.
 All sic become thzow wickitnes and vice,
 Of the Papis, and thair foule Merchandice.
 For thay wald gar ane pound of meltit leid
 Bring thame againe the wecht of golde sa reid.
 And gar the hippis of ane deid Zow oz skin
 Assolze zow of all zour deidly sin,
 Incontinent in heuin vp to be brocht,
 Contrair Gods will, quhiddel he wald oz nocht.

¶ Bot not the les, lang tyme befoir thir dayis
 Ane Empreour was as the Storie sayis,
 Quhilk hecht to Name Pontianus at richt,
 Ane Nobill man of wisdom and of micht.
 Sydit his Realme be wisdom and vertew,
 To his pepill exempilis daylie schew,
 Of wisdom wit and Liberalitie,

Quhairthzow

Dubairthow the hartis of all his folk wan he
 That nane cairit to waik with him thair life,
 Ane Kings Douchter he had vnto his wife,
 Callit Clara, ane woman verteous,
 Fair and gudelyke, and wonder gracious.
 Duhilk ane knaif chyld of him scho did cōsaue
 Bot him alone, na ma God to thame gaue,
 Duhilk was callit Dioclesiane to Name,
 Fair and weil fauourit, baith of fastoun & fame
 Duha daylie grew in vertew and gudnes,
 Ilk man him lufit for his greit gentilnes.
 For he was courtes, cumlie and richt kynd,
 Fra all fulische alluterlie declynd.
 Sa quhen he was seuin zeir auld or neir by
 This Emprice tuke ane meruellous malady,
 That scho behuid for to tak bed on force,
 With sair seiknes sa troublit was hir Force.
 Persauing weill be hir Intelligence
 For to eschew fra deid was na defence
 Bot of hir life schoztlie to haue ane end,
 Sa for hir spous the Empreour sone scho send.
 With humbill hart and Inwartlie praying,
 That he wald cum to hir but taryng.
 Gif euer he wald se hir vpon lyue
 Sa was fra hand direct sone ane Gissye.
 Poist efter Poist, quhair he lay in weillfair,
 Sone till him come, and culd the caus declair,
 But mair abaid, with wonder sozie hart,
 With few hors men fra his Camp did depart.
 And quhen he come to the Emprice presence
 Scho said till him with humbill reuerence.
 O My gude Lord, howbeit that I be seik,
 Ze licent me my erand to zow speik.

Sa that it be onlie to your plesour,
 And als siclike vnto your greit honour,
 He said Lady I se zow in diseis
 Notwithstanding say on quhat euer ze pleis :
 And it sall be to me na vilanie,
 Sa it eik not your greit Infirmitie.
 My Lord scho said, this seiknes I persaue
 Or it depart will driue me to my graue.
 He said Madame be ze of gude comfort,
 Ze will recouer your helth I traist at schozt,
 For I sall send for all my ding Doctouris,
 Phisitians, and my Philosophouris,
 My cunning men, and my Medicinars,
 My Cirugians and als my Potingars,
 My Practicianes quhilkis ar suttell and ste.
 That daylie deilis with Flewbothomie.
 Thay will consult, and Ilkane als persaue
 All your seiknes, and sa helth sall ze haue.
 For seiknes is als naturall as heill,
 Chairfoir dout not y^t deith sall with zow deill,
 At this present, bot ze sall sone recure.
 Quod scho my Lord of a thing I am sure,
 This maladie sa haldis me at the hart
 Quhill I be deid, na way it will depart.
 Quhairfoir my Lord, richt humblie I require,
 Ze wald Incline your hart to my desyre.
 He said desire at me quhat euer ze will,
 I will it grant, thocht it be contrair skill
 To comfort zow, and help zow fra diseis
 Chairfoir say on, it sall me not displeis.
 Scho said my Lord I thank zow gretumlie.
 Quod he Madame say on quhat euer it be.
 Scho said my Lord, plesit your Nobill grace

Of

Of my desyre, this is the verray cace,
Quhen I depart out of this present lyfe.
It will zow pleis to haue ane vther wyfe,
And as ze knaw we haue na barne bot ane,
Noz neuer had, bot onlie him allane :
Quhilk ouir all thing anixt zour awin persoun
I wald war weill to this Ilk prouisioun.
Efter zour deith with all wit and wisdom,
Reule his pepill, and gyde this greit Kingdome
And ouir all thing my Lord maist I requyre
Into this point, ze will grant my desyre,
That zour Empryce perchace quhat euer scho be
Upon my Sone haue na Authozitie,
Na Gouvernance, power noz zit gyding
Bot ze him put to vther nurisching.
Far fra hir sight, and fra hir companie,
To that effect, that he may viceles be,
Of all vices, and sic thing as gais wzang
And ay to be, greit cunning men amang.
My Lord hartly this humblie I requyre
Into this point to fulfill my desyre.
For weill I knaw, displeours ar to cum
That he sall do, or ellis he salbe dum,
Quhairthow onlie his lyfe he will recure,
My Lord I knaw but dout this salbe sure.
He said Lady zour will ze sall not want,
Thocht it war mair, richt hartly I it grant,
For that is my desyre asweill as zouris
It salbe done, Madame at zour plesouris.
Scho said my Lord I thank zow with my hart
God saue zour grace, for now I mooste depart.
This being said, scho tuke ane fell passioun
And ane lang space scho lay in deidly swoun.

Sa in schozt tyme withouttin mair remeid,
 Hir naturall det scho completit of deid.
 With all triumph hir funerall seruice
 Was dewlie done, as that time was the gyse
 Lang time efter the Emprour maid murning,
 And all his Court, for hir sair departing
 Na menstrell myzth nor zit na merines
 Into his hall was sene nor na blythnes,
 Bot heuines, greit dule and grauitie
 Into the Court, and all the companie
 For that gude Quene, all solace was away,
 Moir the dule weid Ilk ane for zeir and day.

¶MORALITAS.

OF this mater sum thing we may collect
 Of this Emprice hauand sa greit respect
 And Inwart lufe vnto hir Sone alone
 Of hir awin helth scho take bot lytill reh,
 Bot thocht scho wald his weillfair nocht neglect,
 Besoir to deith hir self scho wald dispone
 Quhilk causit hir sic maters to propone
 To hir husband, for the samin effect
 Hir Sone to ring efter that scho was gone.

Siclyke ze may consider the greit cair
 The thocht and mynde scho take baith lait and air,
 Anent hir Sone scho suffering sair seiknes
 Prouding als for his welth and weillfair,
 Despring him of cummers to be clair
 With the new Quene, he suld haue na entres,
 For scho with him in ony besynes,
 For sum causis that micht occur perchance
 That scho suld haue of him na Gouvernance.

Allwa appeiris sum part of Prophecie,
 And greit soirsicht hes bene in this Ladie,
 Perrellis to cum, sa persytelle to knaw
 Scho being tuchit with sair Infirmitie.
 Praying to put, hir Sone fra companie
 Of all the Court, and als of Ladys aw,

And

SEAGES.

7

And in speciall, fra his Mother in Law,
Inconuenients to eschew that micht be
Sa scho despyrit, hir Sone him for to draw.

The hartlie lufe siclyke ze may persait,
That this Lady to hir husband did haif,
Randring to him, honour and reuerence,
And he to hir, siclyke all things gaue,
That scho despyrit, or at him scho wald craue:
Not regarding, thocht it had bene offence,
And for hir saik, quhen scho was deid and hence
He commandit that na blythnes suld be
For zeir and day into his companie.

Chairfoir I say to zow in Mariage
Baith into auld, and into tender age,
Quhat euer chance, ze suld haue Cheritie
Giue Ill wordis cum, than lat your malice swage,
Giue place to Ire, and harbrie not outrage,
Crabit at anis, na way baith ze suld be
Ane meik answer flokis Melancolie,
Ze ar conionit ane fleshe and Saulis twa,
Than keip gude lufe, the Scripture biddis sa.

¶ How the Empreour committit and delyuerit his
Sone to the feuin Doctouris of Rome to leir.

THIS Empreour vpon a tyme he lay
Intill his bed, and to him self culd say
I haue na barnis bot ane Sone to my air,
I think it best that he war put to lair,
Sen he is zoung, and into tender age
To leir wisdome he wil tak mair curage
Efter my deith, this Realme that he may gyde
This I think best in tyme for to prouyde.
Sa on the morne he cryit efter his clais,
And in dew tyme but mair abaidd vprais.
Gart call his Lords, and counsall till him sone,
In this mater quhat thay thocht to be done.

Schawing to thame at lenth the haill mater
 To his Lady quhat he had promeist air.
 Thay answerit all, my Lord thair is in Rome
 Seuin wyldest men that is in Cristindome,
 Quhilkis in learning all vther thay preuail
 In all wisdome, and Science Liberail.
 Thay ar but dout the seid of Salomon,
 For to discus Problewm or zit Questioun.
 Lat ane Message to thame be send but maie
 Delyuer thame your Sone vnto the lair
 Of thair counsall the Emperour was content,
 For thir Doctours ane Message sone was sent,
 Under his Seill, and als his awin hand writ
 To the Doctouris he had deliuer it.
 Sa sone as thay the letters all had red
 To thair veyage but tary sone thame sped.
 Quhen thay come to the Emperours presence
 Thay salust him with laude and reuerence,
 On thair best wise, as to thame culd effeir
 He said to thame ze ar all welcum heir.
 I speir at zow haue ze ony knawlege
 Quhairfoir I send to zow seuin my Message.
 Thay answerit him, the caus na way we knaw
 Quhill y^t your grace will witchaif for to schaw
 Your graces will quhen ze haue schawin vs to
 That to fulfill, our power we sall do.
 To quhome he said, I thank zow Maistres all
 Now vnto zow my erand schaw I sall.
 Ane Sone alone, na ma barnis I haue,
 Nor all my time na ma God to me gaue:
 Apperandlie he is to be mine air,
 Thairfoir I wald he war put to the lair:
 To cunning men for to haue thair doctrine,

And

And in youth heid be vnder Discipline,
 To that effect, efter my fatall det
 Into my place with honour he be set,
 To reule his Realme with wisdom and Justice
 Dubilk in ane Prince suld euer ring alwayis.
 Thairfoir I wald ze seuin suld him ressaue,
 And him to leirne, and into gyding haue,
 And ze sall be rewardit weill thairfoir,
 Sa haill and feir agane ze him restoir.
 Thay thankit him all seuin with reuerence,
 That he to thame of his Sone gaue credence.

¶ Bot the first Maister callit Pantyllas
 Began and said, becaus he eldest was,
 My Lord I sall, and pleis your Nobill grace
 Caus your ane Sone within seuin zeiris space,
 Be als cunning in all the seuin Science,
 Of wit, wisdom, and all Intelligence
 As I, and all my marrowis that heir standis
 Of ony man, within your boundis and landis
 Sa that ze will deliuer him to me,
 This sall I do in pane of honestie.

¶ The secund Maister namit Lentalus,
 Thir wordis said vnto the Emperour thus.
 And pleis your grace deliuer him to me
 Within sex yeiris he sall haue mair Clergie,
 Mair cunning craft in all the seuin Science
 Noz I and all that now is in presence.
 And as ze knaw I haue seruit your grace
 Sen I was man, in all my lyfis space.
 And for reward I seik na vther thing
 Bot your ane Sone to haue in gouerning.

¶ Than spak the thrid y^t namit was Craton
 With your gude grace I saillit the sey vpon,

In greit perrellis, and dangerous weilfair
 And of your grace rewaird I seik na mair,
 To be sa gude, to me deliuer wald
 Your onlie Sone in gouernance to hald,
 And I promise that within zeiris fiue
 He sall be mair cunning and Scientiue,
 No? I, and all my marrowis heir about
 Unto your grace this I sall do but dout.
 ¶ Chan spak the fourt to name hecht Malquy =
 And pleis your grace my seruice for to tak (dzak
 In gude sessoun, in thankis and plesouris
 For I my self, and my Progenitouris
 Hes seruit zow, and zours our lyfis space
 And na rewaird desire I of your grace
 Bot to witchaif on me sa greit credence,
 As for to leir your Sone perfite Science :
 And for to be of cunning mair perfite
 No? I, and all my marrowis can Indite.
 This sall he do within nixt zeiris four.
 O? I Science and cunning sall gif ouir.
 ¶ Chā spak the fyft, Iosephus hecht his name
 Lord I am auld, and neuer vndefame
 On your counsall, and hes bene mony zeir,
 Wald ze leif me your ane Sone for to leir
 I sall him teiche but dout in zeiris thre
 Als greit cunning, and als perfite Clergie
 As I my self, and all my marrowis can,
 O? ellis ze sall call me na honest man.
 Na mair rewaird of your grace I desire
 Thocht all my life I haue seruit your Impire.
 ¶ Chan spak the sext was namit Cleophas
 Ane Nobill man, and cunning Clerk he was,
 And said siclike as the laif said befoir,
 Of your

Of your gude grace rewaird I seik no moir
 Bot your ane Sone to haue in gouerning
 Informe and teiche, and into Science bring
 In cunning he salbe within twa zeir
 That he sall haue na peregall nor peir.
 Na mair rewaird at zow now ask will I
 Quhilk your gude grace I traist will not deny
 ¶ Than said the seuint greit Maister & doctour,
 Unto your grace I will do sic plesour,
 Giue me your Sone in credence and gyding
 Within ane zeir I sall him giue leirning,
 Sa profoundlie in all the Science seuin,
 And of all Science vnderneath the heuin :
 That in wisdome he sall haue na compair
 Unto your grace this schoztlie I declair,
 For giftis of golde, nor geir I not regaird
 Nor for labouris I couet na rewaird
 Bot your gude will, quhē the zeir is furth gane
 The Empreour hard, and thākit thame Ilkane
 And said I am Indettit to zow all
 Unrecompanlit nane of zow thair be sall.
 Bot not the les sen I find zow sa kynd
 And in gude willis hes schawin me your mynd
 Gif I suld him commit til ane of zow
 Than all the rest nicht weill beleue and trow
 That to that ane I had mair affectioun
 Than to the rest, quhilk suld caus discentioun :
 Discord, Inuy, and also variance,
 Quhilk in na sort amang sic men suld chance.
 Thairfoir to zow coniunctlie all in ane
 Heir I commit my Sone Dioclesiane.
 My afald barne, and eik my onlie Air,
 With zow to be Instructit weill in lair.

B. ij.

And him to gyde in alkin honest sort,
 Quhyllis to wisdom, and quhyllis to game &
 As ze will answer Ilk ane vnto me, (sport :
 In pane of credence and of your honestie.
 For be he weill, euin sa I think my sell
 Do as ze pleis, as now na mair I tell.
 ¶Thir dyng Doctours the sweet langage heir-
 Of thair gude Lord, and allwa persauing (ing
 The greit credence, and siclyke the kyndnes
 That he had schawin vnto thair sempilnes.
 Thay thankit him Ilk ane vpon thair kneis,
 Man efter man, all seuin in thair degreis.
 Sayand to him, that his grace suld be sure
 Of thair laubours greit diligence and cure.
 The Emprour tuke his Sone be the hand,
 And bad that he, at thair bidding suld stand.
 And in na sort that he suld thame offend
 Unto the time agane he for him send.
 And sa at schozt the barne delyuerit he,
 Quhome thay ressaue with all humilitie.
 This being done, Ilk ane thay tuke gude nicht
 To Romes Court the way thay held on richt.
 Thir seuin Maisters thair veyage passing on,
 Ane of thame said, quhilk namit was Craton
 To his fellowis, sayand my bether deir
 Sen we this Chylde in Gouverning hes heir,
 I think not best to Romes toun that we ryde
 Gif we list weill this barne gouerne and gyde :
 For diuers causis and Impediments,
 That may occur be Inconuenients.
 Tylling the Chylde to mony sport and play
 And to neglect his studie day be day.
 For fra greit men get knowledge quhat he be,
 Thay

Thay will couet daylie his companie.
Sa fra studie he salbe ay abstractit,
And we all seuin with greit displesure lackit.
The vther sex said all with ane consent
His counsall was gude and conuenient,
And was said to the purpois by and by,
And with gude will to the same wald apply.
This to eschew, I wald remeid war found
For weill I knaw within ane lytill ground
To buylde vpon, thair is ane proper place,
Quhilk to vs all war plesure and solace.
Fra Romes toun bot thre myles distant,
Quhat thing we neid, we myster not to want.
Lat vs pair mak ane hous baith rowme & squair
Quhair at quyet the child may leirne his lair
We sall gar paynt vpon the wallis about
The seuin Science, with greit Storzis all out,
Sa that this Childe may se vesie and luke,
And tak doctrine, asweill as in his buke.
This Counsall than applesit thame euer ilkane
The hous was biggit sone of lyme and stane,
And weill compleit, as it best culd effeir,
Quhairin thay all, studyt the seuin zeir.
Quhilk bene outrun, and all compleit togidder
The seuin Maisters amang thame did cōsider
That thay wald all exame Dioclesiane,
Fra that thair terme of the seuin zeir was gane,
Gif that he was expert into Science,
Considdering thay had done Diligence.
Pantillas said, I can not tell trewlie
How our Scoller examit weill salbe.
Than said Craton I sall that weill deuise,
Into his bed on sleipung quhen he lvis.

Under Ilk nuik of his bed we sall lay
 Ane Oliue leif, than quhen approaches day,
 Gif he persauis sone efter his walking
 That his bed is remouit ony thing,
 Than we may know be our Intelligence
 He is repleit of all the seuin Science.
 This being done, airlie in the morning
 The Childe walknit befor the Sone rysing,
 And lyftit vp his Ene vnto the sky
 And to the rufe of the hous feruently,
 Baith to and fra, schairplie casting his Ene
 On sic fastoun befor thay had not sene.
 The seuin Maisteris persauing perfitelie
 How his Ingyne was raisit sa quicklie:
 Thay said quhairfor luk ze sa fast about?
 Quhat mouis zow, or quhat haue ze in dout?
 Schaw vs in plaine we sall caus to amend it
 Gif ony thing hes zow in hart offendit.
 Na maruell haue my gude Maisters (said he)
 For I am brocht in ane greit fantasie,
 Quhilk hes me maid richt sleit and als affeird,
 For in my sleip to me I thocht appeird:
 That the ruif tre of all this haill Maistoun,
 Unto the eird was quyte declynit down.
 And sine againe in twinkling of our Evis,
 It was vpliftit ane hundreth thousand greis,
 Quhilk put me in ane felloun fray but dout,
 Than his Maisters Ilk ane him round about,
 Persauit weill be gude Experience
 He was fulfillit of all the seuin Science.
 Gif he haue dayis and in gude companie
 Ane man of wit, and wisdom he salbe,
 That in the world sall nane be till him peir,

Sa

Sa at this tyme we leif this young Childe heir,

¶ MORALITAS.

WE may persaue na Empreour
 For King suld wirk at thair plesour.
 Withouth ane gude counsall,
 Gude counsall is the procurour
 For to set fordwart gude laubour
 And perrellis dois expell.

This Empreour he wald do nocht
 Quhill his Lordis was befoir him brocht
 And sa thay war richt sone,
 At thame his counsall than he socht,
 And thay him schew thair mynde and thocht
 Quhat best was to be done.

In ane voce thay concludit thair
 That he suld put his Sone to lair
 With cunning men of wit,
 Becaus the Counsall did it declair
 Incontinent but ony mair
 Fra hand fulfillit it.

For as the Mother did prouyde,
 The Father on that bther syde
 For the Sone did soirle,
 Fra purpois wald na langer hyde
 Bot to the Doctouris in that tyde
 His Sone delyuerit he.

Thocht all thir Seuin had Science sene,
 Ze may persaue that thay haue bene
 Of thair awin Fantasie,
 All cassin into curage clene
 Ilk ane bther to prouene
 And purches Dignitie.

Ilk ane thay tuke ane diuers dait,
 And promeist be thair awin consait
 Mair large nor thay wald do,
 Quhill was far by thair awin Estait
 For to pretend to gang the gait
 That thay culd not cum to.

Bot the Empreour tuke weill in heid,
 He thocht he wald not tak the feid
 Of all, and pleis bot ane.
 For that he fand ane gude remeid
 For the haill sevin without mair pleid
 The Childe hes with thame tane.

¶How the Empreour be counfall of his Princes, and
 Lordis of his Impyre weddit ane vther wyfe.

IN this meane time the Princes of honour,
 And the greit Lordis come to the Empreour,
 And said my Lord and pleis your nobill grace
 Heir we ar cum to schaw how standis the race.
 Bot ane young Childe, we knaw no moir ze ha
 And plesit God, we wald that ze had ma
 And it may stand be fatale destanie,
 That your ane Sone may Inlaik faill and die
 As God forbid, that sic ane thing suld chance,
 Zit not the les we wald mak puruyance.
 Than war we all of ane new native King
 Maid destitute abone vs for to ring,
 Duhairthow strange folke & uncouth nationis
 Nicht conquais vs, and all our generatiounis.
 Duhilk neuer was sen this Impyre began
 Conqueist, ouirthawin with ony mortall man
 Sen Romulus, quhilk buyldit Romes toun,
 Was neuer man that had dominion
 Of this Impyre, bot Nobill native Kingis,
 And to auoide sa greit and perrellous things :
 This is the caus we ar cum to your grace
 To schaw zow all the mater and the race,
 That sic ane thing is richt abill to be
 To put the Realme furth of sic Jeopardie,
 We wald ze tuke sum honest gay Ladie

Your

Your Nobill Quene and bedfellow to be,
 To that effect successioun for to haue,
 And your Impire fra this dangeris to saue.
 The Emperour than heirand all thair sawis,
 What sic thing ment of the mater and caus.
 He thankit thame ane hundreth thousand syle,
 And said he wald do as thay did deuyse.
 Of thair counsall richt weill content he was,
 And thame requyrit to purpois for to pas.
 Ane Lady get that was of tender age,
 Baith gude and fair, and cum of hie lynage.
 Ane clene Virgin and lustie to behald,
 Than sall I do the same thing that ze wald.
 Wed hir to wife, and Crowne hir to my Quene
 Into this case lat your wisdomes be sene.
 So thay depart than fra the Emperour
 Deuisit thair Lordis of wisdom and valour,
 To seik this Quene throu mony lands yat past
 Quhill thay come to ane countrie at the last
 Callit Cecyll, quhill had ane Nobill King,
 Quhill Royallie into his Realme did King,
 With greit puissance, riches and honour,
 Quha had ane Mayd of all fairnes the flour
 To his douchter of fourtene zeir of age
 Nobill, courtes, and plesand of visage.
 With all vertew that in women micht be,
 And wise at will siclike appeirandlie.
 Quhome thay desirit at this gude Nobill King
 In Mariage to the Emperour bring,
 And mak hir Quene of all the haill Impire
 This Nobill King grantit to thair desire.
 The Lordis of Counsall and Ambassadouris
 War than depeschit with plesure & honouris,

And brocht with thame this Nobill gay Ladie
 Quhilk pair zoug Quene & als Emprice suld be
 Thay heisit vp sails with all thair clene curage
 With manlie micht come fordwart pair veyage
 Upon the sey thay sufferit great perrell
 In hame cumming, be sair stozme and trauell
 Walterād with wind out throw y muddy wawis
 The boziall blastis sa bauldrie on thame blawis
 That thay war fane and Joyfull at the last
 To saue thair lysis, for to cut thair mane Mast.
 Cut thair Cabillis, and our burd cast thair geir
 All of thair lysis thay stude into sic feir.
 Sum of thame said, it was ane schrewit Sing
 Of ane gude luck sic ane Quene hame to bring,
 Quhairthrow thay war all in point for to tine,
 And wist not quhat wald be the latter fine.
 Sum said agane all was cum for the best,
 Scho was wyteles, howbeit stozme thame op=
 Sa ilk ane said as pat pat time bethocht (prest.
 Sa at dew time to thair awin coist was brocht
 Als sone thay come vnto thair kyndlie coist,
 Doun drew thair sailis, and thair gude schippis
 Than word belive come to the Empreour (loist.
 That all his Lordis was landit with plesour,
 And with them brocht ane Nobill zounge Ladie
 Quhilk to the King his weddit wyfe suld be.
 The empreour causit proclame throw Romes tou
 That euerie Lord, Knichte Marques & Barrou
 In best array to mak thame all reddy
 With fair fassoun to meit that zounge Lady,
 Quhilk but delay was done with diligence,
 And sa thay gaue this Lady all presence:
 In riche array, as thay culd best deuise,

With

With all triumph, and into thair best wise
 To the Cietie thay did hir all conuoy,
 With all glaidnes, mirth, melodie and Joy.
 And quhen scho come vnto this Nobill toun,
 The Bellis rang with honour and Renoun.
 The claithis of gold was spred throw all y^e streit
 Quhen scho lichtit, to gang vpon hir feit.
 The riche Badkins, the coistlie veluot wobbis
 The browdin warkis, & the riche Ryall robbis
 Quhilk on the stairis war spred sa heich on hie
 It was plesure for ony man to se.
 With all vther warldis vane fantasie,
 That mannis braine and Ingyne culd deuise.
 And sa at last come in the Empreour
 With his greit Lordis of riches and honour.
 Gaue this Lady his persoun in presence,
 With all triumph, Renoun and reuerence:
 And hir Imbraist as culd him best effeir,
 And said Lady ze ar richt welcum heir
 Than the greit Joy that in that Cietie was
 My waik Ingyne can na way weill compas.
 Sa on the mozne quhen that the day was licht
 Unto the Kirk thay led this Lady bricht,
 With all triumphe, greit mirth and melodie
 With mennis wit that culd deuise be.
 Conuoyit with Kingis nobill Princes & Lords
 As at sic time aggreis weill and accords.
 Sine followit hir the Nobill Empreour
 With all his Lords, that was of greit valour.
 Stout men of Armes into thair waillit weidis
 Rydand at richt vpon thair stalwart steidis.
 Als with him come diuers grit kings & knights
 Duiks, Barrouis, erls, & mony worthie wichts

With trūpet, schalme, drum, squalche & clarion,
 Harp, Lut, Organe, Symbal and Symphion
 Makand thair mirth all into gude ordour,
 Heraldis of Armes into thair cort Armour :
 Past on befoir as it was maist semelie
 In thair awin stait, conforne to thair degre.
 Quhill thay come to the Royall Kirk of Rome
 Quhilk was the heid of Kirkis in christindome
 Thair lichtit thay with mirth and merynes
 For to compleit the band of halynes :
 That G O D deupsit betuir woman and man
 Quhen he this world first creat and began.
 Of that Cietie the greit Bischop was thair,
 With all his Clerkis of greit wisdome and lair
 This band being compleit in Goddis Name
 With mirth and Joy to the Palace past hame,
 Quhair thair was maid banket with melodie,
 With alkin mirth and plesant menstrealie.
 Quhill that nicht come, than Ilk man thocht
 To quyet pas, and tak the nichtis rest. (it best
 Sa this Lady but ony tarying
 Scho past to bed with hir housband the King
 And sa obtenit the greit fauour and lufe
 Of hir gude Lord, that it culd not remufe.
 And of hir lufe he tuke sa greit delite,
 That vther Quene he had forzet hir quite :
 And all his lufe was cast on this new Quene
 As he befoir had neuer Marryt bene.
 Zit not the les all the dayis of thair lyue
 God thocht he wald all barnis fra them dryue
 Sa thame betuir thay na successioun had
 Quhilk maid this quene baith sorrowful & sad
 Sayand husband, ane thing I zow require

Gif ze

Gif ze wald grant richt hartlie I desire.
 Becaus lang time this Emprice did persaue
 Na kynd of Childe scho was able to haue.
 Scho turnit hir Saillis vnto ane vther wind
 Quhair that scho micht sum suttelness gar find.
 Into hir bed quhair that scho was lyand
 In ane morning with hir spous and husband.
 Scho sayis my Lord, & pleis your Nobil grace
 Betuir vs twa is chancit ane heufe race,
 That be na way can get vs successioun
 Quhilk sadis my hart, & dois me greit passiou
 Bot wald your grace ane thing vnto me grant,
 Betuir vs twa ane Childe we suld not want.
 Quod he that thing deuple how that ze can,
 For that exceidis the wit of ony man
 For to get barnis, sen God will not thame grant
 Than force it is baith ze and I thame want.
 Scho said my Lord it is unto me schawin,
 Ze haue ane Sone quhilk is not to me knawin
 With seuin Maisters, maist wysst on the groun
 And he him self, nane wyser can be found.
 Wald ze bring him to Court in my presence
 I suld do all deuoir and diligence,
 Him to Intreit into sa gude passoun,
 That all suld say out throw greit Romes toun
 Not onlie said, bot also suld be swozne,
 That he war of my awin twa sydis bozne.
 And sen sa is, that I can nocht consaue,
 Onlie your Sone, as my awin I wald haue
 My Lord this is the asking I require,
 Beseikin zow to fulfill my desire.
 Zit not the les hir minde was and hir thocht
 In sutteltie, and all with malice wrocht.

Imagining daylie the Chyldis deid
 Thocht his Father tike not sic thing in heid,
 He said Lady that will I not deny
 Quhat euer ze ask, enamorit sa am I
 Into your lufe, that force compellis me
 Quhat ze will ask, denyit it sall not be.
 Chairfoir sen I the secretis of my hart
 Schawis to zow plaine, to me keip ze your part
 As for my Sone it is lang time by past
 And diuers zeiris sen that I saw him last.
 Zit not the les to accomplishe your will,
 I sall belyue ane Message send him till,
 And caus him cum, and als his Maisters all
 Quhat he can do baith heir and se ze sall.
 For I beleue he hes bene diligent
 In his studie, and in science frequent.
 And for to leir, wit, knowledge and wisdom
 That efter me for to gyde this kingdome.
 Scho said my Lord, that it be sa God grant,
 For that same caus I wald na way him want.
 Bot gif scho said thir wordis with hir hart
 Ze will persaue be proces efterwart.
 The Empeour sone gart mak ane missiue,
 The Messinger he was direct belive:
 Into greit haist with expeditioun,
 Unto the sevin greit Maisteris of Renoun.
 Incontinent vnder the pane of deid,
 And na les pane nor wanting of thair heid:
 Suld bring his Sone to him at Witsonday,
 All excuses being clene put away.
 The Messinger belive depescht was
 To the Doctouris the hie gait can he pas
 And the wytyngis delyuerit sone hes he,

Unto

Unto the seuin Doctouris of Dignitie,
 Quha it restait with all Obedience,
 Humilitie, honour and reuerence.

¶MORALITAS.

IT is ane plaigue perrelous and ane greit dispair,
 Ane Realme to be destitute of ane Natiue Air
 Quhair kynd captans haldis court, na caus is of cair
 The commoun welth Increffis ay, daylie mair and mair
 Be the contrair agane.
 Vnkyndlie Captanes ouirthrawis
 And commoun welth doun drawis
 And leidis not the auld Lawis
 Bot contrair wirks plane.

This was the maist motiue, the caus and the querrell,
 That caufit thir Princes compeir, to schaw all the perrell
 The greit danger and dout, and the caus haill
 Baith for commoun welth and Croune, gif airs chancit faill
 Thair was bot onlie ane
 Thairfoir this mater thay mene
 To caus him tak ane new Quene
 That new Airs might be sene,
 Gif this Air war gane.

And sa belyue but pley to counfall be applyit
 Caus it was the commoun weill he durst not deny it
 Bot zit his first Quenes defyre, in sum part past by it
 That to the court the chyld brocht, quhair he was fair inuyit
 The Empreour not knew
 Ze ken of auld this trew Tale
 Nyce is the Nychtingale
 The Empreour gaue hir credence hale
 And neuer word trew.

Quhen women speikis fairest thay ar maist fals found,
 Thay gar sweit licour swym aboue, and gall is at the ground
 Thay shaw thame lyke ane turtill dow, and bytis as ane hound
 The Empreour was deffaut fair, as sone was efter found
 Thay war ay and falbe
 Sa quesitiue baith nicht and day
 The Empreour culd na gait say nay

Bot men suld not trow that thay say
Sa oft becaus thay lie.

¶How the seuin Maisteris efter the ficht of the Em-
preouris Letteris wald first se the cours of the
Firmament and Planetis, quhidder it was
gude to obey his cōmandement or not.

AS sone as yir seuin maisters had ouirsene
The empreours writ, & vnderstode it clene
On the nixt nicht, all seuin with ane consent
Past to espy the sternis and ffirmament.
To tak Jor nay gif it was prosperous
Or contrair way, gif it was dangerous.
For to fulfill the Empreouris command,
Or gif thay durst the samin to ganestand.
Anone thay spy into the ffirmament
Ane stormie sterne that troublit thair Intent.
Persauing weill be the sterne gif that thay
Thair Jor nay tuke, and raid that samin day
To thame affict, be the Empreouris command
The Childe but dout in greit perrell suld stand,
For the first word that he spak in presence
Of his ffather in oppin audience,
Suld be the caus of his greit schamefull deid
This to eschew thay culd find na remeid.
Quhair of thay war all sad and wounder sozie
And wist not weill to trauell or to tarie,
Ane vther sterne than thay heheld also,
Schawing to thame to the King wald not go
And keip the day, quhilk was affict thame to,
To wat thair heids, thair was nocht ellis ado
Ane of them said quhair twa Illis dois appeir
Lat vs that tak quhairin lvis leist danger.

It is

It is better surelie I say for me
 For this Impire that we all seuin suld die,
 And vther seuin siclike as we ar all
 Or this zounge man suld suffer ony thral.
 Thairfor lat vs all seuin with ane Intent,
 Our awin personis to the Emperour present,
 And let the Chylde at hame alone remane
 To se giue we tary or cummis agane.
 And sa thay war all seuin richt sorowfow,
 Pansing alwayis, quhat meane fastoun or how
 Thay micht eschew this Inconuenient.
 Sa this zounge man come down Incontinent,
 Fra his Chalmer, quhair he was studiand,
 His seuin Maisteris all sittand thair he fand.
 Richt sorowfull, and sad in countenance,
 He them Inquyrit, quhat was the caus & chace
 Of thair sadnes, thay said this standis the cace,
 We all beleuit till had of zow solace,
 Blythnes and Joy, and also gude rewaird,
 Bot now Fortoun hes bene to zow sa hard,
 That all sic thing to greit wanhap will turne,
 Quhairfor we all hes greit caus for to murne,
 For all our Joy, and our Felicitie
 Is like to turne to greit aduersitie.
 He said Maisters I pray zow to me schaw
 How the case standis, zit ze will lat me knaw.
 Thay said the case that we can schaw to zow
 Into the self is wonder sorowfow,
 For zour Father the Emperour and King
 Unto vs seuin hes send ane schairp wytyng,
 Commanding vs withouttin taryng
 On pane of lysis that we zow till him bring,
 Incontinent at the nixt Penthecoist,

Thir his wrytingis he hes send at the poist,
 To quhat effect, we knaw not his Intent,
 Bot we all seuin hes spyit the Firmament,
 The Planetis eik and als the sternis cleir,
 And we can se na vther thing appeir
 Bot haistelie without ony remeid,
 And ze speak anis ze sall thoill suddand deid.
 Gif we delay, and bzing zow not him till,
 Our deid is dicht, and in zour Fatheris will.
 The Childe answerit agane richt humblie
 I sair repent that sic ane thing suld be.
 Can ze not find in that case na remeid
 Bot outhir I, or ze to suffer deid?
 Zit I mon pas and all the sternes spy
 Gif I can find ony remeid thairby,
 That may put of that deidlie dolent hour,
 And satisfie my Father the Emprour.
 Incontinent he veseis our his buikis,
 Sine efter that vnto the sternes he luikis.
 Amang the rest ane proper sterne he saw,
 That was richt cleir persite and wonder smaw
 Quhairby richt weill considderit he the case,
 Giue that he culd abstene seuin dayis space
 Fra all speiking and hald him self as dum
 Quir sic perrell he clenlie suld ouircum.
 And all thair lifis in na perrell to be,
 Quhilk sterne he leit all his seuin Maisters se.
 And said Maisters behald and weill persaue,
 Giue I my self as dum man moste me haue.
 Seuin dayis but speiche, sine on the auchtand
 All the perrell I sall auoyde away. (day
 And ze ar seuin of all the world maist wise,
 I think it is bot ane small Interpryse,

Ilk ane of zow to saue my life ane day,
 Quhen that is done, than sum thing I fall say,
 That ze and I fra all perrell salbe
 The Maisteris seuin concludit persitelie.
 All that he said was wonder Just and trew,
 For be the sterne the samin weill thay knew,
 And randerit thankis to Potestatis diuine,
 That thair Scoller had sa persite Ingine,
 Of cleir cunning, sic ane sterne to considder
 Quhairby that thay suld all be saif togidder:
 And out of dout, and all danger of deid,
 Seuin dayis put by, him self to find remeid.

¶ The first Maister, Pantillas was his Name
 Said that he suld vnder the pane of schame,
 For the first day befoir the King to stand,
 To saue his life partlie he tuke on hand.
 Quod Lentulus, quhilk was the nixt Doctour,
 I tak on hand your life for to succour,
 The secund day, and sa said all the rest,
 Thair day about, sa lang as seuin did lest.
 This being said, all seuin with ane consent,
 Thay clad this Childe in ane new abilzement,
 In goldin clais, as effeir it his estait,
 Sine lap on hors, and fordwart maid the gait,
 To Romes toun, with all the speid thay had
 For to obey as the Emperour thame had.

MORALITAS.

I T war weill done or we our beyage tuke
 Or zit Jorney outhir be sey or land
 Upon the sternis and Firmament to luke,
 Sif that beyage with godlynes dois stand,
 And in na sort that it brek not command
 Of God alone, nor do him na offence,
 The sternis I mene, to be mannis conscience,

C. ij.

As thir Doctouris, or thay to Jornay went
 The Firmament thay wald first pas and spy,
 Quhair thay persault ane greit Impediment
 Be diuers sternis appeirand in the sky
 For to remane, schew thame gude caus and quhy
 The Kingis Precept alluterlie to ganestand,
 Zit sum remeid the Chyld him self he fand.

God him grantit, and sic grace to him gaue
 To fynd ane way that thay all saif micht be,
 By his Maisters, ane proper sterne persauie
 Quhilk all the seuin culd not persauie nor se
 Quhairby thay micht thair Jornay pas saiffie.
 Conditionally, sa that he culd be dum
 Unto the space, seuin dayis war gane and cum.

Quhairfoir we all may be richt wonder sure
 The grace of God to na man is obstant
 As to the riche, euin siclyke to the pure,
 As to the auld euin sa to the Infant
 His treasure is to all sa abundant,
 Sa ample geuin, sa Liberall and fre,
 To thame it seikis with all humilitie.

As the Griffoun, and als the greit Goshalk
 Is at all tyme of wyng maist wonder wicht,
 Unto thair pray na kynd of bird will balk,
 Zit than the Sparhawk is als swyft of flight
 As the Griffoun, and als schairp of hir sight
 Will cathe asweill sic birdis as scho hes ble
 As the Griffoun will cathe to him ane Guse.

Euin sa ane Page or zit ane young Prentysse
 Quhen thay ar bot laillie put to the werk
 Be quick Ingynne studie, and gude seruice
 He may preuaill his Maister at the merk.
 Euin sa did this young man and cunning Clerk
 Persaue ane sterne, quhilk his Maisters quirlaw
 Howbeit thay war langer leirit in the Law.

It is oft sene ane sober simpill man
 To ane greit man ane counsallour may be
 Be Goddis grace, perchance asweill he can
 Giue gude counsall, as thay of greiter gre

Quhilkis

Subtiltis ar bplyttit into Authoritie,
For quhy the Bie that is richt waik of wing
Hame to hir Queit sweet hony scho will bring.

¶ Breuis in volatilibus est apis, & initium dulcoris
hunc fructus illius. Ecclesiast. xj.

¶ How the Empreour raid to meit his Sone com-
ming fra the studie, with greit Pomp and Pryde.

AND sa as thay had enterit to veyage
The Poistis ran with all haistie Message
To Romes toun, and tauld the Empreour
That his ane Sone, with all haist and laubour
Was cumming hame, on hors the reddy way.
His Fatheris will and Precept to obey.
Than his Father Incontinent gart call
His greit Princes, and vther Lordis all,
And bad thame be in reddynes Ilkane,
He wald ga meit his Sone Dioclesiane.
The seuin Maisters persytellie sa knawand
The Empreour, with his Court was cummand.
Unto the Childe all in ane voce thay said,
We think it best sum danger to auoid,
That we all seuin pas into the Citie,
And ze fordwaird pas with zour companie.
In the meane time, that we may all prouyde
Sum help, that may put by this towter tide,
And we sall do all that we can oz may
For zour supplie, Ilk ane to keip ane day.
The Childe answerit as ze will plesis me,
Remember zit on my necessitie.
In greit danger I wait that I will stand.
Thairfor think on quhat ze haue tane on had.
Thay tuke thair leif at him sorowfullie.

C. iij.

Sine all thay raid toward Romes Citie.
 Sa fordwart come Dioclesiane rydand,
 And lukis on far saw his Father cumand,
 And as thay met, of his hors lichtit down,
 To his Father he maid him reddy boun,
 Kneland on kne with all obedience,
 Sine his Father with lufe and reuerence,
 About his neck oft times he tuke and kist,
 That he was dum his Father zit not wist.
 My awin deir Sone ze ar welcum he said
 Of your weillfair I am richt wonder glaid.
 How is it with zow I pray zow lat me knaw,
 For it is lang afoir sen I zow saw.
 Thā this young man ful richt manlike & meik
 Bowit down his heid, & nathing wald he speik
 Quhair of his Father meruellit gretumlie
 That he agane answerit not Instantlie.
 Zit he compass into his mynde agane
 Be his Maisters, that he was sa constrane
 And commandit, that he suld speik nathing
 He on horsbak, be ony way ryding.
 Sa hame thay come, out throw the greit Cietie
 Of Romes toun, with greit Solemnitie.
 Quhill thay come to the Emperours Palice
 Quhair that thair was mony antick deuise.
 And of thair hors belue thay lichtit down
 With greit triumph honour and als Renoun,
 The Father led his Sone in be the hand
 Into the hall, quhair mony was bydand,
 And set him down besyde him at the deis,
 The Heraldys had sone silence all and ceis.
 Than Sone he said, now ze will speik to me
 Your seuin Maisters, how do thay tell lat se?
 How

How dois your self, for it is lang ago
 Sen I zow saw, the suith it is euin so.
 Ze ar welcome to me with hart and minde
 Sa than the Childe his heid he did Inclinde,
 As he wald say, I thank zow Father deir,
 Quhat euer he thocht thair was na man micht
 Quhairat his Father meruellit gretumlie (heir.
 And in ane part he lukit earnestlie,
 And said tell me, withoutin mony sawis
 That ze speak not, the maner and the caus.
 He answerit not, bot bowit down his heid,
 The Emprour saw that than was na remeid,
 He pansit in minde, of his Sone not content,
 Sa the Emprice gat word Incontinent,
 Quhairof scho was wonder Joyous and glaid
 To hir Ladyis with merie minde scho said,
 Now will I go Dioclesiane to se,
 Quhairfor that ze my best clething bring me.
 And sa anone scho went down to the haw
 Quhair that belue Dioclesiane scho saw
 Upon the deis besyde the Childe sat down
 Is this your sone my Lord suld bruik your croū?
 And hes bene teichit with all y^t seuin Doctouris
 He is to me welcome with all fauouris.
 He is my Sone the Emprour said agane,
 Bot he speikis not, quhairof I am not fane.
 I knaw na thing how it is fallin be chance,
 Be Deuilrie, or Goddis Ordinance.
 Bot all the time to me sen he is cum
 I heir nathing, bot alwayis he is dum.
 Scho said my Lord delyuer him to me
 Gif euer he spak, that ze sall heir and se
 I sall him caus with wordis fair and meik,

That I dout not bot he will to me speik.
 The King said go away with hir and rise
 The Childe he rais on his maist humbill wise,
 Inclining law with all Obedience,
 To his Father randzing gude Reuerence,
 To the Chalmer with the Emprice he went,
 Bot I beleue it plesit not his Intent.

MORALITAS.

THAT it is writtin weill we knaw
 Into the Buke of Exodie,
 Quhen God to Moyses gaue the Law
 In Mont Sinay that hill so hie
 Into that Buke thair find may we
 Amang the ten Commandements
 That we obedient suld be
 And hald in honour our Parents.

Sa did this Chylde quhen that he saw
 His Father be the way cummand
 Doun of his hors he lichtit law
 On his knees tuke him be the hand,
 Als quhen his Father gaue command
 Him for to speik, he bowit his heid
 With humbill hart to him menand
 I dar not speik for feir of deid.

Sic thing his Father na way kend
 Bot quhen the Quene come in presence
 Incontinent he had him wend
 With hir to Chalmer, and go hence
 The Chylde with all Obedience
 Past at command howbeit he knew
 That it wald caus ane greit Offence,
 Kend weill that race that he wald rew.

Euin sa we suld be all and ane
 To our Parents Obedient,
 And giue our awin be deid and gane
 The Principall ay, is remanent,
 That is our Father all Potent

We seidis

He feidis vs with his haly hand
 Than lat vs set our haill Intent
 On our best way keip his command.

¶ How the Emprice led Dioclesiane to hir Chal-
 mer for to mak merines, quhilk ap-
 peirandlie he withstude.

THE Emprice than sū Ladyis callit hir till
 Sayand this is my vtter minde and will,
 That ze prepair my Chalmer and my bed
 With Silk badkins, that it be weill ouerspred
 And all the hous weill hounge with Tapestrye,
 Thay said Madame, as ze bid sa sall be.
 Than the Emprice tuke Dioclesiane
 Be the richt hand, and to Chalmer is gane,
 And causit auoide all the Chalmers anone,
 Nane baid thairin bot thay twa thame alone.
 Scho thocht not best nane vther thair suld byde
 And set him down befoir hir awin bed syde:
 And said to him thir wordis in ane part
 O best belouit Dioclesiane my hart:
 Oft times I haue hard spek of your bewtie,
 Your wit, wisdom, and your greit courtasie,
 Your greit vertew or euer I zow saw,
 I couet zow muche baith to se and knaw,
 I am richt blyth my sweet Dioclesiane,
 That we twa now ar sa secreit alane.
 I wald haue giuen within this zeir ago
 Ten thousand pound for to haue had it so.
 And I am glaid that now I may behald
 The samin thing that my hart alwayis wald.
 And I haue causit your Father for zow send
 To that Intent, and for that fynall end,

That I may haue of your bodie solace,
 And now sen we ar heir in secret place,
 For without fault I say to you planelie
 I haue keipit my clene virginitie
 To you trewlie, vnto this present hour
 Notwithstanding your Father the Emperour
 Hes maryit me, zit I wald not consent
 In that behalf to fulfill his Intent :
 Bot at all times hes waitit vpon you,
 Quhairfoir of me ze tak your plesure now :
 And speik to me, and lat vs go to bed,
 Sen I my self now thairto hes you led.
 Quhat euer scho said, quhat euer scho did or wo-
 For al hir talk ane word he answerit nocht (cht
 Scho seing that, to him scho said agane,
 O my sweet hart, and gude Dioclesiane,
 I sweir you heir, be Peter and be Paull,
 In your keping ze haue my lyfe and Saull.
 Quhat is the caus to me ze will not speik ?
 Schaw me of lufe sum takin I beseik.
 For as ye knaw I am ane young Lady,
 And to performe your will am heir reddy.
 Sa in hir armes diuers times scho hynt,
 Him to haue kist, to his mouth maid ane mynt,
 He turnit his heid, and wald not thole hir kis
 In hir awin minde (quod scho) quhat thing is
 That to this man profferis my bodie, (this
 And be na way he will consent to me,
 Dioclesiane my onlie lufe scho said
 Sen that my lufe sa firme is on you laid :
 Quhy do ze this, to be to me vnkynde,
 Knowing richt weill ze haue my hart & mynde
 And thair is nane that may persaue or se,

Quhat

Quhat that is done into this hous bot we,
 Thairfoir grant me the thing that I zow craif,
 And ze thairfoir my Maidinheid to haif,
 He wyvit his face away and his visage.
 For he na way he lykit his langage.
 Persauing than that scho culd not obtene
 His lufe nor fauour, bot it denyit clene.
 Scho said my lufe, and sweet Dioclesiane
 Behald my Papis, behald my quhyte breist
 Quhilk heir I put in zour will & plesour (bane
 And clene forsaikis zour Father the Emperour.
 For quhy he is baith febill waik and auld,
 Lene of body, and als of nature cauld.
 In his youth heid sa vailzeant hes bene
 That now in eild he is consumit clene.
 That he skarslie may stand vpon his feit,
 Quhairfoir to me, nor sic he is not meit.
 At zour plesure thairfoir my body tak,
 He seing this, his heid he turnit bak,
 That he na signe, nor vther countenance
 Into na sort he wald do his plesance.
 Bot in sa far as he culd him remufe,
 Scho nicht persaue that scho wantit his lufe.
 Quod scho agane, gif it plesis zow noch
 To speik to me, nor zit schaw me zour thocht.
 As may perchance be done for sum gude quhy,
 Into that case, excuse zow weill will I.
 Zit not the les, I wald ze did Indyte
 Upon paper, and zour minde to me wyte,
 Ze pleis not speik, tak thair paper and Ink,
 Besekand zow to wryte me quhat ze think.
 Gif efterward zour lufe I may obtene,
 In secrett wise, that nane wait quhat we mene.

Sa the paper and Ink he did ressaue
And wait as heir efter ze may persaue.

¶O Lady fair I pray God me defend
Fra sic mischance that I se zow Intend,
Gif I defoull my Fatheris atwin Orchaerd,
My Fatheris Ire I get for my rewaird:
Nor I wait not quhat frute thairof sall spring,
And als I know richt weill ane vther thing
That Goddis wraith but faill sall fall on me,
Thairfoir at schozt lat all sic folie be.
Prouoke me not na farther hidderto,
For I will schaw the mater gif ze do.
Als sone as scho the Chedull had out red,
Under hir feit Incontinent it tred.
And syne agane with hir teith scho it raif,
Thairof the Text, that na man suld persaif,
All hir heid geir scho kest it on the flure
Raif down hir clais, and all hir riche vesture.
Raif down hir hair, and skartit hir visage,
Quhil blude ran down our all hir personage.
That all micht heir scho cryit with ane loud vo-
fy help for schame, or I my life will lois. (ce
This rude Ribald wald reueis me with schame
Persaue this Childe now giue he seruiss blame.
Was neuer woman sen first the world began
Sa cruellie drest, with ane vnfaithfull man.
That I lippinnit na harme suld to me done,
O ze my Lords, cum heir and help me sone.

¶MORALITAS.

NOW be this Tale ze may persaue
How mony wayis that women haue
At all times for to dissaue, ane Innocent
Into hir net, quhill scho him get, to hir Intent

With

With flattering wordis baith fals and fair
 Sic to reheirs wald fyle the Air
 For schame nor sin that will not spair, thair mynd to schaw
 Schame is past the sched of thair hair, as weill we knaw.

To tempt this man was all hir mynde
 And caus him to foull sin Inclynde
 He wald not speik, bot with ane synd, he wald forsak hir,
 Scho was the Deuillis wonder kynd, the foull Ill tak hir.

Scho lichtlyit hir awin Lord and King
 With greit dessait and fals talking
 Incontinent this Childe to bring, to ane mischeif,
 Fy tratour that thocht sic a thing, fy commoun theif.

Paper and Ink scho till him gaue
 Thocht he was dum that scho nicht haue
 His bitter mynde, and to persauie, quhat he wald do,
 Quhen scho it red, with feit it tred, now fy (quod scho).

Quhen that scho saw scho culd not speid
 Scho raif hir clais all into screid
 With skarting causit hir face to bleid, in great dyspyte,
 Fy Trumppour that did sic ane deid, God will the quyte.

Quhen scho had all reuin down hir face
 Scho cryit oft tymes full lowde allace,
 Is thair na help in all this place, nor na remeid?
 This Tratour strang, gar sone ga hang, quhill he be deid.

We wald heir in greit belanie
 Contrair my will deforcit me
 As ze may all persauie and se, my bludie face
 Beiris witnes weill gif sic thing be, into this cace,

Ze may persauie scho had na schame
 To caus hir self get sic defame
 Siclyke ane Innocent hure blame, that was sa clene
 That tuke na cure, to be ane hure, and scho ane Quene.

Syne into euill sa done expert
 Sa falllie culd the Tale peruert,
 Quhill was weill knawin sone esterwart, as ze sall heir,
 Quhat was baith Quene and Chyldes part, salbe maid cleir.

O Doly Dragoun and doutlum Den
 O glowrand gredie and gaipen Glen
 O filthy flesche fosterit in Fen, with greit offence,
 O Cocatrice that will not ken, thy awin conscience.

O hyle Uiper maist bennemus,
 O luttell Serpent Sulphurius
 O hiddous pit pestiferus, now this I say the,
 O dowbill Deuill maist dangerus, God saue me fra the.

In malice thow art sa frequent,
 Sa mony euillis thow can Inuent
 Sa vicious and sa vehement, ay prone to euill,
 Thow wald rin to get thy Intent, quick to the Deuill.

Fy on the foull flame fyre sa fell
 Fy on the hiddous hound of hell
 Fy on the berray springand well, that ay was brokin,
 That cairis not to condempne thy sell, thy lust to flokin.

Fy on the lust Insaciabill,
 Fy on thy myrth maist Miserabill
 Fy on the lufe maist lamentabill, full of dyspyte,
 Your chance is ay sa changeabill, clene I zow quyte.

Sen I zow se sa Inconstant
 All vertewis me think ze want
 Bot into vice richt aboundant, ze are profest,
 And ay to rin, to schame and sin, ze think it best.

Sen ze are geuin to zour plesour,
 Not regarding zour awin honour
 How sall men haue to zow fauour, thairfoir I quyte zow,
 Ze are not worthe, to be set forthe, the Deill bedryte zow.

To gude women not this I say
 It is thair pairt baith nicht and day
 As ze haue hard befoir me say, with thame to chyde,
 To this gude women will not nay, na tyme nor tyde.

Thairfoir I pray zow me excuse,
 For euill women I can not ruse
 Thair awin honour sa thay abuse, in alkin sort
 Weirfoir thair companie I refuse, I say at schort.

¶How

How the Emprice complenit to the Empreour of
the schame done to hir be his Sone Dioclesiane.

THE Empreour with his Lords in the hall
Hard the loud schout, and sozie pieteous call
Of the Emprice, all haistelie thay furth ran.
Gony greit Lord, Knights and gentilman,
The Empreour come first quhair y^t was y^e quene
And said Madame, quhat haue ze hard o^r sene
To do zow noy, anguiscche o^r displeour
O fy scho said, heir is ane greit Tratour
Ze call zour Sone, bot zour Sone is he nocht.
Had he bene zouris sic thing he had not wrocht
I wait it was neuer hard of befozne
In all this world sen ony man was bozne
That sic ane knaif sa hie thing to presume
As to defoull the greit Emprice of Rome
Thairfoir my Lord sen ze ar Empreour
This mater maist rynds to zour greit honour.
Correct ze not sic thing and mak remeid
I reck nathing how sone that I be deid.
For gude causis to Chalmer I him led,
Sine like ane knaif he wald defoulit my bed
I chereist him with wordis of greit comfort,
To speik to me, I did him oft exhort.
On foull badzie his minde was onlie set,
Fra time he saw his willis he culd not get
At his plesure, he maid him me deforce
Contrair my will, and sa hes rent my Corce,
With effusioun of blude all abundant,
And beleuing na vther thing Instant
Bot haistie deid, war not I gaue ane schout.
Consider weill gif I stude than in dout.

Ze may persaue be my abilzement
 The treuth heirof, how that he hes it rent.
 The sin and schame of this harlot to fle
 Ilk man may knaw how he hes done to me.
 Chairfoir my Lord, as I haue said befoir,
 I zow desire ze wald caus to restoir
 My greit honour, and my worschip agane
 That this Rebald fals Dioclesiane
 Wald fra me rent forcelie aganis my will,
 Or ellis zour bed I sall neuer cum till.
 Quhen that the King this mater hard and saw
 He was Inflambit with cruell Ire and gaw,
 Malice, wodnes, and greit Melancholie,
 Was na remeid, bot that his Sone suld die.
 Callit Sergandis & gaue thame strait comand
 On ane Gallous thay suld him hang fra hand
 Tha said the Lords y^t stude the Empeour neir,
 And pleis zour grace sum of our wordis to heir.
 Lord as ze knaw, ze haue na Sonnis bot ane,
 Quhairfoir we all hes greit caus to mak mane,
 And gif ze had we think all verralie
 Zour present Sone war abill for to die.
 Bot not the les with sa haistie Intent,
 We think not best we say with ane consent
 Zour onlie Sone that ze sa sone put down
 Withouth ordour of Law or prouisioun
 The Law is maid to punishe trespassouris
 All geuin to euill and mischant transgressouris
 And gif sa be that he be found the same
 Than be ordour lat the Law him condame:
 That na man say that the greit Empeour
 His onlie Sone in wodnes and furour
 Withouth the Law hes put his Sone to deid,
 Pleis

Pleis your greit grace to this mater tak heid.
 The Empreour to sic wordis gaue audience,
 And said my Lordis, of me ze haue credence
 Within this Realme to leid Justice and Law,
 Chairfoir I will consent weill to your saw.
 And als I think it richt expedient
 He be condampnit in ane plane Judgement.
 Than command was to put him in presoun,
 Chair to remane without ony ransoun,
 Unto the time that Justice Court suld stand
 Than four Jewellours ressaue him fra hand,
 In deip presoun richt schairplie him Includit,
 Dubairin befoir the Childe was neuer vlit.
 Now lat him sit, God couer him of cair,
 Of the Emprice lat vs speik farthermair.
 Duba perseueirit in malice and greit Ire
 Aganis this Childe, as ony byrmand fyre.
 As sone as scho had gottin trew knowledge,
 That this young man was put in presonage
 Not put to deid, sa suddanlie as scho wald,
 Scho cryit, schoutit, and murnit monyfald,
 That the Palice scho causit be all on steir
 It was greit pane hir for to se and heir
 Than hir Ladyis to hir Chalmer thocht best,
 Hir to conuoy, thairin for to tak rest.
 Dubē nicht was cum, y^e King to Chalmer past
 And fand his Quene weiping & murning fast
 Wringing hir hands, sobbing and siching sair,
 The King was noyit to se hir mak sic cair.
 To quhome he said, O my deir Lady gent,
 Dubat is the caus that ze sa sair lament?
 Scho said my Lord, knaw ze not all the cace,
 How your curst Sone hes maid bludie my face.

D. j.

And wald me put to vtter displeour
 War not your self, and vthers maid succour.
 Ze commandit, him for to hang fra hand,
 Zit not the les, on life he is leifand.
 Noz your command is not obeyit at all,
 Noz zit my schame na way is maid to fall.
 Duhaiffoir my Lord, I think that ze stand aw
 Upon your Sone, to leid Justice and law.
 Than to the Quene the Empreour can say,
 Madame sa sone, the morne as it is day
 All your desire to fulfill and Intent,
 He sall but dout thole Justice in Judgement.
 Quod scho my Lord, sall he zit leif sa lang.
 Quod he Madame, lat this ane nicht ouirgang.
 Than nicht sic chance on zow cum haistelie
 As on ane Burges come of this Cietie.
 As it was schawin the treuth vnto my sell.
 Quod he Madame, I pray zow that to tell.
 At your plesure (quod scho) it salbe done,
 Sa hir Sermone on this wise began sone.

¶MORALITAS.

ZE se this Quene be wayis wrang
 Willing put down this proper Chyle
 Be curst consait and lesing strang,
 To deid him to conuict and fyle
 And als hir King persuaid, to trov all that scho said
 With mony wrink, fals way and wyle
 Bot zit scho was set by hir stile, be gude counsall he had.

Quhilk causit him to prolong the tyme
 Be gude counsall vnto the morne
 Quhair thay best culd try out the cryme
 And clenge the casse out fra the corne
 It is gude to put by, an euill hour sa say I
 Or ane Innocent be forlorne
 And he of sa greit lynnage borne, this is my caus and quhy.

For

For giue this Quene had gottin hir will
 The King had it repentit sair
 Withouthin counsaill or gude skill
 For to distroy his Sone and Air
 Quhill greit pietie had bene, quhill the treuth had bene sene
 Auengance in hir euer mair
 This Chyld that carpit in sic cair, and curst be sic a Quene.

Quhen thow young man cummis to gude age
 Giue ony time it chancis the
 Be gift of God wit and knowlege
 Ane cholin Judge than for to be
 Giue ony fault be done, caus to correct it sone
 Bot first that thow haith heir and se
 The talking of the nixt partie, than thow thy wit adione.

Giue thair occurris caus or querrell
 Be not to swyft to giue sentence
 For thairin standis richt greit perrell
 Dout and danger with negligence
 Be the mater obscure, than thow suld be richt sure
 Be witnes and Experience
 Lat ilk ane vse thair dew defence, evin to riche as to pure.

Se thow vse ay ane gude Counsaill
 Of that be sicker at thy lyde.
 And sa lichtlie thow sall not faill
 Quhat euer chance for to betyde
 Gude counsaill is the ground, quhair faithfulness is found,
 It can persuaue and als prouyde
 And fra all perrell for to gyde, within ane lytill stound.

For giue thow haistelle pronounce
 Sentence ouir sone to riche or pure,
 The same na way thow may renounce
 For in na sort again recure
 Withouthin lak and shame, dishonour and defame
 Thairfor thow suld be wonder sure
 That thow to na man do Iniure, or els thow seruís blame.

Now to yow Judges I will say
 Elchew fra wraith and greit furour
 Lat mercy meis your mynde alway
 Lat resoun reule your greit Rankour.

D. ij.

In na point be partiall, your Ballance beir equall
 Than do ze God ane greit plesour
 And to your self purches honour, and wynnīs gude word of
 (all.

¶ To know quhat the Empreour, the Emprice, the
 zoung Chylde, and the seuin Doc-
 touris signifyis.

OR we proced zt farthermair,
 Of this mater sum thing will schaw
 Quhat ilk thing menīs for to declair
 The mater better ze will knaw.
 This Empreour that leidīs the Law
 He signifyis a mannīs persoun
 That walterīs betuī wynde and waw
 Into this warld ay by and down.

His sone betakīs the Saull of man
 Quhill in the corps is ay Includit,
 The Emprice Signifyis Sathan,
 Quhill euer oppin malice musit.
 The seuin Doctouris a seuin bertewis
 Fechtand contrair seuin deidlie sinnīs,
 Quhill that the sillie Saull persewis
 Fra to distructioun it beginnīs.

The seuin dayis this Chylde is dum
 Of mannīs lyfe thay ar the space,
 For in this warld fra he first cum
 He neuer hes perfyte solace,
 Quhill that God tak him in his grace,
 And forzet all this warldlie lust,
 Than spekīs he to God face to face
 Quhen that the Deuill he hes vincust.

Euīn sa of this Emprice Tale,
 Tauld for to tempt the Empreour
 Trowand perfytelie to preuaill
 And of this Childe to be victour
 Tellīs on hir Tale for his plesour
 Of quhill the Empreour was content
 As ze sall heir gude Auditour
 Chairfoir to purpoīs lat vs went.

¶ The

¶ The first Tale of the Emprice is of the gude tre
that grew in the Burges Gardine, and for the Imp
that grew besyde it he gart cut the greit tre.

IN Romes Toun remanit ane riche Burges
Quhilk had at welth all mirth and merines
With fair biggings, quhilk was baith braid &
With gay gardings, yat was plesand to se (hie
Of alkin flouris he had thairin ane part
That was to get about in euerie art.
To tell thair names I neid not now tak tome
Few was siclyke, sa plesand in all Rome.
In this Gardine thair grew ane Nobill trie
Quhilk euerie zeir brocht furth frute gude plétie
Sine by all this the frute that on it grew
Was sa done sweet, and of sa greit vertew.
Quhat man that had ony sair Maladie,
As is Liper, Exces or Popplecie.
Sa sone as he of this frute gat ane taist,
Of all seiknes he wald be haill in haist.
And sa it chancit vpon ane haly day,
This Burges went in his Garding to say
His Disouns, and behalding this trie
Ane gay young Imp behynd it quyetlie
He saw growand, quhilk was proper and fair,
Incontinent he callit the Gairdnair.
He said gude freind se ze be wonder sure,
And of this Imp daylie that ze tak cure,
For I beleue to haue ane better tre
Of that young plant, and better be sic thze
Nor is the auld, quhilk I can not auance
That pith Inlaikis, sap, sapour and substance.
Howbeit this tre be far growin it abone,

The Gairdnar said, Maister it sall be done.
 Within this few dayis to schaw the for certane
 To se this plant the Burges come agane,
 Dubilk as he thocht, was not half sa plesand
 As it was quhen, the first day he it fand.
 To the Gairdnar he said how can this be
 My tender plant, appeiris not to me
 Half sa plesand, as it was the last day.
 He said Maister, now tak tent quhat I say
 Na wonder is, this auld tre is far mair
 And fra the zounge takis all substance and air.
 Be the resoun the branches ar so braid,
 Sa the zounge plant is sa unliklie maid.
 For gif this plant gat the substance and air
 That this tre gettis, belpue it wald grow mair,
 Nor is the auld, for eild almaist is deid.
 The Burges said thair of I wait remeid,
 Cut down the bewis and branches of the auld.
 Quod he Maister, I sall do as ze haue tauld.
 And sa he did, syne efter in schort space
 To se the plant, agane come the Burges,
 And saw richt weill, that the same tender plant
 Sum neidfull thing it did Inlaik and want.
 To the Gairdnar he said how chancis this
 My tender plant it dois misthriue I wis.
 Schaw me the caus thair of without lesing,
 He said Maister, I suppois of ane thing,
 That is the hicht of this greit growand tre
 Haldis away the Sone as thinkis me.
 Dubilk geuis life, and nurisching but dout
 To alkin thing that euer grew thairout.
 And als the rane it may not cum it neir
 Dubilk nurischis also sum time of zeir.

Thir

Thir twa wanting, thair is na tre can thriue
 The Burges said, that sall we mend belue.
 Cut the auld clene, and quite down be the rute,
 For I suppone we sall get better frute,
 Of this zyoung tre, noz of the auld was had.
 The Gairdnar did as his Maister him bad,
 Cuttit the auld, and leit the zyoung stand still,
 Sa he obeyit his Maisters minde and will.
 Efter schozt time as this was done and wrocht,
 Baith auld and zoug perischt and come to nocht
 Quhairof greit harme and dule come to the pure
 For quha was seik, of thair helth thay war sure
 Hauand recours vnto that Nobill tre
 Quhilk to cut down, it was ane greit pietie.
 And quhen the pure persauit it was cut down,
 Thay cursit warpit, with mony malesoun,
 That ony way thairto gaue thair counsell,
 Or helpit thairto, thay quite condampnit to hell
 For quhy the pure of all Infirmitieis
 War ay weil curit of all thair Maladeis.
 Quod scho my Lord now haue ze vnderstand
 Quhat I haue said, quod he that I warrand.
 Quod scho the Maich heirof I sall declair
 The quhilk pertenis to your vnsonsie Air.

¶ The declaratioun of this Tale tauld be
 the Emprice.

THIS auld tre is your awin Nobill persoun.
 That with counsall of your Lordis of renou
 The pure and seik dois ay help and supplie
 Be your Justice and greit Nobilitie.
 This zyoung plant is, your awin vntyriftie Air,
 Now to distroy, he castis him euer mair

D. iiij.

Be his cunning growand vp gre be gre.
 As did the Imp behind the mekle tre.
 And for to caus to cut the Branches down
 Quhilkis ar your Lordis nixt your awin persoun
 That he may ring and sit into your chyre,
 This is his mynd that he dois waist desyre,
 Of this mater than quhat sall efter fall
 All the folk sall murne, weip, schout and als call
 And warp thame that cuttit down the tre,
 Quhair that thay wont to get help and supplie
 Or gaue counsall this young Imp for to nurische
 Bot it distroy, or it bure frute or flurische.
 My counsall is thairfoir the Imp cut down,
 Sen zit your self ringis in your hie Renoun.
 And suffer not the young Imp for to grow,
 For he sall do daylie that euer he dow
 Now to distroy, and your body put down,
 And purches not the Maledictioun
 Of the pure folk, quhome to ze war saifgaird,
 Thairfoir in haist tak your sone furth of waird
 And but delay, on Gallous gar him hing,
 Ze doing this, ze do lyke ane wyle King.
 The Emperour said, Madame now be the rude
 Your counsall is, baith hailsum, wise and gude
 The morne he sall go to the deid maist vylde,
 Howbeit he be my onlie gottin Chylde.
 The morne become, he callit his Lordis all
 Togidder past vnto the Justice hall.
 The Emperour him self sat in Judgement.
 On pannall put his Sone Incontinent.
 And sa at schozt he was condampnit to deid,
 To be hangit, on Gallous but remeid.
 With mortall sound than passand him beforne

Of

Of trumpet, schawme, & als of blawing horne,
 As the vse was quhen ony man suld die,
 Suld he conuoyt with siclyke menstralie.
 And as he past down thzow the greit Cietie,
 The pepill murnit, sayand it was pietie,
 The onlie Sone of the Empreour to hang
 Morny murnit, mony thair hands wzang.
 In meane sesoun as he past down the streit,
 His first Maister Pantillas culd him meit.
 The Maister saw he was to Gallous led,
 With speid of Spurris, to the Palice him sped.
 To quhome the Childe sa sone as he him saw,
 Down with his heid than he Inclynit law.
 As he wald said, Maister gif ze be kinde,
 Now in my neid, I pray haue of me minde.
 For I am now, without ze get mercie
 Condamnit heir, on Gallous for to die.
 Ze may weill wit than he na tary maid,
 Bot in all haist vnto the Palice raid,
 Zit not the les vnto the Ministeris,
 Prouestis, Sergands, Jewillours and Officers
 He maid request, that thay suld haist nathing,
 For he beleuit to get grace fra the King.
 To saue his lyfe, he sall not die this day,
 Than war thay glaid, to zow the suith I say.
 All in ane voce the pepill bad him haist,
 Sa without baid he raid as he war chaist.
 At the Palice he lichtit of his hors,
 Quha suld him dicht, he tuke bot lytill force.
 Of the Empreour belyue he gat presence,
 To quhome he gaue on kneis greit reuerence,
 As him effeirit, to quhome the Empreour said
 War not I will your reuerence not degraid,

Ze and the rest richt sair suld puneist be,
 For your rewaird, ze serue na mair of me.
 He said my Lord and pleis your Nobill grace
 Thā I haue spent richt Ill my seuin zeiris space
 Taking laubouris on your sone day and nicht,
 In gude doctrine him teichand as I micht.
 Zit our laubouris at all we nocht regaird,
 Bot beleuit weill to get better rewaird.
 The empreour said, thow leis Doctour but dout
 First vnto the, sine to the rest about,
 My onlie Sone weill speikand haill and feir
 I delyuerit, now ze haue brocht him heir
 With na maners, bot doytit, dast and dum,
 And mair attour to schaw the all and sum
 Thocht he be dum, sic thing mon cum on chance
 Be Goddis will or his gude Ordinance.
 Bot by all this, he purposit quhilk was wors
 My awin Lady, on maistres to defors.
 And all hir face with hir riche Ornament,
 In greit malice he hes all reuin and rent.
 Chairfoir this day he sall not faill to die,
 And efter him thow and thy companie.
 The Maister said, with wordis mylde and meik
 As for your Sone ze say that can not speik.
 The Lord of all that mater weill he knawis,
 As ze sall knaw he is not dum but caus.
 I traist in God the suith zow for to say,
 Ane thousand him sall heir speik on ane day.
 As for your wyfe, wy Lord quhair ze allege
 Quhair that he wald, haue done to hir outrage
 On treuth my Lord I sall schaw zow but weir
 In companie with vs this mony zeir,
 As is weill kend, continuallie hes bene

Sic

Sic thing of him was neuer hard nor sene,
 Chairfoir gude Lord for your greit reuerence
 To sic voyde sawis gif not our sone credence,
 For giue ze caus your onlie Sone to die
 For the fals wordis of your wyfis vanitie.
 On chance it fall far wors to happin zow,
 Nor to ane Knicht, quhairof I fall tell now,
 That for the wordis of his vane wantoun wife,
 Gart him bereif his gay Grewhound the life,
 Quhilk sauit his sone fra slaughter of the serpet.
 Than said the King tell me furth that Legent.
 Pantillas said than to his Souerane
 Gif I sa did, than war my Tale in vane.
 For or my Tale war all compleit but dout,
 Of your ane Sone the life may be put out.
 And than my Tale for nathing it war tald,
 Bot gif your grace of your greit mercie wald
 Reteir your Sone fra the Gallous agane,
 Than I wald think my Tale war not in vane.
 Chairfoir gif that your Grace plesis to heir,
 Ze caus your Sone quhill the morne reteir.
 That being done, than on the morne ze may
 Do your Intent quhen it is fair licht day.
 The Emperour than schoztlie to conclude,
 With heufe minde this talk weill vnderstude,
 And causit the Childe for to be callit agane
 Unto the morne in presoun to remane.
 Than this Doctour richt plesandlie began
 To tell his Tale but aw of ony man.

¶ MORALITAS.

I CAN not say, bot nay, of this Burges
 For till assay, alway, for gredynes
 To cut his tre, wald he, of sic riches,

I say for me, that he preuit fulschnes
And als was not wittles, baith tre and frute he wantit
The gardner not sarkles, to cut sa sone that grantit.

It was euill done, sa sone, to cut it down
Thocht it abone, contone, wald not weill soun
With the young tre, to be, at diuissioun
I say for me, surelie, was na reffoun
I hard sic a lessoun, better to haue in hand
A bird in possessioun, nor twa in wod sleand.

Ane Dog I reid, in deid, ane Collap staw
Passand throw Tweid, with speid, the schadow saw
That it was mair, larger, the flesche leit saw
Of it was clair, euin thair, of flesche and aw
Thay vse in hous and haw, quhat euer denner coist
Lat best not fra zow draw, quhill that ze get zour roist.

Gif this Burges, sic case, had weill foirsene
Sic gredynes, doutles, than had not bene
That nobill tre, sa fre, sa fresche and grene
Sa sone to be, schortlie, down cuttit clene
Greit couatice I mene, of this was all the caus.
As hes bene red and sene, into auld doctouris sawis.
¶Cupiditas est radix omnium malorum. Timot. vj.

¶Ane reproche or reprove to the Emprice.

NOW thow thy tale hes tauld, with thy fals fyrie lippis
Bot not gottin thow wald, licht skirt for all thy skippis
Had I the in my grippis, on the I suld be wrokin
The heit into thy hippis, the salt sey will not flokin.
Thow art ane baird full brokin, ane hiddeous helles hyrd,
Better thow had not spokin, condampnit Deuillis byrd.

¶The Tale of Pantillas the first Doctour.

INTO ane Realme thair wynnit ane vailzeat
Of nobill fame, of greit riches & micht (knicht)
That had ane sone, my Lord now as ze haue
To thre Nureis to foster he him gaue,
The first Nureis to giue him suck and seid,
The

The nixt him wescche, & keip him clene at neid.
The thrid to bring him vnto sleip and rest,
The Nobill Knicht for his barne thocht it best.
This Knicht also he had ane gay Grewhound
That nane mair swyft, did rin upon the ground
Also he had ane Falcon fair of flight,
Richt swyft of wing quhen scho likit to licht.
Thir twa the Knicht lusit abone measure,
Becaus oft times thay did him greit pleasure.
This Grewhound was sa swift and of sic speid
Quhen he was lousit, his pray he gart ay bleid
And the same pray brocht to his Lord anone,
This was ane caus he lusit him allone.
Also quhen that this Knicht past to battell,
Gif that his chance that time wald not preuaill
Into his mouth his hors taill wald he tak,
About his luggis, oft times he wald it schaik.
Synne zoull and cry, as he wald quyte rin wode
Sa be that Signe, the Knicht weill vnderstode
Gif at that time he wald furder or no,
And sa oft times leit him to battell go.
His Halk also was sa feirce in hir flight,
Sa swyft of wing, and als sa wonder wicht
That scho was neuer cast of till assay,
Bot without fault scho brukit ay hir pray.
Thir war causis this Hound and Halk he lusit,
Becaus to myrth thay rasit him oft and musit.
Also this Knicht kest all his haill Intent
In hors rinning, Justing and Tournament.
Sa on ane day he causit to proclame
At his Castell, to set fordwart his Name
Quha wald cum thair to Tournay or Justing,
Breiking of speiris, and als of hors rynning,

At the set day, to be matchit suld not faill,
 This was the cry, and sa to schozt my Caill,
 The Knicht him self first enterit in the feild
 To the toznay, with harnes hoys and scheild. *xi.*
 Sine efter him past his fair Lady gent
 With hir Ladyis, to se the Tournament.
 Sine efter that, past all the Duresis thre
 The Tournament for to behald and se.
 Lokking the dures, leuing the barne alone,
 Craisting Ischie noz entrie suld be none :
 Quhill the Toznay, and Justing suld be done
 Than in all haist, thay suld retorne richt sone,
 Beleuand weill the barne not to awalk,
 Nane being thair, bot the Hound and the Halk,
 And the young Chylde, that in the Creddill lay
 Except thir thre, the rest all past away.
 That na man knew, lay lurking in the haw
 Ane greit Serpent, befoir na man did knaw.
 Quhen scho persauit the hous sa desolait,
 And nane thairin that durst with hir debait.
 Out of hir hole sone scho put furth hir heid.
 At this Infant hauand ane cruell feid.
 Quha lay sleiping in the Creddill alone,
 Him to deuoir, at schozt sa is scho gone.
 The Falcon this behalding quhair scho sat,
 Upon hir Perk, to do scho wist not quhat,
 Bot with hir wingis, scho ruffillit & rang hir bel
 Almaist scho had al schakin yame in schellis (lis
 Sa with the noyis & beir quhilk maid the Halk
 This gud hound rais, and of his sleip did walk
 And quhen he saw that the Serpent did creip
 Towart the Creddill, quhair that the barne did
 With ane fell faird on the Serpent he ran (sleip
 And

And sa at schozt thir twa to fecht began,
Sa cruellie, that it was greit meruail
Quhilk of the twa at that time suld preuail.
Ane to deuoir, the vther to defend
Thir twa at lenth togidder did contend.
Sa lang at lenth thir twa togidder faucht,
Amaist the hoūd al quyte had loist his maucht,
Sa cruellie he was woundit in blude,
That all about quhair that the Creddill stude,
Was blude berun, that meruell was to se,
Betuir sic twa sa bauld bargane to be.
The Grewhound than persauing his awin blude
Into his hart wor sa cruell and wode,
With ane fell faired vpon the Serpent ran.
Sa thame betuir ane new bargane began.
With sic malice, melancolie and Ire,
Quhil ane was deid, yat nane of pame wald tire
Nor leif the feild, quhill it chancit at the last,
Betuir thame twa, the Creddill ouir thay cast.
With boddum vp, and on the Cozis it stude,
Quhair it was all about berun with blude.
Sa it become, and fell he Goddis grace
That the four Cozis sauit the Childis face.
And sleipit still with visage toward the ground
Thir twa fechtand, the Serpent and the hound
Quhill at the last the hound into certane,
This fell Serpent he hes ouircum and flane.
And sauit the Childe fra perrell in that tide,
Quhen all was done, down be the Creddill side,
Licking his woundis lay down this nobil hoūd
For fechting sair, and sa on sleip fell sound.
Besyde this Bab, quhill in the Creddill lay,
Nane in the hous, bot onlie thir same tway.

The Bab sleiping, and wist na kind of Ill,
 The hound werie, and forchin furth his fill.
 The Serpent slane, as I said zow befoir,
 The Babie saif, and the hound woundit soir.
 And so anone efter this toznamenent
 Ilk man woman vnto thair ludgeing went.
 To tell that day quha wan the Interpysse,
 That erand now to my mater not lvis.
 Chairfoir as now that thing I wil lat be,
 And lat vs speik of the Muresis thze.
 Quha first come hame and enterit in the haw,
 Sa sone as thay the blude and creddill saw.
 Wringing thair handis and ryfing down thair
 Cryng allace wo on vs euer mair. (hair
 Our onlie Childe our Bab and fosterbarne
 Is quyte deuoirit, with ane Dog and forfarne.
 Allace for wo, allace quhat sall we do,
 We ken na place for succour to rin to.
 Giue our Maister perchance vs appzehend,
 Chair is nane may fra his handis vs defend.
 Bot alway sall on vs cum suddand deid,
 We know na way quhair we may find remeid,
 Sen sa is cum lat vs in haist all thze
 To saue our life, but baid away to fle.
 Euin say thay did, and left the hous alone,
 But mair counsall all thze away is gone.
 And had na wit nor wisdom in thair heid
 To se quhidder the barne was quick or deid,
 Nor lift the Creddill, and to persaue the cace,
 Bot ran away all thze cryng allace.
 And as thay war sa passand furth the streit,
 Chair awin Maistres thay chancit for to meit
 With hir Ladyis cumming fra the Cornay,

Scho

Scho persauing hir Murefis in the way,
 Richt sair murning, and ryfing down thair hair
 All wo begane, repleit of sturt and cair.
 Sone scho Inquirit at yame how stude the race
 Thay answerit hir a thousand times allace.
 Quhat sall we say for wordis to multiplie
 Thair is na bute all man the case may se.
 Ane Deuill Madame into ane Doggis skin
 Hes slane your Sone, alone your hall within.
 To the quhilk Dog my Lord gaue maist delite,
 Bot now he hes of your Sone maid zow quite.
 In takin zit quhair that the Creddill stude,
 The Dog sleipis still new bathit in his blude.
 He was the Dog that my Lord lusit best,
 He was na Dog, bot with ane Deuill possesit,
 Chairfoir Lady, for vs is na remeid,
 Bot outhir fle, or ells to bide the deid.
 Chairfoir Madame of vs ze haue mercie,
 This is the caus that causis vs to fle.
 This scho heiring, anone fell to the ground,
 Without mair space into ane deidlie sound.
 And zit at last Ladyis gart hir awalk,
 Held vp hir heid, quhill scho began to talk,
 And said allace, my deir Sone art thow slane.
 Sall thow neuer play on my kne agane?
 Sall I neuer with my Pap se the play?
 Allace how sone art thow sa went away.
 Sall I neuer the lauchand on me se?
 Allace how is the dolour chancit me?
 Quhairin I had my onlie maist plesour,
 Saifand my Lord, baith be tide time and hour
 Is now but dout, with ane Dog clene deuorit,
 And neuer agane to the life be restorit.

E. j.

Quhat sall I say, this is ane cairfull race,
 My onlie Sone is deid and gane allace,
 Sa scho murning in greit dolour and wo,
 The pepill about, that seing did richt so.
 Murnit richt sair, and of hir had pietie,
 In sic dolour, that Lady for to se.
 In the meane time the Knicht fra his Cornay,
 Reteirit hame, and sa saw be the way
 His awin Lady, lamenting in dolour,
 Requirit the caus of all hir displesour.
 Scho sayis my Lord, allace and euer mair
 I can not speik for greit dolour and cair,
 Is happinnit vs ane wonder cruell race,
 Our Sone is slane, for euer mair allace
 With your Grewhoūd, quhome y^t sa weil ze lufit
 Now all that lufe on your Sone he hes prufit.
 He hes him slane, in Creddill quhair he lay,
 Your Muresis all thre ar fled away.
 And zit the place quhair that the Creddill stude
 Your hound lvis sleiping in your Sonnis blude
 This your Grewhound withouttin helpis ma
 Our onlie Childe all quite hes tane vs fra.
 Quhairfor my self vnto the hour I die
 Sall neuer eit, quhill I reuengit be
 Upon your hound, quhillk hes my ane sone slane
 Nor in your bed sall neuer come agane,
 Quhill he be deid that gart my ane Sone die,
 Bot wo allace, this is na mendis to me.
 Howbeit it be ane sythment to my hart,
 Zit my greit wo it flokins in sum part.
 Chairfor my Lord, gif ze think it be done,
 Without delay, gar sla your Grewhound sone.
 The Knicht heiring thir sorrowfull tidance

How

How to this Sone had fallin sic mischance.
 Hamewart in haist but baid he maid him boun
 And in the clois quhen he was lichtit down
 The Grewhound hard hozmen into the clois,
 Amang the laif he knew his Maisteris voce,
 And vp he rais in the blude quhair he lay
 To his Maister the hie gait come his way,
 Faynt and foirfocht, come fawnand to his feit
 As he had wont, his Maister for to meit.
 Into greit Ire, quhat is thair mair to say,
 With his scharp sword he clais his heid in tway
 And that onlie for ane word of his wife
 Gat his rewaird, that sauit his Sonnis life.
 Than past the knight but baid vnto the haw,
 Persauit the blude, and als the Creddill saw.
 He listit vp the Creddill as it stude,
 Fand the barne haill, and als mekill spilt blude
 Persauand sine of the Serpent the heid,
 The skin and taill, that had forchin to deid.
 And fand his Sone withouttin wan or wound
 Allace he said for my gude gay grew hound,
 That I haue slane withouttin ony caus,
 Bot onlie for the voide vane wordis and sawis
 Of ane woman, that hes talkit in vane
 Dubairthrow I haue, but caus my Grewhound
 Dubilk I persauue hes sauit my sonnys life (slane
 Fra the Serpent, throw his debait and strife.
 Wo to the hour that now I drew my sword,
 Wo to the hour that hard my wifis word.
 Wo to the hand that suddand straik that gaue,
 To my best hound, that my sonnys life did saue
 Dubilk I lude best, without ony compair,
 Saifing my wife, my onlie Sone and Air.

Quhilk at this time hes sauit fra the deid,
 And for rewaird, now he hes loist his heid.
 But dout I wald haue geuin a thousand pound
 Of gude money, or I had slane my hound.
 Bot sen sa is I se is na remeid,
 My Sone is saif, and my gude hound is deid,
 That faucht for him, and onlie sauit his life,
 And I him flew throw ane word of my wife,
 Bot fra thine furth heir I solempne ane vow,
 That ilk man sall gif credence to and trow.
 Heir I forsaik all Cornay and Justing,
 Heir I forsaik all Halking and Hunting.
 Heir I forsaik rynnning with scheild and speir,
 Heir I forsaik all faitis of men of weir,
 In Cristindome, bot zit not manlynes,
 Heir I forsaik all armour and harnes.
 For I will pas now to the Halie land,
 And fecht with Iowis, quhill I may strike or
 Contrair Gods fais, & thairto end my life (stand
 This vowit yis Knicht for ane word of his wife
 That vnto hir gaue sic haistie credence,
 Withouthin caus or zit Experience.
 Chairfoir my Lord your gude Grace I require,
 Gif not sa sone credence to the desire
 Of your Emprice, thocht scho be diligent,
 Aganis your Sone greit lesingis to Inuent.
 For ze may weill be this same Tale persaue
 Quhat the Knicht gat that sa sone credence gaue
 Unto his wife, and to hir wordis vane,
 That sauit his Sone y^t same hound hes he slane
 Chairfoir gude Schir, & pleis your nobill grace
 I wald ze gaue na credence in this cace
 Unto your Quene, to put your Sone to deid,
 For

For ze will rew quhen thair is na remeid.
 As did this Knicht, his Nobill hound that flew
 Remeid bypast, than he began to rew.
 My Lord he said, haue ye betane this Caill,
 The Emperour said, that I haue done but faill
 For that gude Caill that ze haue tauld to me,
 As for this day, my Sone he sall not die.
 The Doctour said gif that ze do sic thing
 Ze do wiselie, and like ane Nobill King.
 Thankand your Grace, that onlie for my saik
 Your Sonnis deid, onlie ze haue done slak.
 And sa tuke leif at the gude Emperour
 To his marrowis past hame with all plesour.

MORALITAS.

THIS Tale vs tellis, quha list thairto tak tent
 That Puresis suld not be negligent
 To keip thair Babis quha can not keip thair sell
 Fra fyre, watter, and all siclyke perrell.
 That may happin to ony Innocent.

For in to treuth my self this mater saw.
 In Edinburgh toun west vnderneath the waw
 Chairfoir maie sure the mater ze sall trow,
 That ane Infant was swellpit with ane sow,
 The guttis raif furth, baith lung leuer and gaw.

The Mother left the young ane on the flure
 In blankets sit, quhillk barne hir awin self bure,
 Past hir way furth, and or scho come agane
 The gredie sow had this young Babie flane.
 This my self saw, I may say it maie sure.

Thocht I not saw this bther I hard tell
 How ane woman past furth hot to the well.
 And left hir Bab, in the Creddill sleipand
 Or scho returnit, the hous was all byr nand.
 And the young Bab, deuorit with fyre sa fell.

Mony mischeffis and also greit offence
 Hes oft occurrit be Pureis negligence,
 That thair Babeis leifis in the hous alane
 Quhill is the caus of mony barnis bane,
 As is oft sene be gude Experience.

Chairfoir Mothers and Pureis I protest
 Quhen that ze put your young Babeis to rest
 Lest not the hous alane all desolait
 Quhat may bechance oft times richt small ze wait
 To eschew Danger do ze the liklyest.

Als in this Tale I fynd ane vther thing,
 How the Serpent lay in the hoill lurking
 Waitand quhill that the hous was at quyet
 Mony seruandis now preuelie playis the Pyet
 Muche taking out, and small gude will inbring.

Thir to Serpents richt weil I may compair
 Fra thair Maisteris ay takand lair and air
 As Beef, Bacon, malt, meill baith claitth and collis,
 Takand ay out, and bydand into hoills,
 Thir ar Serpents I say to zow but mair.

As to this Knicht, quhill his gude hound hes flane
 That sauit his Sone fra all perrell and pane
 Ze may perslaue be gude Experience
 It is not gude to gif haillie credence
 To wpsis wordis, that ar baith fals and bane.

Unto the tyme thay had perspytelie sene
 How the haill caus and mater it had bene.
 Quhen thay had knawin the bitter beritie
 Than had bene tyme the Dog to haue gart die,
 Also the Pureis na way I can mak clene.

Sine throw the word of ane vane wickit wyle,
 Quhill oft is caus of mekill sturt and stryfe,
 Causit him to do the thing he did sair rew
 Becaus the treuth that tyme clene he misknew,
 And gart him reis fra his gude hound the lyfe.

Quhill Instantlie forsuk rymning of speir,
 All merynes, and honest faitis of weir,

All bail-

All baillieant acts of Julting and Cornay
Hunting, Walking, and all sic game and play
His awin Realme als, for euer mair forfeit.

Ze Marpit men tak heir Experience,
And siclyke als perfyte Intelligence
Fra haillie wordis of your wylis to eschew
For thay will sayand gar you traitlie trow
Quhilk is not worth ane schellfull of credence.

O wickit wicht, thow dois all that thow can
With fals Ingynne, euer to tempt the man
Quhen maist he makis him self for to distroy
Than art thow blyth, than makis thow myrth and toy
Wa worth thy wit, thy banis he may sair ban.

Marpit woman that ay castis thy Ingynne
Thy awin marrow euer to put to pyne.
Sa thow obtene thy foull lust and plesour
Not regarding na way thy awin honour,
Quhilk thow not cairis for ane auld trump to tyne.

Curst creature, and also shameles leid
Ane honest turne I can not of the reid,
Excepting ane that bure the blyssfull byrth
Quhilk with his blude brocht us all to greit myrth,
To pray to him doutles thow had greit neid.



¶ Ane laude and praise to the Doctour that put of
the perrell of the first day be his Tale tel-
ling to the Empreour.

O PANTILLAS with thy sweit suggurit tounge,
Quhilk in greit Realmes and Kinrikis hes bene rounge,
And now at lait to this gude Empreour
Quhilk sweit sentence thow hes baith said and sounge
And fra all dout and danger down hes dounge
The Empreouris greit and ringand feirce furour
Quhairthrow thow hes procurit sum succour
Vnto the Chylde, on gallous suld bene hounge
Had not thow bene, God thank the gude doctour.

E. iiij.

¶The secund Tale of the Emprice.

TO the Emprice word past Incontinent,
 That the Kingis sone had not tholit Juge-
 Duhe scho that hard but tary scho fell dou (ment
 For sturt and noy, into ane deidlie swoon.
 Duhaifrof word come vnto the Emprour,
 That his Lady had tane sic displeour.
 And sa anone fast hidder he him sped,
 Fand hir richt sair murning into hir bed.
 Sa he Inquirit, at hir quhat was the caus
 Scho said my Lord, thair is anew that knawis
 Duhat eirdlie schame, dispite and displeour
 Done be your Sone, and to my dishonour,
 Duhaifrof I can be na way get remeid,
 And ze promiseit this day he suld be deid.
 Bot wo allace I dout richt wounder sair,
 It sall your chance as did ane hird and Bair,
 The Emprour said Madame I your Inquire
 That Tale to tell, for it is my desire.
 To heir it tauld be your the suith I say,
 Quod scho my Lord I tauld ane zisterday.
 Of it followit richt small effect or nane
 Duhaifro suld I ane uther tell agane.
 Howbeit thairto that ze gif greit credence,
 To set it furth ze mak richt small defence.
 Zit not the les this time I will tell
 How with ane Bair and Scheiphird it befell.

VPON a time thair was ane Emprour
 Of greit wisdome, greit puissance & honour
 Ane fair Forest he had plesand to se
 Baith gay and trim, with mony semelie tre.
 Duhaifro thair was rinning ane grit wild baif
 Baith day and nicht he maid thairin repair.

All

All kind of folk that this Bair micht ouirta,
 Without mercie he did deuoir and fla.
 Sa that nane durst out thzow the Forrest pas,
 For dout of deid, the way sa perrellous was.
 Dubairof the King was heuie in his minde,
 That his pepill was flane on siclike kinde.
 With ane dum beist deuozit to the deid,
 And be na way thairof culd get remeid.
 In his Impyre, ane cry he gart proclame,
 On his behalf, Authoritie and Name.
 Duba wald debait oz bauldie tak on hand
 With that byrn baie in battell for to stand,
 And him vincus be strenth of stalwart straik,
 His ane douchter he suld haue to his maik,
 Efter his deid, his Realme as he war Air,
 This he suld haue, quha euer slew the Bair.
 This was proclamit thzow his Kinrik and lād
 Bot nane was found, the deid wald tak on hād
 Except ane Hird, that in him self tuke heid
 Nicht I this Bair (quod he) bring to the deid.
 Not onlie I, bot all my kyn also
 Suld thzow that deid byrik euer worldlie Jo.
 And euer mair in estimatioun be.
 Sa I had hap to gar that dum beist die.
 Dubilk I sall do, oz ells to loise my life,
 Se I that Bair, we salbe at the strife.
 And sa he tuke his Scheiphirdis staf in hand,
 Past to the wod, quhair he the Bair sone fand.
 Ze may persaue how sone the Bair him saw,
 Without delay toward the Hird did draw,
 With sic ane faird, and als ane felloun feir.
 The sillie Hird durst neuer cum him neir
 To saue his life, to se gif he had hap,

Bot mair debait vp in ane tre he lay.
 Incontinent quhen that the Bair sa saw
 The tre to bite began and als to gnaw,
 Sa that the hird was sair feirit in ane part
 That the tre crop he suld gar turne dounwart,
 Bot zit the hird bethocht him on ane wile,
 How that he suld this bym bauld bair begile,
 It chances sa, this tre was laidin fow
 Of Nobill frute, quhilk ay the hird did pow
 Quhilk he kest down ay to the Bair to eit,
 Quhair of the Bair was blyith that he gat meit
 And fillit him so, that he list weill to sleip,
 The hird that saw, and doun the tre did creip.
 Be that ane arme he hang into the tre,
 With that vther the Bair richt quyetlie
 Upon the wombe richt softlie can he claw,
 The Bair sleiping persauit weill he saw.
 At the tre rute, the Bair quhair that he lay
 With his Braig knife his throt cuttit in tway.
 Sine brocht his heid vnto the Emperour
 With all blyithnes, triumph and greit honour,
 Saying gude Schir, and pleis your nobil grace
 Your greit wyld bair I haue him killit throw
 Not douting bot, your cry ze will fulfill, (cace
 Ze causit proclame with your counsall and will
 Quhat euer he was, that wald kill your wilde
 He suld mary your douchter and your Air. (Bair
 Quhen all your Court refusit the same to do
 With ane stout hart I set my mynd thairto.
 And now on case the same man chancit am I
 And I desire your Grace fulfill your cry.
 The Emperour said, all that I causit proclame
 Compleit I not, it is to my defame.

Quhat

Quhat suld he mair, thair he gat till his wage
 The Emperours douchter, & Realme in heritage
 Quhen the Emperour past fra this mortall life,
 The haill Impire he brukkit and his wife.
 And sa the Bird on bak he clew the Bair,
 Quhairthow he gat the Kingdome euer mair.
 Quod scho my Lord, haue ze not vnderstand
 Quhat I haue said, quod he I tak on hand.
 Quod scho my Lord zit than it war na skaith,
 Thocht I zow tald the Tale and sentence baith.

¶ The Declaratioun of this Tale.

THIS michtie Bair betakinnis zour persoun,
 Throw quhais greit nicht, wit wisdome and renoun,
 This haill Impyre ze gyde and als defendis
 And punishes quhat persoun that offendis.
 This Hyrd I may to zour Sone weill compair.
 That zow wald sla, as this Hird did the Bair.
 With his cunning dois claw zow on the wame,
 Quhill that ze sleip, and syne put zow to schame.
 Or ellis zow slay, outhir be day or nicht,
 This zour Sone dois be his Science and slicht,
 That he may bruke baith zour Impyre and Croun
 He cairis nathing quhat cum to zour persoun.
 Euin sa his Maisteris with thair fals fenzeit sawis
 Dois zow ay glois, as all the world weill knawis
 Thairfoir my Lord as ze will haue weillfair,
 Remember weill on the Scheiphyrd and Bair,
 Than said the King, God forbid that sa be
 That chancit the Bair, that sic thing chance not me.
 Bot not the les, Madame for zour gude Taill,
 My Sone the morne falbe hangit but fail.
 My Lord (said scho) gif ze compleit that thing
 Than fall ze do lyke ane wyse Nobill King.

¶ MORALITAS.

CVRAGE prouokis hardynes,
 Quhilk twa Ingenners strang manheid
 Quhilk twa adionit with happynes
 Makis a man debait his pleid,

Richt sa into this cace, this Scheiphyrd did purches
 The fair Madin als sweet as meid,
 With all hir land and gold sa reid, God grantit him sic grace.

Auenture gude and haue ay gude, for debait makis destanie
 For euin with this scheiphyrd stude, outhir to do or els to die
 He was sa stout and sture, of his lyfe tuk na cure,
 Chairfoir wald thow estemit it be, set all on auenture,
 And for to purches honestie.

To dignitie wald thow the dres, and conquais the honour
 Thow suld not sleip in Idilnes, nor tak all thy plesour
 Set all on sex and seuin, and perchance cast eleuin
 With prayer sa and gude laubour, a man may conquais heuin
 Denuding the of all rankour.

¶ Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THE crukit comparifouns of zour wylde Bair
 Will win zow na warifounis, to zow I declair
 Of hell thow art the snair, Plutois playfule in plane
 In hell than hald the thair, and cum not heir agane
 Bot still their ay remane, to be hounge be the hals
 Into perpetuall pane, becaus thow art sa fals.

THE morrow come, and but maie auisement
 The Emprour set him self in Judgement,
 Condampnit his Sone on Gallous for to die,
 Without respect, that alkin man might se.
 He being led out throw the streit and toun
 With greit regrait, and sair lamentatioun.
 The nixt Maister come than the way ridand,
 And saw the Child to the Gallous gangand.
 Quhairat he was baith sad and sorowfow,
 Bot zit the Childe to his Maister did bow,
 Inclynit his heid, as he wald said him to,
 Maister mak speid, ze ken quhat is ado.
 The Maister than prickit sa in that flour,
 Quhill he lichtit befor the Emprour,
 With reuerence, as weil culd him effeir,

And

And at his Grace richt humblie culd he speir,
 O my gude Lord quha geuis zow this counsell
 Withouthin caus zour awin sone down to quell
 It is zour wife that siclike garris zow do?
 Perchance ze sall vpon war hap cum to,
 Thā chācit ane knicht pat throw his wisis fals
 Was put to schame, w^out querrel or caus (sawis
 Than said the King, gude maister I require zow
 Schaw me that Tale & blythlie I sal heir zow
 My Lord he sayis, will ze gar call agane
 Zour onlie Sone, quha is to suffer pane,
 I sall zow tell my Tale furth to the end.
 And sa the King agane for him did send.
 Put him in waired quhair that he was befozne,
 Quhill that the Tale was done and til y^t mozne
 Sa the Maister the secund Tale began
 Befoir the King, and mony Nobill man.
 As ze sall heir, thairfoir gif audience,
 But maie delay, and to zour reuerence.

¶ The Tale of the secund Maister.

IN ane Cietie thair was ane Ancient Knicht
 That had marrit ane Lady fair and bricht,
 As ze haue ane, my Lord to zour plesour
 And held hir vp in all eis and honour.
 Lufit hir sa weill, abone all eirdly thing,
 Sic as ze do your Quene my Souerane King.
 He lude hir sa, he culd not eit nor drink
 But hir presence, sa on hir ay did think.
 And als at euin quhen all folk to bed past,
 The zettis and dures siclike he lokkit fast,
 And all the keyis vnder his heid thay lay,
 Euersik nicht quhill mozne that it was day.

And at ilk morne quhen he thocht time to rise,
 Oppinnit the dures him self as was the gise.
 In that Cietie was ane custome and Law,
 Cryit oppinlie, that Ilk persoun micht knaw.
 At ane set hour ane Bell was rounng at nicht,
 That all micht heir, and vnderstand full richt,
 And thairefter withouttin mair delay
 The watche was set to walk quhill it was day.
 Sine efter that, gif thay culd ony mest
 Gangand allone, oz walkand on the streit,
 Sone thay war tane, and vnto pzeloun led,
 Quhill on the morne that all men rais fra bed,
 Thay war fast bound to ane stock oz ane tre,
 To thair greit schame, that all the toun micht se
 Sine efter that, Induring thair lifetime
 Thay war repoute as giltie of ane crime,
 And haldin furth fra all gude companie,
 This was the Law that time of this Cietie.
 This foirsaid Knicht quhair of I spak of air,
 Was growin in age, ane auld man and ane hair
 His rampand rage of youth he had compleit,
 And had slokinnit of bedsolace the sweit.
 Howbeit he lude his Lady weill aneuch.
 Zit as ze ken, mair graith pertenis the pleuch.
 And scho persauit of sic craft he did faill
 Scho tuke in heid ane vther to assail,
 And sa scho did, ane man of tender age
 In lustis hour for to win vassalage,
 Duha had ane quyet Chalmer in the toun,
 Sa euerie nicht efter this Knicht lay down,
 Under his heid the key scho staill away,
 To hir zounge lufe scho went quhair that he lay
 And sa scho did, als oft as euer scho list,

Tuke

Tuke furth the keyis that hir husband not wist
 And quhen scho come fra hir tryst and hir trane,
 Scho laid the keyis vnder his heid agane.
 So it befell vpon ane wynter nicht
 Ane walking come vpon this Elderin Knicht
 He culd not sleip, zit walking as he lay,
 He turnit about, and mist his wife away,
 Upon hir Name he cryit offer noz thrise,
 Scho answerit not, than he begouth to rise,
 Socht all the hous be na way culd hir find.
 And wist not weill gif scho was out or in.
 Socht his bed heid quhair that the keyis lay,
 Quhat wald ze mair thay war all tane away.
 Past to the zettis, all oppin he thame fand,
 But mair auise he closit thame fra hand.
 In ane windo that oppinnit vp to the gait
 Dekill of the nicht thair sat he at the wait,
 And quhen it was about the thrid Tok craw
 Makand hir hame, his awin wife he saw,
 Quha fand the zettis vpon hir lokkit fast,
 Ze may weill wit that scho was than agast.
 Neuer the les becaus the zettis was lokkit,
 For to win in peirtlie thairat scho knokkit.
 Than said the Knicht, O thow woman vnclene
 Thinkis thow honour on streit now to be sene?
 O wickit wife, and wofull warpit wicht,
 Quhy hes thow now dissauit thy awin Knicht
 Of quhom thow knew all hail thow had y^e hart
 Of thy bawdzie now I am weill expart.
 For this is not the first time thow hes done
 Sic harlatric, thow sall rew be zone Done.
 Quhill the watche cum thair still ze sall remane
 And as Law will, thairefter thoill the pane.

Than said the wife, my Lord quhy say ze sa,
 Quhair I was now, thair was witnes far ma.
 My Motheris Mayd scho come and fetchit me,
 Quhilk lvis richt seik, and is in point to die.
 And than becaus I saw zow weill on rest,
 To wakin zow I thocht it not the best.
 That gart me steill the keyis fra zow away,
 I thocht pietie to walkin zow as ze lay.
 For quhy ze ken ze ar febill and auld
 To walkin zow of zour first sleip ze wald
 Bene seik the morne, and wonder Ill disposit,
 Chairfoir craib not, that zour zettis was unclo-
 And my Mother als is sa wonder seik, (sit
 Ane word to me, skarslie scho had to speik.
 Anoyntit ellis, and maid hir latter will
 And now my self hes haistit me zow till.
 Chairfoir gude Lord I pray zow hartfullie
 Tak na suspect, nor think na fault in me.
 For I had neuer sic thing in my thocht
 Sen the first time to zour bed I was brocht,
 Nor neuer had sic thing into my hart
 Nor neuer sall, quhill deid vs twa depart.
 Chairfoir I pray, ze lat me not be tane
 With the tou watch, heir standing mine alane
 For now the hour approaches wonder neir.
 That the watche rise, & thay will find me heir,
 Quhilk is to me ane everlasting schame,
 And als to zow it is ane greit defame.
 War I gyltie or zit committit crime.
 I wald witschaif ze held me out this time.
 Than said the Knicht doubtles ze cum not in,
 For na prayer of zow nor all zour kin.
 Quhill that the watche betak zow in the snair,
 Than

Than quhair ze war, to thame ze mon declair.
 Than the wife said, my Lord gif sa ze do
 In greit defame of vs baith it cummis to,
 And all our kin, Alya and our freindis,
 And all vther that ather of vs pertenis.
 Gif I be heir now with the toun watche found
 I rather gif ane hundreth thousand pound.
 Quod he Ill wife, and woman far defamit.
 Chow hes sa done, pat thysel thow hes schamit
 Far better war for thy falt puneist be,
 And heir thoill schame, that all mankind may se
 Noz for to thoill punischment efter deid,
 In birnand hell, quhair thair is na remeid.
 Than said the wife my Lord I zow require,
 In this ane point to fulfill my desire.
 Now for his saik that deit vpon the tre,
 Thoill not sic schame sa saikles cum to me.
 The Knicht answerit vnto his wife agane,
 Ill wickit wife, thy wordis ar all in vane.
 Chow cumis not in vnto the watches knaw,
 And be puneist efter the cours of Law.
 Than said the wife I persauie this is done
 All for Inuy, and ze ar Inoportune.
 Than sen sa is, ze ar Impatient,
 I will zow schaw in few wordis my Intent.
 My Lord ze knaw at this zet standis ane well
 Quhairin but dout now I sall drowne my sell,
 Rather noz I, and all my kin be schamit,
 And als zour self sall not chaip vndefamit.
 Thā said the Knicht wald God pat sic had bene
 Lang time befor I saw zow with mine Ene.
 Sa as thir twa togidder was at talk
 The Mone wor dark, and hid was vnder walk

Than said the wife, my Lord and be your will
 That I heir bide, the same I mon fulfill.
 Or I bide heir, and for to schame my sell
 Rather I fall be drownit in this well.
 Bot I will do as ane gude Cristin wicht,
 Aucht to hir Lord; and to ane Nobill Knicht.
 Zit or I die my minde is and Intent
 Besoir zow heir to mak my Testament.
 Heir to the Lord first I bequyth my Saull,
 My banis to ly in the Kirk of Sanct Paull,
 As for my gudes, had I ten thousand pound.
 Ten thousand ky gangand vpon the ground,
 Als mony Plewis gangand vpon the land,
 Als mony schep as thairvpon nicht stand.
 I wald leif all vnto your awin persoun,
 Thame to dispone at your awin discretioun.
 And gif ze pleis ony thing for to deill
 Into Almus, for my weill and Saull heill,
 That I refer to your awin wit and will,
 Quhat euer ze pleis, the same for to fulfill.
 For weill I wait ze will do bot the richt,
 I say na mair my sweet husband gudnicht.
 As scho that said, in hir armes culd scho tak
 Ane mekill stane, and in the well did swak.
 That being done, scho come richt preuillie
 To the zet cheik, and stude thair quietlie.
 The Knicht heiring the stane fall in the well,
 Belewit weill it was the Lady sell.
 And said allace, my wife is drownit but dout,
 Sa in ane fray the Knicht come rinnand out,
 And to the well he sped him but mair baid,
 The wife that saw, in at the zet scho laid,
 And closit the zet richt wonder sure and fast,

Co

To the windo in haist scho culd hir cast,
 In the meane time the Knicht stude at the well,
 Mourning richt sair and saying to him sell.
 Alas be the hour that euer I was borne,
 My lufit wife allace is now forlorne.
 Alas be the hour that euer I closit my zet,
 Alas be the hour in my windo I set
 To spy my wife, quhilk I wait was saikles,
 I am the wite now of hir deid doutles.
 Allace, allace, now is thair na remeid
 Throw wilfulness of vs baith scho is deid.
 The Lady hard, in windo quhair scho lay,
 And to the Knicht with sturdie wordis culd say
 O ze auld fule, that suld be callit ane Knicht.
 Quhat do ze thair standing this time of nicht,
 Out of your bed walking sa wonder lait,
 Waitting your hures and harlotis on the gait.
 Nicht it not serue my body at your will,
 Bot ze wald pas your auld huredome untill.
 This is nichtlie ze vse the same passage,
 Ze sall repent richt sair your auld fulage.
 The Knicht knawing the voce of his awin wife
 He was richt blyth that scho was zit on life.
 Saying Lady weill is me euer mair,
 Louing to God that I may heir zow thair.
 For I beleuit ze had bene in the well,
 Quod scho auld fule keip the out of it thy sell.
 Thow seruis better for to haue punischement,
 For thy baudzie, nor halie gaitis to went.
 Quod he Lady lat ze sic language be,
 Quhat is the caus ze say sic thing to me?
 Quhen I lockit the zet ze sall me trow
 I did nathing bot to haue chaissit zow.

For in na wise I neuer did Intend
 Now to displeis, or ony way offend.
 For quhen I hard the noyis into the well,
 Unto my hart thair straik ane cruell knell,
 And in all haist ze saw as I come down
 Now to p̄serue, that na wayis ze suld doun.
 Auld doffinnit Carll (quod scho) I heir the lie,
 Thow was our peirt to Judge sic thing to me.
 Bot I persaue this Proverb is richt trew,
 The Iniust oft the Innocent dois persew.
 Thow leis to me, and hes done mony time,
 Euer the gilt quhen thow committis the crime,
 As thow dois now, that neuer to the faillit,
 Bot thy greit sicht as now I haue assaillit,
 And hes the tane into the sicker snair,
 Duhairfoir but doubt for me thow sall stand pair
 Duhill watches cum, and with thame to be sene
 In times bygane ane auld fule thow hes bene,
 That me lichtlyit, thy awin wife and dispisit,
 And to thy hures zaid oft times disagisit,
 And euer hes done, sen first time I the kend,
 All thy lifetime in lownrie thow hes spend.
 Bot God will not lat sic unpuneist be,
 For mony fault thow hes done oft to me.
 For he is Just, and will haue sic thing schawin
 And I sall mak it vnto the pepill knawin.
 Chairfoir stād still, thow cumis not in but dout
 Duhill the watches, and al Richtbouris about
 Duhat ane thow art, thay may persytelie knaw
 And thairefter to bide the straik of Law.
 Than said the Knicht, Lady I haue meruell
 To quhat effect suld ze sic to me tell.
 Ze knaw richt weil that I am auld and hair,
 And

And in this toun I haue bene euer mair,
 And weill I wait quhair my name was procla-
 Unto this hour for na caus was defamit. (mit
 Thairfoir Lady for the gude Lordis Name
 Thoill me cum in, and let me not tak schame.
 Scho said ald fule thou spēds thy speich in vane
 Thair sall thou stand, and thoil of law ye pane
 Better it is to thoill heir patientlie,
 Noz euer mair in hell condampnit be.
 Salomon sayis thre things that God dois haif
 Ane pure proud man abone his awin estait.
 Sine ane riche man in consuetude to lie,
 And ane auld man ane fond fule for to be.
 And sa but dout ze bzuik thir vices thre,
 Quhat neid had ze sa far to lie on me.
 As for riches, ze haue riches at will
 Quhy suld ze than your speiche with falsset spill?
 As for ane fule, ze are ane wonder couth,
 For as ze ken the flour of all my youth,
 At your plesure ze haue had euer mair,
 Zit to baudzie ze zeid baith lair and air
 Thairfoir God hes done wonder weill zow till
 Thocht ze contrair baith his command and wil
 Hes perseuerit still in your harlatrie,
 Zit he will not thairfoir ze perischit be,
 Bot lent zow grace your sinnis heir repent
 Thairfoir ze mon hide Law and Judgement.
 Than said the Knicht my Lady best belufit,
 Howbeit God be contrair ane sinner musit,
 Zit not the les as all sinnaris suld trow,
 God of his grace is to vs mercyfow,
 Quhat time we will forbeir and als repent,
 Than God fo geuis our sinnes Incontinent.

Chairfoir Lady sen sic grace God vs sendis
 Now let me in, and I sall mak ane mendis.
 Than said the wife with voice stout and austere
 Hence the harlot, quhair deil gar we this freir
 Talk quhat thow pleis, bot trewlie y^e sall trow
 Thow cummis not in, and heir I mak ane vow
 And as thay spak thir wordis thame amang,
 In the meane time the watches bell thay rang.
 Than said the Knicht, gude wife let ly sic things
 Heir ze not now how that the watche bell rings
 Suffer me not for ever to tak schame,
 Quhilk is forsuith degrading of my Name.
 Quod scho ze wait not quhat zone ringing me:
 To the weillfair of your saull it pertenis. (nis
 Chairfoir ze man tak all furth patientlie
 For your pennance ze mon thoill opinlie
 Ane trespassour but dout lang haue ze bene
 To GOD and me, as sall be hard and sene.
 In the mean time thir twasum as thay talkit,
 Up throw the streit the watches come y^e walkit.
 Sone into handis thay tuik this Nobil Knicht
 With greit meruell, how he into the nicht
 Upon the streit durst furth of ludgeing be,
 Thay to him said it was na Knichts dewtie:
 Considering weill the dout of Law he kend,
 He was to bauld the contrair to pretend.
 Scho heiring this with a loude voice scho cryit
 O my gude freinds, the treuth now ze haue spyit
 Of that Cruikour, and als ane dotit Fule,
 That his foule lust on na wayis he culd cule.
 Bot vpon hures furth passing on the nicht,
 Pans ze gif sic pertenis to ane auld Knicht.
 That my bodie at plesour had all time,

Consider

Consider now gif he committit crime:
 With hures all night, and cūming in at mozne
 Bot of sic faultis I haue him oft forborne.
 Beleuing ay sic faultis he suld haue mendit,
 Bot ze may se gif he hes now offendit.
 Chairfoir gif ze of sic hes correctioun,
 Conforme to Law ze puneis his persoun.
 That sic auld deuillis as he sa lang hes bene
 Tak exampill of him befoir thair ene.
 For he hes bene to me ane greit tratour,
 I wait sic ane zit neuer maid natour.
 Than the watches tuik him Incontinent
 To deip presoun with him in haist thay went.
 Duhill day was licht, and efter the Sone rais,
 With him the watche vnto the Prouest gais,
 Schawing to him the fassoun to the end,
 How on the night thay did him comprehend:
 And how to thame his wife sic plaintis maid,
 Incontinent the Prouest but mair baid
 To ane piller stude in middis of the streit,
 Gart set him up fast bundin hands and feit,
 That all the pepill within that greit Citie
 To his greit schame, maid him that all micht se
 And sa this Knicht but ony fault defamit,
 Was throw his wife sa saikles euer schamit.
 The Doctour then said humblie to the King,
 And pleis your grace ze haue vnderstanding
 Duhat I haue said, thempreour said richt weill
 Your Sermone hes sentence sa haue I feill.
 The Maister said it sall worse happin now
 Nor chācit this Knicht for treuth yis ze sal trow
 Gif that ze do for the wordis of your wife.
 Put down your sone, and reis fra him his life.

The Emperour said that wife was far to blame
 That hir husband put to sic oppin schame
 And he saikles, the foull Ill hir betide,
 Scho was the worst, that zit did gang oꝝ ride,
 And for that Tale that thow hes tauld to me,
 This day but dout my Sone he sall not die.
 The Maister said, my Lord ze doing so
 Within few dayis, baith plesure and greit Jo
 Of your ane Sone, ze sall haue Schir but faill,
 Sa this Maister quhen he had tauld his Taill,
 Thankit the King of his beneuolence,
 Sa tuke his leif, and hamewart is gone hence.

¶MORALITAS.

ALL cunning Clerkis that culd in storyis wrpte
 Be all thair craft culd neuer zit Indyte.
 The greit mischeif be women done to men,
 The tratour displesour and dyspyte,
 Weirschip, slauchter, the greit sorrow and syte,
 At lenth to wrpte it tyrit thair pith and pen,
 Thay war sa hudge, and vglie as ze ken
 The teynd thair of thay culd get neuer endit
 Becaus to men sa oft thay haue offendit.

Of thame quhat sayis the greit Philosophour
 Arestotill, and als that ding Doctour
 Cicero, and Salomon said sum part
 For all his wit, greit riches and honour
 Thay causit him be ane greit Idolatour.
 And fra greit God gart him turne all his hart,
 Siclyke Virgill that was sa done expart
 Intill ane creill thay hang him ouir the waw
 To his greit shame, that all the pepill saw.

Arestotill quhill was the A per sie
 Of naturall wit, and greit Philosophie,
 Thay brydillit him as he had bene ane hors
 Samson dissauit be greit subtiltie,
 Quhat gat Dauid for all his Prophecie?

Now ze may se nouthir wisdome nor fors
 Now not resist the curstnes of thair cors.
 Aneuch heirof, quha lykis to reid Goweir,
 And quhair he wantis, zit sum thing sayis Chawceir.

Chairfoir I say I think it na meruell
 This gentill Knicht, quhome of our tale we tell,
 Considering he was sa auld and hair
 Dissauit was he this hochlop of hell
 With sa greit slicht kest the stane in the well,
 Allace, allace, and wo for euer mair
 Scho suld eschapp, gif than I had bene thair
 To helpit hir, that fyrie brand sa fell
 Hir to haue drownit, my handis thay suld not spair.

Scho makand fault, and he alwayis faultles,
 Scho at hir game, and he alwayis gyltles,
 Scho being fals, and he sa traist and trew
 He being firme, and scho alwayis faithles,
 Wid him accule of that ilk deid doubtles
 Quhairin hir self was gyltie weil scho knew
 For all his speiche, nathing wald on him rebw.
 Fy, fy, fals Feindis, and furis hell Furnes
 In bitter gall turnes all your game and glew.

Now Schirs perslaue hir slicht and subtelte
 Quhen he sleipit scho stail away the kie,
 Quhair scho plesit past furth to hir plesour
 Quhen scho come hame sa loude as scho culd lie
 Saying hir Mother was in point to die
 With mony wordis dissemblit vnder cullour,
 Forgitt with fallet, lurkand for displesour,
 And syne at schort how scho maid hir Testment,
 O mercy God, heir is ane fals Intent.

O subtell schrew, and verray Sathans seid
 Imp of the Deuill, catris nouthir Cors nor Creid
 Tyner of treuth, with tounge Intoxicat
 Belgehubis barne, Infernall byrnand gleid
 With senzeit fair thy feiris weil can thow feid
 And flattering wordis fulfillit all with dissait
 Lynit with lesingis, lawtie gais by your gait
 Pet of the Feind in vengeance ze awant zow
 Baner of baill, the Deuill he dow not dant zow.

Ze maryit men in tyme keip weill your keyis,
 Now ze may ken sic womens properteis,
 What mercy, grace, or gude deid thay wil grant
 Sif ze desyre at thame ony suppleis,
 Than sall thay mak to zow ane thousand leis,
 Zow to obey ar euer [more] obstant
 What thay wald haue, that thing thay will not want
 It that thay serue, giue thame the Spanze fleis
 That may serbe weill sic ane vnsonlie Sanct.

Quha can excuse this Dowbill Deuillis lim
 Sic ane fals trik sa trymlie playit to him
 Scho in the fault, and he sa Innocent
 Fy bitter Bitche, hault byrnand Bair sa brim
 Thy clene conscience to heuin wil gar the clim,
 Or down to hell euer be permanent
 In Plutois Palice thair to be President
 Amang that graceles garison sa grim,
 Grest pietie war thow suld be thair absent.

For quhy thow can sa weill ane lesing clek,
 Turne by syde down, ay to thy awin effect
 Thocht of thy Tale ane worde be neuer trew,
 Lesings to rame, thow takis bot lytill rek.
 And the blameles to put ay in the blek
 And mak fyne blak of that was neuer blew
 Of ane trew taill thow can weill change the hew
 Chairfoir I pray the deuill to brek thy nek.

¶Ane louing to the secund Doctour.

GOD thank thee Doctour for thy dayis wark
 Thow hes thee schawin ane Nobill cunning Clark,
 The innocent hes succourit throw thy Taill,
 Let the Emprice now bluster, bleir and bark
 For at this time scho is put by hir mark,
 Traisting in God that scho sall not preuail
 Bot zit I wait againe scho sall assaill
 The Empreour with sum storie sa stark,
 Bot hir vain wordis sall hir nathing auail.

¶The thrid Taill of the Emprice.

THE Emprice hard how all the mater zeid
 And how the Childe was not zit put to deid

For verie sturt in hir minde was richt wo
 It was maist lik hir hart to brist in two.
 To hir Chalmer than scho past sone within,
 And thair began to skart and rise hir skin.
 And cryit aloude that euer I was bozne,
 Into my Cude, sen I had bene forlozne.
 I being Childe to ane sa greit a King,
 That I suld thoill, and suffer sic ane thing,
 As of zone Deuill, and ane rank Benigald,
 He to deforce, sa oppinlie he wald,
 To my greit schame, and warldlie dishonour;
 I being Quene vnto the Empeour:
 And can heirof get na mendis nor remeid,
 I pray to God gif I war fairlie deid.
 Sa this was schawin vnto the Empeour,
 How his Lady was in sic displesour.
 Into all haist to hir Chalmer he went,
 And said Lady, I pray zow not lament,
 Sa Inwardlie, for it becūmis zow nocht,
 Tak not sa far nouthier in minde nor thocht.
 Scho said my Lord, the lufe I aw to zow
 Makis me maie sturt, in hart maie sorowfow
 Nor displesour of zone dum Deuillis deid,
 Thairfoir gude lord sa greit God mot me speid
 The Inwart lufe that I vnto zow heir,
 Sa causis me remaine still with zow heir:
 Or ellis I had to my Father departit,
 To my countrie, war not I am sa hartit
 To zour behufe and plesure nicht and day,
 That is the caus I will not pas my way.
 For gif I did, than ane caus it wald be,
 Of greit discord, and Inanimittie:
 Betuix my Father and zow for euer moir,

This is the caus I will not pas thairfoir,
 For weill I wait he wald reuenge my querrell,
 And to conqueis, put all this Realme in perrell.
 For my Father he is ane puissant Prence
 Of diuers Realmes, and of greit Reuerence.
 Wist he trewlie of my great displesour,
 I wait he wald Incres sa in rankour,
 That this countrie for that suld sair repent
 That is the caus fra him I me absent,
 For your plesour, and zit ze will not trow,
 That I wald do sic plesure vnto zow.
 The Emperour said, Madame be weill inclind
 Lat sic malice remoue out of your mind,
 For sa lang time as God will len me life,
 I think neuer to faill to zow my wife.
 My Lord said scho, I pray God ze leif lang,
 Howbeit that I thus leif in threip and thrang.
 Bot I dreid sair, and heuillie I feir,
 That it chance zow that chācit this hinder zeir
 Of ane greit Knicht, and of his Sone alone,
 Efter the time that his Father was gone,
 Thow suddand chance departit to the deid
 Zit his awin Sone wald not burie his heid.
 The Emperour said, that was ane felloun feid
 The Sone wald not burie the Fatheris heid.
 That exempill I pray zow to me schaw
 Scho said my Lord will ze tak tent and knaw
 It sall do zow greit gude I tak on hand,
 Quod he schaw furth, and lat me vnderstand.
 Sa scho began with all expeditioun,
 As scho best culd to say furth hir Sermon.
IN this Cietie that now is callit Rome,
 Quhilk in pai dayis was heid of christindome
 Chair

Thair dwelt ane Knicht, the suith zow for to say
Had bot ane Sone, and he had Douchters tway
This Knicht was geuin to Halking & Hunting
Greit Tornamentis, and to swift hors rinning.
To merynes and all kind of plesour,
That micht hald vp and furth set his honour.
Sa euerie zeir sa greit riches he spent,
Quhilk thrise ouircome his Rentall and his rent
Quhairthzow than grew to him skant of riches
His daylie cheir, and expens did decres.
In that meane time thair was ane Emperour
Octauiane, ane man of greit honour,
Quhilk in riches, sa richelie did abound,
That his compair was not vpon the ground.
That in so muche, he had in his treasoure
Of Gold siluer, the quhilk fulfild ane Towre.
Quhilk gold & Towre, thocht he it had at large
To ane greit Knicht to keip he gaue in charge.
This vther Knicht quhome of we spak of air,
That had spendit his rent and mekill mair,
On Idill gammes, as Hunting and Halking.
Lait sitting vp, and out of time spending.
To sic pureteth he grew and greit thirlage,
That he behuid to sell his heritage.
He callit to him his Sone quhilk was his Air,
And all the case to him he culd declair.
This is the case, but dout my Sone said he,
I am compeld, sa with greit pouertie,
That I on force, and neid mon sell my land,
Except remeid cum at sum vther hand,
Quhairthzow I may, Induring my life dayis
Leif honestlie, this to his Sone he sayis.
For gif I chance to sell my heritage

Ze ken my douchters wil want gude Mariage
 He said Father, gif it sa with zow standis
 That ze on neid, analie mon zour landis,
 At zour plesure, quhairof I am content
 Do as ze pleis, for thairto I consent.
 The Father said, now I haue tane in thocht
 Ane gude counsaill, and tell it will I nocht
 Bot vnto the, I knaw the Emperoure
 Of Gold and rent he hes fulfillit ane Towre.
 Lat vs twa pas, with Instrumentis be nicht,
 And brek the Towre with sutteltie and slicht.
 We sall obtene riches abundantlie,
 Sall vs vphald euer in honestie,
 Than said the Sone schoztlie to mak an end,
 Thair is na man that counsaill can amend.
 It is better tak fra the Emperour
 Part of his Gold, his Siluer and treasour.
 Than ze to sell zour land and heritage,
 Quhairthrow zour barnis, sal leif ay in thirlage
 Sa in ane voce thir twa did condescend
 To brek this Towre, but tary thay Intend,
 Sa on ane nicht with Instrumentis thay past
 And throw the Towre ane hole thay gat at last
 Wan to the Gold, at larges quhair it lay,
 Furneist thame sekkis, and vnscryit come away
 Payit all his dettis, and leifit als merylie
 As of befoir, in alkin game and glie.
 In Halking Hunting and in Tournament,
 Quhil at the last the Gold was gane and spent.
 In the meane time, the keipar of the Towre
 Quhilk had in charge all this Gold & treasour
 Persauit the hole, and the Gold stollin away,
 He was sorie, and wist not quhat to say.

Into

Into all haist past to the Emperour,
 And schew how theifis had stollin his greit treasour
 The Emperour said, in Ire all angerlie
 What is y^t caus thow schawis sic thing to me?
 To the I gaue, as to ane trew seruand
 My Gold to keip, and that thow tuke on hand
 At the agane, I ask it to restoir,
 As it becūmis, thow sall thoill panis thairfoir.
 When that this Knicht the Emperour sa hard
 He said na mair bot humblie come his way, (say
 And saw thair was na mater to debait,
 He umbethocht him self of ane consait,
 Thinkand richt weill that thay wald cū agane
 To seik mair gold, to taint yame with ane trane
 Befoir the hole ane Twn he gart p^repair,
 Middillit with pick birdlime and siclike wair.
 Sa thick and teuch, that quha thairin cū wald
 Contrair thair will, yair still it wald yame hald
 And nane micht cum into that hole agane,
 Bot he mooste neidis fall in that samin trane.
 Not lang efter, as I befoir haue said,
 This vther Knicht, quhen the Gold spendit had
 He and his Sone agane went to the Towre,
 To Steill mair Gold than fra the Emperoure.
 Sa the Father first in the hole he went,
 And in the Twn he fell Incontinent.
 In to the nek, and thair stak as ane stane,
 Considerit weill that his Fortoun was gane.
 Said to his Sone cum thow fordwart no way,
 For at this time, I am tane for the pray.
 Cum thow fordwart thow sall not faill to die,
 And nane of vs ane vther may supplie.
 Than said the Sone, gif ze may not eschaip,

Chan ar we baith but dout tane in the raip,
 God vs defend Father that sa no be,
 Bot at this time ze get sum help of me.
 And gif I nocht may help zow now my sell,
 In haist I will baith help and seik counsell.
 The Father said I se is na remeid,
 Bot with thy sword thow mon strike of my heid
 And quhen thay find my deid body heidles,
 Chan fall ze all of this schame be saikles.
 Sa nane sall know quhat persoun did this deid
 Noz in quhais breist this bargane did inbreid.
 Chan said the Sone, now Father be the Rude,
 Zour counsell is baith honest Just and gude.
 For gif sa chancit, in this case ze war knawin,
 Siclike our schame till all men suld be schawin.
 Sa suld we not eschaip the cruell deid,
 Sa I think best that I smite of zour heid.
 And evin with that, as he had said the word,
 Out of the scheith anone he drew his sword.
 His Fathers heid he hint of haistlie,
 And in ane gutter he kest it neir hand by,
 Quhen this was done tha past he hame his way
 To his awin hous, vnto his Sisteris tway.
 Schew thame the case, and all the mater haill.
 Quha sair did weip, priuelie and bewaill.
 Sone efter this the keipar of the Towre,
 Quhilk had in charge the gold and the treasoure
 Quhair the hole was, within the Twn he fand,
 Ane heidles corps vnto the nek standand,
 Quhair of he had baith meruell and dredour,
 In haist he past and tauld the Empreour.
 Incontinent throw all the toun than zeid,
 How thair was found ane body but a heid.

Into

Into the Twn the quhilk the Knicht did set,
 Quha staill the Gold, to tak him in the Net.
 Than to this Knicht the empreour said but faill
 Tak the deid corps and knit to ane hors taill,
 And draw it throuw the streitis of the Cietie,
 And persaue weill quhair ony murmure be,
 Ony sorrow, sturt gretting or murning,
 Than ze may weill persaue quhair that sic thing
 Be attayntit, quhair ony persoun murnis
 Thay ar gyltie, and wait of siclike turnis,
 And is principall, of that Ilk hous but dout
 That staill the Gold, thairfoir seik weill about
 Gif sic ze find, tak thame and all thair fellowis
 Withouth mercy gar hang yame on y^e Gallowis.
 The Officers without delay thay went
 And completit the Empreours commandment.
 Quhen the Douchters the deid corps sa cu by,
 For Inwart wo thay gaue ane hiddeous cry.
 For kindlie lufe and Fatherlie pietie,
 To se that corps sa drawin throuw the Cietie.
 Quhen yair brother, the Sone of yat deid knicht
 Hard thame sa murne bethocht him of ane sicht
 Quhairfoir y^t corps throuw y^e Cietie was drawin
 To the pepill the caus was richt weill knawin,
 And wist na way for to eschew the cace,
 Sa he him self sair woundit in the face.
 Quhill that the blude abundantlie come out,
 That the Sisters of his life had greit dout.
 The officers persauit the weiping,
 The noyis the cry the sturt and the gretting
 Into the hous thay enterit but delay,
 And demandit quhairfoir thay maid the fray.
 Than said the Sone, quhen my Sisters me saw

Sa sair woundit, as now your self may knaw,
 Thay grat and cryit, and murnit in thair mude
 And as ze knaw, few women may se blude.
 This was the caus of thair greit lamenting
 Of my Sisteris, we knaw na vther thing.
 The Officers heirto thay gaue credence,
 Becaus thay gat na mair experience,
 Bot went thair wayis dissauit all and blyndit,
 Caus ye richt way thay culd not seik nor find it
 Sine tuik the corps of this same heidles Knicht
 On the Gallous leit it hing day and nicht:
 Till all pepill did wonder and meruell
 Of the stollin gold, quhen thay the tail hard tell
 And zit the Sone efter the Father is deid
 Wald not burie in the Kirkzaird his heid,
 Nor of the treis his bodie wald down take
 This did the Sone for his awin Fathers sake.
 Ze may persaue the greit lufe and fauour
 To his Father he had all time and hour.
 The Emprice said, gude schir & pleis your grace
 Quhat I haue said, haue ze weill tane the cace?
 The Empeour said, Madame sa haue I seill
 Quhat ze haue said, I haue it tane richt weill.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THE Emprice said I am richt wonder wo
 That of your self and your Sone it be so,
 For his sonnys saik this Knicht as I haue tald
 Quhen he was pure his lands he left vnald.
 Quhen he wantit he had nane vther schift
 For his Sonnis saik than he committit thift.
 And that his barnis efter that he was deid
 Suld

Suld haue na schame he causit strike of his heid
 And zit his Sone wald not do sic rewaird
 To burie his heid in Kirk nor zit Kirk zaird :
 Noz he wald not nouthir be nicht noz day
 Down of the treis his bodie tak away.
 In the same sort baith nicht and day ze laubour
 For to promoue your Sone to greit honour.
 Bot day and nicht he settis his Intentioun
 Now for to put to utter confusioun,
 And now destroy, is daylie his desire,
 That he may ring, and bruis the haill Impire
 My counsell is ze rather put him down
 Or he fra now get the Impire and Croun.
 The Emperour said, sa mot I thriue and the,
 Ane gude exampill now ze haue schawin to me.
 I micht haue tholit efter his Fathers deid,
 Zit be sum slicht to caus burie his heid.
 Trewlie my Sone he sall na langer chaip,
 Upon the morne be hingit in ane caip.
 To officers anone he gaue command
 To tak his Sone, and to hing him fra hand.
 Down throw the streit thay led him haistlie,
 To the Gallous, but mercie for to die.
 And as thay led that young man throw y^e streit
 All the pepill began to murne and greit,
 Sayand allace the Emperours onlie Childe,
 To the Gallous is led thair to be filde.
 Allace said thay, quhat is his Fathers minde
 To his ane Sone for to be sa unkinde ?
 Now this is thrys comdampnit he hes bene
 And few can tell quhat dois the mater mene.
 Bot all this cumis be the Quenis fals consait,
 That he is led sa oft down throw the gait.

In the meane time down the gait is he gone
 The thrid Maister come rydand namit Craton
 And saw the Childe sa wonder neir the deid,
 To his Maister zit he Inclynit his heid,
 As he wald say, Maister haue minde of me,
 Do ze not weill, thair is na dome bot die.
 The pepill cryit gude Maister haist and ryde,
 And for your childe gude help that ze prouyde.
 So in all haist but ony mair delay,
 To the Palice he spurrit his gude Palfray.
 And quhen he come befor the Emperour,
 He hailit him with reuerence and honour.
 Duha maid answer to the Maister againe,
 Thocht ze be cum, your veyage is in vaine:
 Your cumming heir sall nathing zow auail
 Ar ze cum heir to flatter me with your taill?
 The Maister said within seuin zeiris space
 Better rewaird I haue seruit at your grace:
 Zit I beleue to get better rewaird,
 And pleis your grace that my talking be hard.
 Rewaird (said he) at my hand serue ze nocht,
 For the dum boy to me that ze haue brocht.
 Ze serue all seuin the verie painfull deid,
 Ilk ane of zow to Gallous for to leid:
 For I delyuerit my Sone speikand to zow
 Quite du but speiche ze seuin hes maid him now
 And als he wald haue defoulit my Quene,
 Contrair hir will, as is weill hard and sene.
 The Maister said, quhair ze say he is dum,
 Will ze suffer bot ane schozt time to cum
 I find zow heir the michtie God to borrow
 That he sall speik or the fyft day at morrow
 For he that maid the dum man for to speik,
 The

The deif to heir, to helth restoir the seik,
 He will restoir your Sone to speik againe :
 Within few dayis, and that I say in plaine.
 And quhair ze say he wald deforcit your Quene,
 Sif ony man hes euer hard or sene
 Sic conditiounis outhir be last or air
 Sen he with vs remanit or maid repair.
 That he is gyltie of all that ze haue said,
 Than I thairfoir to die am wonder glaid.
 Bot Salomon sayis richt weill in his buke,
 Quha lykis thairin to reid and for to luke.
 Na malice is, nor was, nor zit be can,
 Abone malice of ane Ill geuin woman.
 That sall I preif be ane exampill gude,
 That women ar the Fontaine and the flude,
 The verray rute, and speciall Inuentioun
 Of all falsset, lesings and deceptioun.
 And gif ze put your Sone now to the deid,
 For your wifes wordis, hir falsset and hir feid.
 It sall chance zow, as it did to the man
 That slew his Wy throw sight of the woman.
 Quhilk Bird he lude abone all vther thing,
 And ay the treuth it tauld him but lesing.
 The Empreour said, I pray the tell me that
 Betuix the man, the wife, and the Wyat.
 The Maister said, your Sone againe gar caw,
 That he thoill not the vtter charge of Law.
 Than sall I tell my taill to your plesour,
 To your profeit, your weillfair and honour.
 The Empreour said Maister for this ane day
 He sall not die, cum efter quhat sa may.
 The Maister said God thak your grace againe
 Sa he his taill begouth as followis plane.

WO will continew at this place,
 The Doctouris taill ane lytill space
 And sum thing we will tell
 Of the Emprice comparisoun
 How scho comparit the Kingis persoun
 Unto ane theif sa fell.

Scho compairit the Empreour
 To the fals Knicht that brak the Towre
 Quhen he suld sauld his land,
 For pureteth was compellit to steill,
 Luit he gif scho compairit it leill
 And sa weill scho it fand.

This Knicht committit tratourie
 That staill fra the Authoritie
 Outher greit thing or smaw
 Quhairfoir he seruit for to hing
 For quha that steillis ocht fra ane King
 Thay may not hyde the Law.

Sichlyke this Knicht as was weill knowin,
 Out throw the Cietie he was drawin
 To his greit lack and schame
 Syne hangit on the Gallow treis,
 Persaue gif thir twa weill aggreis
 To the Kingis greit defame.

And hir awin Empreour comparit,
 To ane pure Knicht was all disparit,
 Ane Tratour and ane theif.
 That scho sa wald was maist lyklye,
 That the Empreour sa suld be,
 God send hir ane mischeif.

As to the Knicht wald sauld his land,
 And wox sa wonder pure in hand,
 And alwayis superspendit :
 Quha euer spendis by thair dew rent,
 But faill sall efter sair repent,
 Quhen he may not amend it.

Thairefter cummis necessitie,
 Younger, pureteth, and pouertie,

To steill

To steill that he must needis.
 Than tynes he honour and manheid,
 And thatron followis schame and deid,
 Of all spending this spreidis.

Had this Knicht spendit with measure,
 According to his awin treasour,
 Efter his facultie,
 He suld not need to brek ane Cowntre
 Nor stollin gold fra the Empreour
 Nor pure needit not be.

Gude Schirs that hes rent and riches,
 Be not in spending sa rekles,
 Bot with ressoun and richt:
 For than on force ze mon sell land,
 Or ellis tak sum euill deid on hand
 As did this heidit Knicht.

Quha chaipit anis, and past againe
 Still ay in stouth for to remaine,
 Quhill all men suld forbetr.
 It may chance anis a man to sin
 Bot he suld na way ly thairin,
 Nor still to perseueir.

For as that ane Knicht fand a wyle
 That bther Knicht for to begyle
 And tak him in the net,
 Quin sa the Feind is syndand ay
 Sum new gait to fang in his pray
 Quhills ay to sin ar set.

The birdlyme is to hald thame still:
 And ay in plesure tak thair will,
 For as the gold was sweit.
 That causit this Knicht to cum againe
 That is in sin ay to remaine,
 Quhill thay zald by the Spreit.

Than art thou sicker in the snair,
 Quhen deid cummis thou dow do na maie
 Bot to the Gallous led.
 That is to hell without remeid,
 Than all thy gold that was sa reid
 It standis the in na steid.

Chairfoir quha wald leif in honour
 Se thay thair geir spend with measour
 Be not our Liberall.

Spend not in Prodigalitie,
 Bot as affectis thy Facultie
 Or doubtles want thow fall.

Sum tyme may chance a man spend mair
 Upon ane day, nor he may spair
 To spend in ither nyne
 I grant, bot zit ze suld consider
 Put spairing dayis and thame togidder
 And sa small sall ze tyne.

Of spending is thre kinde of branches,
 The first to spend he neuer stanches,
 Sa lang as he hes heill,
 Bot euer spendand in ane rane,
 Quhill all that he hes is quyte gane,
 On force this man mon steill.

The secund spendis with greit honour,
 With honestie and greit measour
 Nouthir mekill nor skant,
 Bot sum tyme spairis and sum tyme spendis
 And gydis weill that God him sendis,
 Sa this man can not want.

The thrid he is sa greit negart,
 To spend hes nouthir hand nor hart,
 And ay sayis he hes nocht.
 Euer spairand and euer wantis,
 And to haue geir he neuer geantis
 For all that euer he wrocht.

Of thir thre let vs tak the middis,
 The wise man that expresslie biddis
 Chairfoir I zow befeik,
 This is na honest man to greif,
 Bot se that ze put not zour sleif
 Farther nor hand may reik.

¶Ane reproche or reprove to the Emprice.

Corruptit

COrruptit cors vnclene, thow springand well of vice,
 Thow fikkill feindis Quene, thow perrellous Ill Emprice,
 Thow cruell Cocatrice, and kyndlie Cocadrill
 For all thy taillis nice, thow fall not get thy will
 Fals gyglot gangland gill, thow poysonit spewand spout,
 Thy banis brint on ane hill, I think to se but dout.

¶The Tale of the thrid Maister, of the
 Burges Pyat.

VPON a time thair dwelt in ane Cietie,
 Ane Nobill man, and a Burges was he :
 That had ane bird weill fed vp in a Cage,
 Quhilk we a Py do call in our langage.
 This bird scho was sa weill lernit to speik,
 That scho culd talk Latine, Hebrew and Greik,
 And quhen scho had thir langages persite,
 Hir Maister tuik of hir ane greit delite.
 Sa he proces na thing scho hard nor saw
 To hir Maister Incontinent wald schaw.
 This Burges man he had ane wife richt fair,
 As now ze haue, wantoun and debonaire.
 Quhilk our all thing he lusit all the best,
 Bot he contrair, hir lufe sa was not drest.
 Becaus it passit far fra the Burges micht
 Hir appetite to compleis day and nicht :
 As scho desirrit, at hir plesure to haif,
 Quhat wald scho thā, bot cheisit ane uther knaif
 With hir to play, as scho thocht maist plesour,
 Quhome scho best lude, and held him in fauour.
 And sa behude hir husband on ane day
 To uther tounis in veyage mak Jor nay,
 For Merchandise to by and for to sell,
 For Merchand men at hame ay may not dwell
 Bot in this warld to wander, wirk and win,

Quhill of this life that thay depart and twin,
 Bot zit this wife had not sic thing in minde
 To hir plesure hir thocht was all Inclynd.
 Sa quhen hir spous furth of the toun was went
 Without tary than for hir lufe scho sent,
 That thay micht mak gude cheir and mirrines
 As the gude wife thocht best scho culd adzes.
 And sa thay did at thair awin appetyte,
 Quhen lufaris meitis of vthers takis delyte.
 This saw the Wy, on hir Wyk quhair scho sat,
 Quhat mirrines that hir husie was at.
 And to hir Maister tauld quhen he come hame
 And causit hir husie to get outrage and blame.
 Sa thame betuir rais up ane bargane stout,
 Quhill mony of thair nichtbouris hard about.
 The gude wife said, now weil Schir I persauē
 Quhat greit fauour and lufe to me ze haue.
 And said ze gif maie traist vnto your Wy
 Noz vnto me, and maie hir sittis by.
 Bot sa lang as your Wyat is on life
 It fall not faill bot we fall be at strife.
 The Burges said, my Wyat can not lie,
 All that scho seis the treuth scho will tell me.
 For scho can not be na way noz Ingine,
 Ony lesing into hir hart deuine.
 And thairfoir I haue maie caus for to trow
 All that scho sayis far better than traist zow.
 Sa day and nicht continuallie thay chide,
 Quhill on a day the Burges buskit to ride.
 In far countreis to do his Merchandise,
 As it effeiris sic men, and is the gise.
 Bot als sa sone as he his wayis went,
 For hir lufar scho send Incontinent.

Co

To mak hir blyith, greit solace and gude cheir,
Bot on the day he durst neuer cum neir.
For greit sclander of pepill and commoun voys,
All the lang day quhill nicht he held him clois.
As the nicht come, he knockit at the gin,
Scho was redddy thairat, and leit him in.
Scho said ze ar richt welcum vnto me,
Ze may cum in, for na man will zow se.
He said my lufe, zour Pyat sair I feir,
For scho will tell all scho can se or heir.
For scho raisit sic taillis betuix vs ellis
That all the toun to vther plainelis tellis.
Scho said feir not, bot bauldlie enter in
On me I tak baith perrell and the sin.
Sa he enterit, and tuik na mair in thocht,
And he the hand throw the hall scho him brocht
And as thir twa throw the hall maid passage
The sillie Py quhair scho sat in hir Cage,
To hir husie scho hard hir lufar say
We sall be blyith, and mak mirrie quhill day,
For ze ar scho that I lufe all the best,
Bot I feir sair the Pyat vs molest.
Quod scho feir not, I bid not for to lie zow
It is sa mirk the Pyat will not se zow.
Than said the Py, howbeit I may not se,
I heir thy voice, for richt weill ken I the.
To my Maister thow dois ane greit Injure,
For of his wife thow makis a commoun hure.
And his best bed quhilk he belevis is clene:
Thow defuilzeis, quhilk is weill kend and sene
Quhilk my maister quhen he cūis hame sal knaw
And the trew treuth swyithlie I sall him schaw.
Than said hir lufe, my hart tauld I zow not

That we wald baith be spyit be the Pyot.
 And tell the treuth of baith scho hard and saw,
 And euerie word mak hir Maister to knaw.
 Tak ze na feir thair of than said the wife,
 None talking sall perchance coist hir the life.
 And this same nicht I sall reuengeit be
 Upon the Py, as ze sall heir and se.
 Sa thay to bed past baith withouttin feir,
 Bot quhat become the Pyat ze sall heir.
 About midnicht vp this gude wife scho rais,
 Cryit on hir Mayd, & put on baith thair clais,
 Incontinent ane lang ledder thay gat,
 And to the rufe of the hous thay it sat.
 And tyruit the hous abone the Pyats Cage,
 Quhair y^t firelauchs & raine nicht get passage
 Blenks of Candill about the Pyats heid,
 Maist like firelauchs w^t cauld water pair zeid
 Small stans like peis, vpon hir heid thay kest,
 Maist like hailstans, sa this pure Py was drest
 Sa all this nicht without ony remeid
 Was this Py pynit, almaist vnto the deid.
 Sa on the morne away the young man staw
 At ane bak dure, quhair nane him hard nor saw
 Sa this Burges come hame within few dayis
 And to his Py first he gais to and sayis,
 O my best bird, now tell me of thy cheir,
 How hes thow fairne sen I departit heir?
 My bird (said he) quhat hes thow sene or hard?
 Tell me the treuth for thy gudlie rewaird.
 Maister (scho said) I sall zow trewlie tell,
 Quhat that I hard, I saw and quhat befell.
 Ze war not past of this toun day and nicht,
 Quhen that zour wife did to zow greit unricht.

Ane

Ane vther man into zour bed scho laid
 And all that nicht togidder thay twa plaid.
 And I them schew y^t thay war baith to blame,
 That I suld tell to zow quhen ze come hame.
 Maister but dout this is ane treuthfull taill,
 Zour wife is not I se for zour auail.
 To the nixt point, at me quhair that ze speir
 How I haue fairne, in quhat sort was my cheir
 In zour absence surelie I say zow richt
 Sa greit ane stozme as thair was zisternicht
 Baid I neuer, sen first time I was clekkit,
 Nor zit my deid sa sair I not suspekkit:
 As that same nicht, but dout I say zow plaine,
 For verray feir of fyreslauchts hale and raine,
 All the nicht our it ranit sa on me,
 That I beleuit but dout drownit to be.
 Than said the wife, Schir ze beleue zour Py,
 Now ze may knaw quhat kin a woman am I.
 Ze may now se, and allwa may persais,
 In times bygaine how that zour Py did rais.
 Ane fairer nicht was neuer on the plaine
 Nor was y^t nicht that scho sayis it was raine:
 Ane fairer nicht, ane softer and mair cleir
 Mair plesand nicht I had not all this zeir,
 Thairfoir ze sall in all times furth to cum,
 Gif hir na faith na mair nor scho war dum.
 Than this Burges wist not weill quhat to say
 Bot to nichtbouris sone past he on his way
 And demandit gif sic ane nicht was fair
 That his Pyat tholit the cauld and cair.
 Thay said nichtbour, I walkit all that nicht,
 Mair solatiours, mair softer and mair brycht
 Mair stabill ane nicht, mair curious and cleir:

Nor was that nicht saw I not this sevin zeir.
 Unto his hous this Burges bownit hame,
 And thocht richt weill his wife had seruit na
 The sillie Wy he put all in the wite, (blame
 And of all faults he thocht his wife was quite.
 And said to hir I find zow traist and trew
 Duhairfoir ze sall haue na caus for to rew.
 At my nichtbours I haue speirit all about
 Euin as ze say Ilk ane thay say but dout.
 Ane fairar nicht thay said culd not be found,
 Nor was that nicht, mair softer and mair sound
 And it requyris to vther quha offendis
 With all thair hart for to mak thame amendis.
 To zow thairfoir ane garmound of the new
 I promise zow, becaus I find zow trew.
 Scho said gude Schir sauing zour reuerence
 Ze said not sa quhen ze gaue firme credence
 Unto zour Wy, quhilk falslie on me leid,
 Sayand that I committit sic ane deid:
 That neuer was into my minde nor thocht,
 Nor in this world sic thing I neuer wrocht.
 With hir lesingis betuix vs scho hes sawin
 Ane greit discord, quhilk all about is knawin,
 Duhairthow I am blasphemit and defamit,
 Thow all the toun, be zour fals Wy & schamit,
 Duhairfoir na meit nor drink sall do me gude,
 Duhill that I se zour fals Wypats hart blude,
 Than the Burges vnto the Wyat past,
 And said fals Wy, tell how become this cast:
 Upon my wife sa falslie for to lie,
 Causing discord oft times with hir and me.
 Is this the thank, the gansell and gude deid,
 Thow randers me, sa weill I culd the feid,
 With

With my awin hands, with meits delicait,
 Airlie at morne, and als at euin lait.
 Thow thy lesings thow hes maid thow the toun
 Ane greit sclander, & foull defamatioun.
 Duhairto scho gaue na maie consent no: reid.
 No: I my self gaue vnto Goddis deid.
 The sillie Py hard hir Maister say so,
 Intill hir hart scho was richt wonder wo.
 Maister (scho said) God knawis gif that I lie,
 Your self will traist the verray thing ze se.
 And weill I wait the thing I said to zow,
 I hard and saw, quhy suld I not that trow.
 The Burges said, I heir the loudlie lie,
 Kennis y^e not weill this taill thow tald to me,
 Chair was ane nicht sa troublit in the Air
 With storme, fyreslaughts, hale, raine & mekill
 Of Ill wedder thow had na vther reid, (maie
 Bot bydand ay the bitter hour of deid.
 Quhilk is richt fals, and neuer a word is trew,
 Chairfoir but dout thy falsset thow sall rew:
 And fra hence furth thow sall na lesings mak,
 No: of trew taillis thow sall not mak ane crak.
 And in speciall betuix me and my wife,
 The Law will weill that it coist the thy life.
 For the greit leis thow did Inuent and forge,
 With this same knife I sall cut out thy gorge.
 Sa in greit wraith he tuk hir be the nek,
 And with ane knife hir heid he did of snek.
 The wife saw that, and scho was wonder glaid
 To hir husband with mirrynes scho said:
 Now ze haue done as ane man of prudence,
 Howbeit befoir ze gaue our greit credence
 Unto your Py, quhilk ay richt falslie leid,

My hart is blyth quhen I se hir bleid.
 Now we may leif all our lifetime in rest,
 Sen scho is gone, that did us ay molest.
 For scho was ay the verray Instrument
 Betuix vs twa, all lesingis did Inuent.
 Be blyth said he, that Instrument is hence,
 Forsuith to hir I gaue our greit credence.
 Now I knaw weill all that scho said was fals,
 Bot now thairfoir scho hes loist life and hals.
 The Burges than blent vp about his bigging
 And saw ane hole tyruist in the hous rigging,
 And weill persauit ane lytill Ledder stand,
 Ane watter tub, with stanis watter and sand,
 Quhilk was down cast vpon the sillie Wy,
 Than the Burges weill vnderstode quhairby,
 The pure Wyat had tauld hir taill richt trew,
 All the falsset and fassoun than he knew:
 How thay had causit the Wyat for to lie,
 Throw thair falsset and greit subtiltie.
 Now of my wife the falsset I persais,
 In time bygaine how scho hes plaid the knaif.
 Not regarding sin schame nor honestie,
 Bot on hir lufe lyand in harlatrie.
 Full wo is me how greit ane fule was I,
 For hir falsset to slay my sillie Wy,
 Quhairin I had my plesure and delyte,
 Allace, allace, my wife had all the wyte.
 Bot in na way my self I can excuse,
 That hir counsall sa greitlie I did vse.
 Bot in ane part but dout sa I was blindit,
 And now the treuth full sickerlie I find it.
 Wa worth the time I gaue hir sic credence,
 Or till hir taill I gaue sic audience.

Wa

All worth sic wifes, that ar sa Ill Inclinde,
 Ever hauing sic fenzeit hart and minde.
 With dowbill hart full of subtiltie,
 I zow assure thay ar euill companie.
 Becaus my wife hes wrocht me siclike wo,
 Heir I gif ouir all mirth, blythnes and Jo.
 All Merchandice, houshalding and harbze,
 In time cūming, and Pilgrim I will be,
 And markis me heir vnto the halie land.
 Becaus I find na faith in woman stand.
 Sa this Burges for credence that he gaif
 Unto his wife, left land and all the laif.
 The Maister said vnto the Empreour,
 Schir haue ze tane this taill into fauour:
 And quhat it menis, the samin vnderstand,
 He said richt weill, Maister I tak on hand.
 The Maister said was scho not ane fals wife
 With hir lesingis gart reif the Py hir life.
 The Empreour said, scho was of falsset fow
 Hir greit lesingis noz hir life I allow.
 Of the pure Py, fairlie I do repent,
 That loist hir life for saying verament.
 Surelie Maister ane gude taill ze haue tald
 And for zour saik this day I fall gar hald.
 My Sone vndeid, the mozne quhill it be none,
 God thank zour grace (quod he) that sic hes done
 To the Lord God hartlie I zow commend,
 Sa this Maister with blythnes hame he wend.

¶ MORALITAS.

O MERVELLVOS God the subtell slicht,
 Siclyke I trow was neuer sene
 Thow waryst wyfe and wickit wicht
 Of this Burges wyfe now I mene
 Sa peirtly culd allow, and gar hir husband trow

H. j.

That scho sa sarkles was and clene
 Ane Innocent as scho had bene
 Synne of fallet sa fow.

Sa full of fallet as scho is
 Thair is bot part can it persaue
 For quhen thay mark to do ane mis,
 A thousand sundrie gaitis thay haue
 To bring thair mater to quhen thay haue ocht ado.
 The wisest men thay ay dissauie
 And this Burges among the laue.
 It is not sa (quod scho)

Sa priuelle scho did prouyde,
 A posset for the sillie Wy,
 And with sic craft scho culd it gyde
 Changeing the wedder and the sky
 Thy gadzettis did begyle, the pure Wy with sic wyle,
 Wurde of huredome hyon the fy,
 Gluttoun of Glew all we may cry
 Thow art ane beschell hyle.

The fals that thow seruist at my hand
 I can not weill Indyte,
 To gar thy husband vnderstand
 Of sic vengeance thow had na wyte
 O rank rampand Lyoun, to mischeif euer boun,
 Stewart of sturt quha can the quyte,
 Cleker of cair, and of dyspyte
 Greit Maistres to Mahoun.

Ze that hes wyfes giue not credence
 Our sone vnto thair subtell sawis
 Thay will als sone find ane defence,
 As thay war leirit into the Lawis,
 For quhen thay speik fairest, thair taill is ay falsest
 Thay will neuer gif our thair caus
 Thocht all the warld the contrair knawis
 Thair awin taill ay thinkis best.

At sum tyme scho will caus a man
 To do the thing he will repent
 Quhen it is done na way scho can
 Remeid thair of scho can Inuent

Gar the

Gar the sarkles get wyte, mak hir self cleane and quyte,
 Chairfoir thocht scho be Impatient,
 And in bauldnes hir bow all bent
 That cair ze not ane myte.

Be not reddy to gif rewaird,
 Thocht scho it serue quhill that thow se
 This Burges sa in mynde was mard
 Quhill that the sillie Wyflew he,
 Than promestt hir a gown, or ellis ane new garmoun
 For hir huredome and harlatric,
 And hir scabbitt scurillie,

By Motheris Malesoun.

O twyte bntrew, and taill bnicker
 Kindillar of cair bald baldestrod,
 Thocht ane wald bind the with ane wicker
 Thow will not keip gude reull nor Rod.
 Thow art a furious flam, ane wolfe and semis ane Lam,
 Thow art a Tratur wylie Tod
 That stinkis in the neis of God,
 Thow art the Deuillis dam.

¶ Ane louing to the third Doctour and Maister.

HONOR and praise gude Doctour mot thow haue,
 That this ane day the chylde thow hes gart faue
 With thy trew Taillis and exempill perfyte
 Beleuing weill sa fall do all the laue:
 Thocht the Emprice with hir Taillis wald disfaue
 The Empreour, all for the Chyldes dyspyte,
 Bot at the last I wait he will hir quyte
 Quhen he and ze the fuith weill dois persau.
 Quhair ze find fault thair fall ze lay the wyte.

¶ The Fourt Taill of the Emprice.

WHEN the Emprice hard y^e child zit on liue
 Scho grat richt sair, & all hir hair did rive
 Sayand allace, wa worth the time & hour
 That I was wise vnto the Empreour.
 Crying, murning, and rying down hir face,
 Quhill the greit noyis past out throw all y^e place
 The Empreour hard the murmure at the last,

H. ij.

Incontinent he to hir Chalmer past:
 Inquirit the caus of all hir greit distress,
 Scho curst the time that scho was maid empres
 Wald God (said scho) quhē I come to thir parts
 Howbeit that I had four and twentie harts
 Within my bowk, that thay had all bene rent
 In small pecis, or I war daylie schent.
 On sic fassoun, as I am day be day,
 Bot that your grace sayis nouthir ze nor nay.
 Bot quhyllis ze say but dout your Sone sall die
 And vther quhyllis in greit dyspyte of me,
 Ze continew his life and takis na cure
 Of my greit sturt, the greit schame and Iniure
 He did to me, and als schame to your sell.
 Of this mater quhairto suld I maie tell:
 For it is knawin out throu the haill countrie,
 To quhat greit schame he purposit to brocht me
 Bot ze throu sleuth dillis dou & latis oufrdrie
 Sa day be day your Sone is zit on liue.
 The Empreour said I pray zow stand content
 And without dout the mozne Incontinent,
 He sall haue Law, without ony remeid,
 To be hangit on Gallous to the deid.
 Bot zisterday it was a principall caus,
 That he thoillit not the Judgement & the lawis
 Was for a Caill that the Maister me tald
 Zea, than (said scho) that is y^e thing thay wald
 Prolong the time, lipning the Court sall change
 Gif ze do sa, that is ane mater strange.
 For thair fair wordis gude Justice for to brek,
 Sa vnto GOD ze haue ane small respek.
 Bot I feir sair ze with your Maisters seuin,
 It sall zow chance the same exampill euin,
As anis

As anis it chancit into this same Cietie,
 Ane Empeour and seuin Maisters had he:
 Duhome to he gaue credence baith day & nicht,
 Thay him begyld with thair fals fraud & slicht.
 The Empeour said, that taill I pray zow tell
 With the Maisters and Empeour how it fell.
 Scho said quhairto, oz to quhat sect suld I
 Tell ony taill, quhen it is not set by,
 For zisterday ane taill to zow I schew,
 Duhilk in the self was verray Just and trew
 For zour honour and profite I it tald,
 Chairon to think, zit on na wyle ze wald.
 For zour honour and profite quhat I will say,
 Upon the mozne the Maisters dois away,
 And with thair taillis daylie turnis by side dou
 Duhilk is but dout for zour distructioun.
 As in this taill that I sall tell to zow,
 And pleis zour grace, for treuth ze sall it trow.
 He said Madame hartlie I zow require,
 I pray zow tell, for it is my desire.
 That be the same I may the warrar be,
 And to eschew falsset and subteltie.
 Thocht I delay my Sonis sark for ane day,
 It not anseris nor clenelie takis away.
 I sall it schaw (quod scho) be it zour will,
 Sa ze will giue gude thocht and minde thairtil.
 Quod he tell on, and I sall heir it than,
 And sa at schozt hir taill thus gaitis began.

VPON a time I red intill ane Quair,
 In this Citie sum time seuin Maisters wair
 Throw quhais science, greit wildome & leirning
 All the Impire was rewlit be thair gyding.
 The Empeour quhilk at that time did ring,

But thair counsall, he tuik in hand na thing.
 Sa he thame held in sic eis and daintie,
 That he culd not weill want thair companie.
 Thay persauing his hart to thame sa kinde,
 His gudelie will, his daylie thocht and minde,
 That he culd do nathing but thair auise,
 Thay war all sevin haldin sa wonder wise.
 Thay kest in minde ane wonder subtell thing,
 Be sozerie, Inchantment and cunning.
 That how lang time the Emperour he baid
 In his Palice, nouthir past furth nor raid,
 Bot thairin still held him in companie,
 He saw als weill as ony man culd se.
 Fra his Palice gif he past ony time,
 Throw thair slicht craft he suld not se a stime.
 And this thay did to the samin Intent,
 That thay micht maik thair libertie frequent,
 And Intromet and vse the samin thingis
 That appertenis to Emperours and Kingis.
 And to dispone at thair will all his rent,
 This was thair minde, thair thocht & als Intet
 Be the quhilk thing thir Maisters did purches
 Unto thame self gold geir and greit riches.
 And zit howbeit throw thair greit sozerie,
 Thay maid this King a stime he micht not se
 Of his Palice, quhen he past ay was blind,
 Amang thame all the way thay culd not find.
 With all thair craft againe to gar him se,
 Out of his Palice, bot euer blind was he.
 Abone all this, thir Maisters fand sic craft,
 All the Impire almaist thay maid clene dast.
 Gif ony man had dremit ane uncouth dreime,
 The haill knowledge thair of thay suld expreme
 And

And mak thair of Interpretatioun,
 For ane Ducat or zit ane Frenche Croun.
 Quhairby thay gat mair gold and greit tresour
 Almaist als muche as fra the Empreour.
 Sa be this way, and others fals and flie,
 Thay conquest gold greit riches in plentie,
 Mair in respect nor had the Empreour,
 And to thame seuin geuin daylie mair honour.
 Sa on ane day quhen that the Empreour,
 With his Emprice togidder with honour
 At thair Tabill, to sich in hart began,
 The Emprice saw, persauit and said than
 Quhat is the caus schaw me of your dolour,
 Quhy sich ze so, or takis zow displeasour?
 The Empreour said to his Emprice agane,
 Haue I not caus of sorow and greit pane,
 That I sa lang in sic sort suld be blind,
 And can thair of na gude remedie find.
 My Lord (said scho) will ze tent to my Caill,
 On honestie it sall help and preuaill.
 Gif ze will do efter as I zow say,
 Ze sall allow my Caill ane uther day.
 In your Impire seuin greit Maisters ze haue,
 And I beleue thay seuin dois zow dissaue,
 And ar the caus of all your greit diseis,
 And all your rowmes pai gide euin as pai pleis
 And to thame selfis appropriatis your rentis,
 Throw thair fals wayis & subtil Inchatmetis
 Gif it be so that thay ar found gyltie
 Ane schamefull deid doutles thay serue to die.
 Thairfor my Lord for all thir seuin ze send.
 And speir at thame gif thay can help to mend
 Your greit diseis, and sair Infirmitie

H. iij.

Duhaire your sight faillis, againe to gar zow se,
 Gif thay say nay, and can find na remeid,
 Charge thame schairplie vnder the pane of deid
 And sa ze may consider weill and se,
 Gif thay be caus of your greit Maladie.
 The Emperour allowit weill this taill,
 And thocht richt weill it was for his auail.
 Incontinent was send to thame Message,
 For to compeir anone thay tuk veyage,
 And come kneilling befor the Emperour,
 Duha thame ressaute in fredome and fauour:
 And schew to thame his greit Infirmitie,
 How he was blind, and had sic Maladie.
 And how sum time that he saw wonder weill
 And vther tymes how he saw neuer ane deill.
 Thā chargeit he them schairplie on pane of deid
 Incontinent thay seuin suld seik remeid.
 For it was schawin to him for veritie,
 Thay war the caus of his Infirmitie.
 And gat thay not remeid Incontinent
 Unto the deith thay suld be all tozment,
 Unto thir seuin thus said the Emperour,
 Duhaire of thay stude in greit feir and dzedour.
 Than said thir seuin agane with ane consent,
 Ze charge vs seuin with Inconuenient.
 With siclike charge your grace now putis vs to
 It passis far our power for to do.
 It is sa hard and difficill ane thing,
 That we can not to gude purpois it bring,
 Into schozt time, bot gif it pleis your grace
 For to grant vs respet for ten dayis space,
 We sall zow gif answer conuenient.
 Duhaire of we traist, your grace sall stand content,
 De

Of thair answer the Emperour was appreisit,
 Beleuing weill of seiknes to be eisit.
 Sa thir Maisters vnto thair counsell past,
 To se gif thay culd find the way or cast,
 Fassion, Ingine, supplie, meane or remeid,
 Or ony help to saue thame self fra deid.
 And for to haill the Kingis Infirmitie,
 Thay kest the way, for thame it wald not be.
 Quhairfor thay war all seuin richt sorroful
 And said get we na help nor remeid now
 To help this charge, as we ilk ane dois ken
 Without remeid we ar all bot deid men.
 Thairfor let vs mak trauell all fra hand,
 Seirche and seik furth ilk ane in sindrie land
 Gif that we can in ony countrie find
 In time cūming the Emperour be not blind,
 And sa thay socht in mony sindrie toun,
 Be east, be west, south, north, baith vp and down
 It hapnit thame to ryde vpon ane day
 Throu ane citie, quhair barnis was at the play
 In the meane time come to thame ane auld man
 And said Maisters, I pray zow gif ze can
 Of my nichtis dreame to mak Interpretatioun
 And for zour wage I sall zow gif ane Croun.
 Ane of the barnis that was than at the play,
 To the Maisters hard that man siclike say.
 And said gude man zeis gif ane Croun to me,
 Quhat menis zour dreame I sall zow tel trewlie
 The auld man said I dreamit this hinder nicht
 That in my zaird of watter sprang vp richt,
 A fresch spring wel, quhairfra come mony springs
 Throu all y^e eird now tel quhat menis sic things.
 Than said the barne tak ze ane spaid gude man

In the same place, pas and delf gif ze can,
 Quhair that ze thocht the water first vpsprang :
 Thair ze sall find within ane space not lang
 Ane hurde of gold that samin hoill within,
 Sall mak zow riche for ay and all zour kin.
 Sa did this man as the young barne comandit
 And as he said, this man richt sa he fand it.
 Than past this man to this young Child agane
 And thocht he wald rewaird him for his pane.
 And offerit him ane pund of reddy gold,
 Quhilk be na way ressaue fra him he wold.
 And said gude man, na gold I will ressaif
 Bot pray for me, at zow na mair I craif.
 The seuin Maisteris persauing all this thing,
 How ane young Childe of zeiris being sa zing
 With sic wisdom the mans dreame did expone,
 Said to thame selfis we meruell quhilk is zone,
 Of sa young zeiris makis sic Interpretatioun
 And sine thairfoir takis nouthir golde nor croun
 Sa at this childe thir seuin Inquyrit the Name
 He said Herling, quhairof I thing na schame.
 Quod thay zour name hrik weill w^t all weillfair
 We persaue weill, ze haue wisdom and lair.
 Ane greit mater we haue to zow to schaw,
 Of the quhilk few or nane bot we dois knaw.
 Than said the Childe schaw me furth zour intet
 And ze sall haue answer Incontinent.
 Quod thay young Childe this is the verray cace
 Ane Maladie haldis the Empreouris grace.
 Sa lang as he in his Palice will byde,
 And not thairout nouthir to gang nor ryde,
 He seis als weill as ane that euer was,
 Bot als sone as he fra his Palice pas

Thair

Thair takis him than sa greit ane Maladie,
That all about a stime he may nocht se,
And gif ze can the caus heirof discus,
First ze sall haue ane gude rewaird of us,
And secundlie, remeid gif ze can find
In time cūming the Emperour be not blind:
Out of Palice quhen he plesis to pas,
He will zow gif rewaird quhat ze will as.
Than said the Childe his Maladie I knaw,
Als the remeid thairof I can him schaw.
The Maisteris said we pray zow richt hartlie
Pas with us seuin and beir us companie,
Quhill we cum to the Emperouris presence,
Quhair ze sall haue rewaird and reuerence.
Than said the Childe Schirs I am reddy now
Pas quhen ze pleis, and I sall gang with zow.
And sa all aucht Incontinent past hence,
Quhill thay come to the Emperouris presence.
And quhen thay come befoir the Emperour,
Thay haillit him with reuerence and honour.
And said gude Lord, sindrie lands haif we socht
To get zow health and heir we haif zow brocht
Ane gude young Child y^e knawis zour Maladie
At zour plesure will find help and supplie.
In time cūming, that ze sall weill persaue,
Zour daylie health, and na seiknes to haue.
Nouthir in ane, nor in nane uther pairt,
He hes sic wit in gude cunning and Airt.
The Emperour vnto thir Maisters said,
Of zour tythance I am richt wonder glaid.
All that he sayis will ze seuin tak on hand,
Ze Schir said thay at that same we will stand.
For we haue sene be gude experience,

His greit wisdome, craft and Intelligence.
 The Emperour than vnto the barne he said,
 Sen sic a thing gude Childe is to zow laid:
 The caus thair of at zow I wald Inquire,
 And sine my helth than hartlie I desire.
 Than said the Child and pleis zour nobil grace
 We twa alone mon talk ane lytill space,
 In zour Chalmer I fall zow schaw trewlie,
 The caus of all zour greit Infirmitie.
 And quhen he was into the Chalmer led,
 He causit cast of all the clais of the bed,
 Quhilk into haist the Emperour causit be done
 My Lord he said now heir ze fall se sone
 Ane meruellous thing, quhilk ze hard neuer tell
 Under the bed thair was ane mekill well,
 Of quhilk thair rais ane foull smuke and a reik
 That wald haue maid a man baith blind & seik
 Out of this well thair springs sein greit sprigs
 The Emperour than he meruellit of sic things
 Under his bed to be and he not wist,
 Sa greit a well sa foull ane reik and mist.
 He said my Lord, heir planelie ze may se
 The verray caus of zour Infirmitie.
 Withouth ze put thir springis and well away,
 To get zour sight agane na wise ze may.
 The Emperour said I pray zow to me tell,
 The nerrest way for to vndo this well.
 Than said the Chylde thair is na way bot ane
 Gif it pleis zow, on force it mon be tane.
 The Emperour said I pray zow richt hartlie
 Schaw me the way, gif sic ane thing may be
 Gild nor gudis on na way will I spair
 Sa that the treuth to me ze will declair,

Gif

Gif mannis craft, his naturall wit or micht,
Persite cunning with gude science or slicht,
Subtell Iagine, Airt or experience,
Nicht help my slicht, or thairfoir find defence.
I wald not cure for to gif gold plentie,
Spair for na coist sa that ze gar me se
Without my place als weill as I do in,
Sa your rewaird fra me weill sall ze win.
Now sen your grace to me hes geuin credence,
I sall zow schaw be gude experience,
The verray treuth thir seuin springis ze se spring
Out of this well, thay ar na vther thing,
Bot the same seuin Maisters be thair science,
Quhome to ze gif sa firme and greit credence,
Quhilk be thair craft cuning and Inchantmēt
Zow to mak blinde, this well thay did Inuēt.
That hiddertillis, baith zow and your Impire
Lang time bygane hes reulit at thair desire.
About your place euer hes maid zow blind,
To that effect that na fault ze suld find
Done ony way be thame or thair consent,
That thair greit gyle suld not be maid patent,
Nor heir cōplaintis of your Barrouis & Lordis
Bot thay allone to aggre sic discordis:
Nor that Justice suld ring into your land,
Bot all sic things suld ly into thair hand.
And your subiectis to spuilze euerie day,
All that was grene, to zow it suld seme gray,
Ze not seing now suld thay all be deid,
For your kyndnes, thay can find na remeid.
The Emperour said, now ze haue to me schawin
Of my blindnes, the caus and maid it knawin
Now the remeid thairof I wald ze fand,

Ze sall not want baith gold, Lordschip & land.
 And pleis your grace now to zow sall I tell,
 The verray treuth, will ze do my counsell.
 Of your blindnes gif ze desire remeid,
 The first Maister, tak and stryke of his heid,
 Than ze sall se the first spring of the well
 Be quyte away, this is the treuth I tell.
 Sa ordourlie, quhill thay be Ilk ane flane,
 And sa ze sall recure your sight agane.
 This being done, the well away sall went,
 And sa at eis ze sall get your Intent.
 Quhilk in gude haist was done as thay thocht
 And sa agane the Emprour gat his sight. (richt
 And this young Childe rewardit richt richelie
 Maid him ane Lord and Air of ane countrie.
 Than said scho Lord, haue ze perslauid this taill
 That I haue schawin, for your gude and auail
 He said richt weill, and thankis zow hartfullie,
 For that gude Taill that ze haue tauld to me.
 In the same sort thir seuin Maisteris said scho
 Unto your grace thay purposis for to do.
 Be thair fals Taillis, and siclike fenzeing,
 That your curst Sone may ay abone zow ring
 Quhilk God defend, ay quhill the hour I die,
 That I neuer ane uther Emprour se.
 This Taill (quod scho) I sall mak to zow cleir,
 Quhat that it menis, & pleis your grace to heir.
 He said say furth, ze sall haue audience,
 And commandit Ilk ane to keip silence.

¶The declaratioun of the Emprice thrid Taill.

THIS flowing well, of your Sone is the sing
 The seuin springs ar his maisters w^t cūning
 Quhilk well can not richt sone distroyit be,
 Except

Except ze first gar the seuin Maisters die,
 This being done, the well sa sall ze waist,
 Gar sla your Sone, of this ze gif me traist.
 Sa well and springis fra thay distroyit be,
 Than ze may haue all at tranquillitie.
 Your haill Impyre weill into peice and rest,
 Forsuith (quod he) Madame I think that best.
 Incontinent than gaue he strait command,
 To the Gallous to leid his Sone fra hand.
 Down throw the streit as Officers him led,
 Ane Maister come, and at the spurris him sped.
 To the Emperour with all gude reuerence,
 Quhome to he said, pas swyith fra my ptesence,
 For the gude saind that ze haue send to me:
 Ze serue all seuin on Gallous for to die.
 I send zow seuin my Sone richt weill speiking
 Now he is dum, and do can na kin thing.
 Bot onlie ane, this thing I maist detest,
 Be violence my Quene he wald opprest.
 Chairfoir rewaird na thing ze serue of me,
 Bot ze all seuin with him sall hangit be.
 The Maister said, I seruit ane better thing,
 To my rewaird, nor on Gallous to hing.
 Quhair your grace sayis, y^t now your sone is dū
 God knawis the caus, the time is not zit cum.
 Of his speiking the time will cum at schozt,
 Chairfoir I pray your grace to tak comfort:
 And ze sall se the day approche richt neir,
 That he sall speik, quhil all this place may heir
 As to your Quene, in that point quhair ze tell
 It is not prouin, nor nouthur is gospels.
 Nor for the wordis of ane singular persoun,
 Withouth mair prufe, your sone suld not put dou,

And gif ze do for the wordis of your wife
 But gude knowledge fra your Sone tak y^e life.
 It sall be war with you I dar weill say,
 Noz chancit a man and his wife on ane day:
 Quhilk I sall schaw to you be narratioun,
 And preif the same be gude probatioun.
 The Emperour said, trow ze to do with me
 As seuin Maisteris did anis in this Cietie
 With thair fals taillis vnto thair natue King
 Nay, nay, not sa, it sall not be sic thing.
 The Maister said, the fault of ane or two
 Suld not redound to rebuke blame or wo
 Of all others, for it is richt weill kend
 Baith gude and Ill is to the worldis end.
 Bot of ane treuth ane thing I sall you schaw,
 Put ze your Sone to deid for your wifes saw:
 It sall you chance as did this hinder zeir
 Unto ane Knicht, gif ze pleis ze sall heir.
 The Emperour said I pray you schaw me richt
 Quhat thing become, or chancit to that Knicht
 The Maister said againe your Sone gar call,
 Sa to the deid that he na wayis be thral.
 And keip him still my taill quhill I haue tald
 Than your awin will ze haue euin as ze wald.
 Quhen I haue done thā tak your awin plesour,
 I will sa do than said the Emperour.
 And sa his Sone againe he gart thame caw
 As for that day he suld not thoill the Law.
 Sa this Maister his exampill began,
 And tauld his taill furth like ane cūning man
 Bot zit his taill farther or we furth set
 The Quenis last taill we will not zit forzet.

¶MORALITAS.

SE the

SE the consait of this bald bitter Bitch,
 This reid Reifar, and this rank warlo witche
 This tratour theif, this tryit Termigant,
 Sa faine ane fault as scho wald find and fitch,
 Unto thir seuin sa reuerent and riche,
 In sweit science, facund and fluctuant
 For thay of wit and wisdom not dois want,
 To the blak Deuill thairfoir I the betetche
 With him remaine in hous ane hellis Sanct.

Father of fallet, and fals flatterar
 Ane Gyrecarling, ane graceles clatterar
 Leidsterne to lie, and ane greit sloop of seill,
 A proude Princes, ane prydefull patterar,
 Mirt with malice and ane man murtherar.
 Ane wod wilcat that neuer will do weill
 Crop of curstnes, and ane quick gangand Deill,
 Rute of wanreule, and brewar of all baill
 Thow art to bald to forge sa fals ane taill.

Bot ane word trew thairof but senzeit sair
 Quir peirt thow art to mak sic ane compair
 Of the Maisteris quhairof that now speik we,
 To the Empreour I wait thay did na maie
 Bot that his Sone thay had vnto the lair,
 And had not bene thair cuning and Clergie
 Thay had bene deid, and siclyke sa had he,
 Thairfoir thow art ane Loch of vnlawte
 Ane schameles schrew, the maister Deuill mot scald the.

3it in hir Taill is sum Moralitie
 How God disponis his grace sa plenteoullie
 To auld, to young, to riche and to the pure,
 Sum wit, sum strenth, sum fairnes with belotie,
 Sum at thair will hes riches and plentie,
 To diuers craftis sum geis thair belie cure
 Howbeit to sum hid thingis be richt obscure,
 As was this barne quha spak this prophetic
 To seuin Doctouris in science was sa sure,

Howbeit he was in youth and tender age
 God of his grace had geuin him maie knawledge
 In wit, Science, hid with subtiltie,
 Nor to thir seuin quhome this Quene dois alledge

Into hir Caill Inferrit vpon fulage.
 Quha the Empreour causit againe to se
 And know the caus of his Infirmitie
 Na exceptioun thair is of personage
 In sight of God he geuis his grace sa fre.

Howbeit this Chylde in tender zeiris was zing
 The verray treuth zit he schew to the King
 Quhat was the caus of all his Maladie,
 And how the well vnder his bed did spring
 Thro w quhais springis culd him to blindnes bring
 Quhilk was not knowin bot to this childe trewlie
 Quhairby we may persaue for veritie
 The grace of God is gottin for na thing,
 Quha list it seik with all humilitie.

Now in bigging sum takis sa greit plesure
 Quhill at the last biggis him self to the dure
 Sum bringis ane staffe for to brek his awin heid
 Cuin sa ze se thir Doctouris tuik labour
 To bring this Chylde vnto the Empreour,
 Quhome throw he gat of his seiknes remeid.
 Bot zit this Chylde gart thame all seuin thoill deid.
 It is oft sene I say the deirly brother
 That euerie swik oft tymes beswikis vther.

Thir seuin Doctouris quhairof now spekkis our Quene
 As scho Inferris, thay haue all Traturis bene,
 Quha deuplit the Kingis Infirmitie
 Be tratourie hid haldin and vnseine
 To be gydaris of his Realme thay did mene
 And haue thair of the haill Authoritie
 Bot na way sa of our Maisteris mene we
 For thay did nocht bot as thay war despyt,
 Be the Empreour, and his counsall requyrit.

Thairfoir this Quene scho suld na credence haue
 Scho is ane sop of sorrow to dissaue
 Ane mensles monsture, ane mirrour of mischance
 Ane patent port to Ill ze may persaue,
 Ane thristles thing quhen scho beginnis to raif,
 Full of dissait, with senzeit fals plesance,
 Ane thome trattillar, to bring hame Ill tythance
 Ane maine Cruikour, ane talker out of tone,

And sall

And sall forthink hir talk or all be done.

¶ Ane reproche to the Emprice for hir last Taill.

O FRAGILL flesche of hell, with flatterie euer fenzeis
Ane Kingdome thow wald quell, thow groüder of gillenzzeit
We fall hald in thy renzeis, becaus thow raifis vnrockit,
And check zow into chenzeis, vp be the chaftis chockit,
Ouir lang ze haue vs mockit, bot zit the day will cum
Zour culum falbe knockit, quhen he speiks that is dum.

¶ The Taill of the Fourt Maister.

V P O N a time thair was ane elderring Knicht
Wise and wittie, full of riches and micht.
Had leuit furth mony dayis of his life,
Withouth childzen, Lemman oz marvit wife.
Diuers times his freindis come him till,
To se gif it was his plesure and will
To tak ane wife, and barnis to furth bring.
Throw thair counsall he grantit to sic thing.
Sa at the last thay gat his wife to be
The Prouestis dochter of all that greit Cietie,
Dubilk was richt riche, weill fauourit and fair
Weill maid at will and was hir Fatheris air.
Fra he hir saw, he was sa tane in lufe,
That he his hart fra hir culd not remuse.
Thocht lufe & fauour betuir them micht be sene
Zit all thair space na barnis was them betuene
Unto the Kirk as scho past throw the streit,
With hir Mother scho hapnit for to meit.
Ather vther hailsit with greit blythnes,
And sa began to talk in mirrines.
The Mother said, my dochter tell me how
Ze pleis your spous, oz how dois he to zow?
Scho said richt Ill, and not with him content,
For he is auld, febill, and Impotent.

Quhen ze me staikit vpon sa auld ane stick,
 I wald but dout ze had me buryit quick:
 For or I come with him in naikit bed
 To be drownit I had rather be led:
 Or ly with swyne, or I lay be his syde,
 My flesche it vggis quhen y^t I tuitche his hyde
 Hald me excusit I pray zow hartlie Mother,
 For it is force that I mon haue ane vther.
 The Mother said my gude douchter and deir,
 Heir I the pray sic fulschnes forbeir.
 With zour Father mony zeiris I haue bene,
 Sic thing of me was neuer hard nor sene.
 Mother scho said, of that na meruell is,
 For ze twa met in zouthheid Joy and blis.
 And sa Ilk ane togidder had solace,
 It is not sa with me into this cace.
 Or I him gat ze ken his strent was gane,
 He lyes as still beside me as ane stane:
 For he is waik, auld, cauld, waikit and dry,
 And as ze ken Mother sa am not I:
 Bot in my flouris, of zouthheid blumand grene
 Compar thairfoir is not vs twa betwene.
 Of his bodie I can get na solace,
 To me thairfoir it is ane heufe cace.
 Scho said douchter gif sic thow hes in minde,
 And to fulage thy hart is sa Inclinde.
 Tell me thy minde without fenzeing in breist,
 Quhoe will thow lufe (quod scho) mother a preist
 The Mother said, gif sic thow wald desire,
 I think les sin to lufe ane nobill Squire.
 Or ane gay Knicht, nor a Preist to thy lufe,
 Scho said Mother, thairin I zow reprufe.
 Gif that I lude a Knicht or zit a Squyre,

Within

Within schozt time of my lufe thay wald tyze,
 And tell our all into thair merines,
 And sa me schame, to my greit lichtlynes.
 It is not sa ze ken with men of Kirk,
 For with wisdom and wylines thay werk,
 And is als laith thair honestie to tine,
 In sic affairis, as I wald to do mine:
 And counsall keip als quyetlie vnschamit,
 As ze or I, with our spous wald be blamit.
 Also Kirkmen bene mair kinde to thair lufis,
 Than vtheris ar, als weill the prettick prufis.
 Scho said dochter heir my gude counsall now
 And it sall be ane gude profite for zow.
 Auld men ze ken ar wonder cautelus,
 Wylie and fell, and richt outrageus.
 In ane maner ze sall zour husband preif,
 Him for to temp, or anger him or greif.
 Than gif ze chaip but repulse or smyting,
 Lufe quhome ze pleis, at zour lust and lykking.
 The dochter said, sa lang I may not hyde,
 In all gude haist sum lufe I mon prouyde.
 God hes me send sa unhappie ane weird,
 That I can get na solace in this eird.
 And ze zour self Mother asweill ze ken
 Quhat Ill occurris to want plesure of men
 And I rather drink water for ane zeir,
 Or I sa lang plesure of men forbeir.
 The Mother said dochter for my blyssing,
 Byde quhill thow preif or temp him w^t su thing
 For zour blyssing scho said I will do mair
 Bot him to preif, I pray zow to declair.
 In quhat fassoun, or quhat way it may be
 Scho said dochter that sall I haistlie.

In your Orchard thair is ane tre that standis,
 The mark thair of thay say is in few landis,
 In quhilk your spous hes greit lufe and lykking,
 Await sum day quhen he gais in hunting.
 Caus the same tre Incontinent be cuttit,
 And bring it hame or ever your husband wit it.
 Thair of mak fyre agane his cūming hame,
 Than gif ze chaip without repulse or blame,
 At your plesure than ze may tak the Priest,
 This will ze do for your Motheris request.
 Scho said Mother your counsall I will do
 Howbeit in treuth I am richt laith thairto.
 Ilk ane hame past vnto thair awin ludgeing,
 The Knicht meruellit of his wifes tarying.
 Scho said gude Schir as I went west the streit,
 With my Mother on chance thair culd I meet.
 Scho speirit at me gif ze war in glaidnes,
 I said evin sa, and than hame did me dres.
 Efter dinner the King past in hunting,
 Bot his gude wife thocht on ane vther thing.
 And thocht that hir purpos suld cum to end,
 Incontinent for the Gardner scho send.
 Quhome to scho said cut down this tender tre,
 That I thair of may mak on haistlie:
 Ane greit warme fire agane my Lords cūming
 He will belive cum hame from the hunting.
 This day is sour, sa wonder schairp and cauld,
 And as ze knaw he is febill and auld.
 Quhen he cūmis hame that he sall not want fire
 Thairfor cut down and ze sall haue your hire.
 To quhome he said, saif your plesure Madame,
 Cut we this tre but dout we will get blame.
 For your husband far better lufis this tre

Ten times ouir, than all the treis heir be,
 Bot not the les Madame at your desire
 Uther fallin wod I sall get to be fire.
 Quhair of my Lord (quod he) will stand content
 Nay, nay (said scho) cut down Incontinent.
 He said na way this tre I will destroy,
 For it will put my Maister to greit noy.
 Scho heiring that, he wald not do command,
 The Gardnaris Ar, scho hint into hir hand.
 The tender tre scho cuttit at the rute,
 That fra thine furth it suld neuer haue frute.
 Causit seruandis the samin hame to beir,
 Of hir husband thair of taking na feir.
 The Knicht at euin fra hunting cūming hame,
 Hunting the wylde in Forest with the tame.
 His wife him met, and said gude Schir I know
 Ze ar werie and wonder could with aw,
 I causit to big ane fire to zow thairfoir,
 To mak zow cherie, and mirrie be the moir.
 I thank zow dame said he with all my hart,
 Get I gude cheir, than ze sall haue your part.
 Than in he come, and sat down on ane bink,
 Befoir the fire, and cryit for meit and drink.
 Quhilk in all haist to him richt sone was brocht
 And thair of drāk blythlie quhil he gude thocht
 In the meane time the smell persauit he
 Of his young plant, and best belouit tre.
 To him he callis the Gardnair richt sone,
 And said mischant, quhat hes thow to me done?
 Weill I persauie my plant birne in the fire,
 Thairfoir at me thow hes not seruit thy hyre.
 He said my Lord, it is trew that ze tell,
 Nane did that turne bot your awin wife hir sell.

Chan said the Knicht I wait that can not be.
 That my awin wife wald do sic thing to me,
 For weill scho knew that tre I lusit best,
 Be twentie fauld no? I did all the rest.
 I wait scho wald neuer consent thairtill,
 Becaus scho knew that it was not my will.
 Scho said gude Lord I cry zow heir mercie,
 For it was I that cuttit down the trie.
 Knawing richt weill ze war werie forgane,
 Cauld, waik & tyrit, and gude fire had we nane
 And I did it zour curage to refresche,
 To mak zow blyith, and to comfort zour flesche
 That was the caus I gart this fire on mak,
 Onlie for zow, and for nane vthers saik.
 Duhen the Knicht hard it was the samin tre,
 Unto his wife he said richt angerlie:
 O wickit wife how durst ze be sa bald,
 To cut the tre, that I in na wayis wald
 Sene bene cut down for greit riches and rent,
 I mak ane vow ze sall it sair repent.
 And knawing weill, I lude it all the best,
 Ze haue me maid ane fault richt manifest.
 Duhen that scho saw hir husband discontent,
 Chan scho began to weip and als lament.
 On fenzeit sozt hir self for to excuse,
 At siclike time as women oft times dois,
 Schir I it did for zour utilitie,
 And ze it takis agane our crabitlie.
 For I beleuit to win thairthow gude deid
 And now I get greit magrie to my meid
 For it that I do euer for the best
 Ane reuin rewaird I get ay reddyest.
 I had rather be bzint intill ane coill

Now for gude minde sic outrage for to thoill.
Than scho began to weip and mak murning,
Incontinent the Knicht that persauing,
And sa at schozt was mouit with mercie,
And said my Joy, your murning now lat be.
In time cūming se that ze not me muse
To displeasure nor hurt the thing I lufe.
Thairfoir be war, the dayis of your lifetime,
That neuer agane ze commit sic a crime.
As for this time heir I forgiue zow clene,
Ceis weip na mair, be still and dry your Ene.
Than the nixt day to Kirk scho went agane,
Met hir mother, quhome of scho was richt fane,
Gude mozne mother (quod scho) w^t hart & bzeist
Now weill aneuch faith I may lufe the Priest.
And I haue done euin as ze counsallit me,
My handis cut down his best belouit tre,
Sa your counsall I did intill all thing,
Bot fra he saw that I maid sic murning
He chereist me, and hes forgeuin me quyte,
Thairfoir Mother put me not in the wyte
Howbeit I lufe the Priest with all my hart,
For my gude man he keipis me not a part.
The Mother said thocht auld men anis forgeif,
In time cūming efter and ze thame greif:
Thay will trowlie pans the nixt fault agane,
And puneis it perchance with dowbill pane.
My counsall is temp him ane vther tyde,
Allace Mother (quod scho) I may not hyde.
For I suffer mair pane for zone same Priest,
Now I can schaw or think into my bzeist.
Aperdone me my sweet Mother thairfoir,
Of your counsall now I will tak no moir.

The Mother said, for the lufe thou suld haue
 To me, becaus my Cors did the consaue:
 Of my bosum, as ane Bab did the beir,
 And for the blyssing of thy Father deir:
 In this behalf zit temp him anis agane,
 Gif ze get quyte than I forgiue zow plane,
 To lufe the Priest, or ony that ze pleis,
 Scho said that taill to me dois greit diseis,
 Fra my plesure for to remaine sa lang,
 Forsuith Mother ze ar sa far in the wzang.
 Neuertheles for my Fatheris blyssing
 Zit anis agane I sall giue him temping.
 How it sall be, first ze mon to me schaw,
 All the fassoun I pray zow lat me knaw.
 Your husband hes (quod scho) ane litill hound
 He will not cois for mony merk and pound,
 He lufis sa weill, that nichtlie in his bed,
 He makis his couche, and with fine meit is fed
 With his awin hands, se ze the same hound keil
 Befoir his Ene, sa ze may wit richt weill
 This being done, be ze not puneist than,
 So lufe the Priest, or ony vther man
 I gif zow leif, I sall zow neuer blame,
 Sa it be not to your greit sin and schame.
 Scho said Mother I will your counsall do
 At this present, quhat ze will charge me to.
 For thair is not ane barne I wait leuand,
 Sa faine wald keip of my eild the command
 Of hir parents, and now withouttin skaith,
 I will obtene the blyssing of zow baith.
 And now Mother remember in your thocht
 For your blyssing I did ellis wald I nocht.
 And than scho said my sweet Mother adew,
 Quhat

Quhat thocht I haue I pray God gif ze knew.
Than come scho hame and put of as scho micht
That langsum day, quhill it come to the nicht.
And sa at euin commandit that hir bed,
With purpoure clais and silk suld be ouir spred.
Quhilk the seruandis at hir command hes done
With coislie clais the bed thay spred it sone.
And quhen the bed was this at reddy maid,
The litill hound thairon hes him down laid.
As his custome was and conswetude,
Als the gude wife knew weill that he wald dude
And vp scho rais with minde malitious,
With haitrent hart and vult richt venemous.
Be the hind heillis this hound than did scho tak
And all his harnis out on the wall scho strak.
Sayand quhat deuill dois this tyke on our bed,
That is sa riche and all with silks ouirspred.
Quhen the Knicht saw his litil hound was slane
Fra crabitnes na way he culd refrane.
Bot till his wife with angrie hart can say,
Wickit woman out of my sight away:
How culd thou find into thy cruell minde,
To sla the hound that to me was sa kinde?
And ouir all hounds w^t my awin hart was lufit
O wickit wife Bahoun thy hart hes musit,
To do sic thing, and me to Ire Incres,
O curst catiue wo to thy cruelnes.
Scho said gude man haue ze not richt weill sene
How this foull tyke with his feit sa vnclene
Upon our bed hes lyne and fylit the same
Haue ze plesure thair of or ony game,
Foull traikit tykis vpon our bed to ly,
Thocht ze pleis sa, the same zit pleis not I,

To spill our bed that is sa precious,
 Couerit with clais sa clene and curious.
 With his foull feit cum new furth of the myre,
 I rather haue bzint the bed and all in fyre,
 Than said the Knicht with ane angrie visage,
 Knew thow not weill, that I had greit curage
 Into ane Leische my hound for to se led,
 Ane hunder times, nor lyng in my bed.
 I rather geuin all my hors quhair thay stand
 Or ze had tane sic wickit deid in hand.
 Than quhen scho saw the Knicht sa discontent,
 And in sum part raisit in matalent:
 To weip and rair in all haist scho began,
 Sayand allace that euer I knew ane man.
 For quhen I was into my virgine flouris
 I knew nathing of thir schairp winter schouris
 For ony tyke in this wise to be schozit,
 Quicke in my graue I had rather be smozit.
 For all that I for the best dois pretend,
 Ze ay alledge that I thairin offend.
 Howbeit my minde be euer trew and gude
 I get na thank, this schoztlie I conclude.
 Than this auld Knicht persaving the greit cair
 Weiping, murning, with reuthfull hart & sair
 As he beleuit, he said lat be sic thing,
 And at this time ze mak na maie murning,
 I pardone zow, vnder protestatioun
 In time cūming ze mak na occasioun,
 He for to muse to anger or to Ire,
 For gif ze do, at sum time I will tyze.
 Ze knaw richt weill ze cuttit down the tre,
 And now at schozt my hound ze haue gart die.
 Do not siclike I hartlie zow requere,

For gif

For gif ze do, na mair I can forbear
To punis zow, for all that is gane by
To the vtrest remember weill sall I.
Thairfor be war mak me not discontent
At zow na mair, and sa to bed thay went.
Sa on the morne at time vp sone scho rais
With mirrie minde, and put on all hir clais.
Went to the Kirk, and sa hir Mother met
Beleuing weill of hir gude leif to get:
To lufe the Priest, and fyld hir husbandis bed,
Bot as God wald sic thing was na thing sped
Thay haillit vther as thay thocht best be done,
And in talking togidder thay fell sone.
Scho said Mother ouir lang for zour request,
I haue the lufe forletit of the Priest.
For now I haue temptit my husband twyis
Hangit be I quhen that I tempt him thryis,
Be zour counsall ane greit thing I haue done,
By my consait mony stages abone.
For as ze bad I cuttit down his trie,
And now lattle I gart his gude hound die.
And baith thir faultis he hes forgeuin me quyte
In time cūming to me ze put na wyte.
With all my minde and hart within my breist,
In all gude haist I will ga lufe the Priest.
The Mother said I pray the douchter deir,
With patience twa wordis thow wald me heir
It is weill knawin with ma noz I can tell.
That ay auld men ar sle and cruell,
And will think on vpon faultis done befor,
Howbeit sum time thay wil not chyde noz schoir
For it is said, and als richt weill I wait,
That crueltie it is appropriat

To elderyng Knichtis y^t in youth hes bene kene,
 Sine in thair eild thay turne to tray and tene.
 And for sum fault will puneis with rigour,
 As thay in minde it takis in displesour.
 Zit my counsall thairfor I wald thow did,
 And thairefter I sall the not forbid:
 Lufe quhome thow list, or quhome yⁿ lykis to lufe
 Thair is my hand I sall the not repuse.
 Zit temp him anis as we can best devise.
 For it is said that all things thrypis bot thryse.
 Scho said Mother I heir zow talk in vane,
 Knew ze the thocht and nichtlie burning pane,
 That I suffer continuallie in hart,
 I wait ze wald not tak my contrapart.
 Ze ar Mother ane woman as I am,
 Duhat wald ze say gif ze wantit the game
 Of my Father, that ze richtlie bruike,
 For ane new lufe but dout sone ze wald lufk.
 With all zour pith the same ze wald purches,
 And haist the same with all zour besines.
 Into this race now put zour minde to rest,
 To lufe the Priest gude faith I think it best.
 Scho said dochter for the greit pane and cure
 I had of the, that time quhen I the bure.
 And for the fude thairof quhilk that the fed,
 I the beseik fyle not thy husbandis bed.
 Till the thrid time, I pray the him to prufe,
 As thow will haue my blissing and my lufe.
 Deny me not this sober small petitioun,
 And I promise to the ane sure conditioun.
 I sall furth set and further thy Intent,
 To thy plesure, and als Intandement.
 And neuer say that thow hes done ane mis,
 My sweet dochter I pray the grant me this.

As

As thou wilt haue my blissing on thy banis,
 My small desire I pray the grant me anis.
 The dochter said, Mother I now declair,
 The mater is to me sa sad and sair,
 That I may not sa lang abstene thairfra,
 Zit not the les sa Inwartlie ze pra:
 For the greit charge first that ze say to me,
 And sine agane ze haue promeist trewlie
 Into this race to further furth my caus,
 Gif I had neid the richteous God it knawis
 Thairfoir schaw me the maner and the way,
 How I sall temp him to the thrid essay.
 The Mother said on Sunday nixt cumand
 I knaw richt weill the minde of your husband.
 To haue us all to dine is his Intent,
 With mony freindis, that nane be thair absent,
 With diuers ma gude men of this Cietie,
 Than quhen ze ar all at your Maiestie,
 With all your meitis weill seruit at the Tabill
 At the burde heid to sit ze ar richt abill.
 Ane key ze sall into the buirdclaith knit,
 Dubilk at your belt dois hing, not latting wit
 That ze did sa, bot as it come on chance
 Saying furth plane with ane fair countenance,
 Ze may persauie sa forzetfull ane wife,
 As I am now I traist be not on life.
 In my Chalmer my knife I haue forzet,
 Forze I mon rise, the same agane to get.
 Than sall ze rise with ane faird haistlie,
 Ma man knawing quhair that ze knit your kie.
 Sa it being knit into the buirdclaith fast,
 Than sall ze all the meit and tabill down cast.
 On this fastoun all your meit salbe spilt

With displeasure, and all your Maiprie gilt.
 Ze doing sa, unpuneist gif ze be,
 To lufe the Preist, faith heir I mak zow fre.
 Scho said for anis your counsall sall I preif,
 Bot neuer agane, sa lang as I may leif.
 For your counsall I haue done far ouir micht,
 And sa ather at vther tuke gude nicht.
 Within few dayis the Feist was preparit
 Aboundantlie and for na coist thay sparit,
 The Father, Mother, and freindis of honestie,
 On euerie side war callit thair to be.
 The Tabill couerit, and all set down to dine,
 The meitis come, richt delicate with wine.
 All being set, as it culd best effeir
 The gude wife cryit Ilk man to mak gude cheir
 At the buird heid scho sat hir awin self down,
 Hir Mother weill persauit the fassoun.
 Quhat hir dochter wald do richt weil scho knew
 Beleuing weill the same thing scho wald rew.
 Sa the gude wife ane bonie lytil kie
 Hang at hir belt scho knit richt quyetlie.
 That nane persauit, nor knew hir fals Intent,
 Bot this scho said to all the burde present.
 Gif I be wise, now ze may all persaue,
 In my Chalmer my knife forzet I haue.
 Quhilk I mon fetch, & with ane faird vpris,
 And with ane tit tuik with hir the buird clais.
 The Tabill turnit, and all the meit down flang
 Allace scho said faith now I haue done wzang
 I sair repent, that I sa schoztlie rais
 The meit is spilt, and fylit ar all clais.
 The Knicht changeit countenance in his face,
 And smplit for scozne that sa occurrit the cace.

And

And sufferit our with blyth dissimulance,
 To treit his gaisis with ane gude countenance
 And commandit ane new Tabill be set
 With new Daiprie, and vther coursis get.
 And prayit his gaisis for to be blyth and glaid
 Howbeit his Tabill was reckleslie doun laid.
 Incontinent fresche meitis was brocht anone,
 To new denner with blythnes ar thay gone.
 For all thing done not musing him nathing,
 Nor to his wife ane Ill word not saying.
 Making gude cheir to all the companie,
 With mirrynes welcūmand thame glaidlie.
 Bot the Mother knowing weil the Intent,
 Of the dochter, was wonder discontent.
 The denner done, thay thankit all the Knicht
 And als his wife, & bad them baith gude night
 On the nixt morne the Knicht airlie he rais,
 In name of God, first to the Kirk he gais.
 And efter he had his deuotioun done,
 To ane Barbour but tarie past he sone.
 Saying Maister ar ze gudlie expart,
 In blude latting, or Insicht in that Art?
 He said gude Schir I am expart trewlie
 Of euerie vaine within a mannis bodie,
 I know richt weil, or zit in ane woman,
 In drawing blude thairof greit craft I can.
 Than said the Knicht thairof I am content,
 Cum on with me and ze sall haue payment.
 Sa the Barbour hame with the Knicht he wēt,
 And be the gait he tauld him his Intent.
 And sa thay come vnto the Knichtis ludgeing,
 Quhair his wife lay, sone thay gat entering.
 He said gude dame get vp for ze mon rise,

K. j.

Quod scho gude Schir, forsuith its not the gise
 Sa sone to rise, say ze that for ane mock?
 It is scarce zit nyne houris gane of the clock.
 Thā said y^e Knicht dame rise for your awin gude
 On baith the armes ze mon be lattin blude.
 Scho said gude Schir sen my Mother me baie
 Blude vpon me was lattin neuer maie.
 And now thair of sen I want conswetude,
 I haue na will for to be lattin blude.
 Than said the Knicht, forsuith ze ar the war,
 To lat zow blude sa lang that ze defar.
 Think ze not on quhat faultis ze haue maid me
 First ze hewit down my Nobill plant and tre.
 Quhilk ze knew weill that I lude all the best,
 And sine ze know how that my hound ze drest.
 And zisterday your freindis being present,
 At the Tabill sa cruellie me schent.
 Gif I suffer that ze do the fourt wzang,
 In conswetude and vse sa ze sall gang.
 Within schozt time ze sall me sa constrane,
 To vtter schame, that I can noe refrane:
 My self fra schame, without I find remeid,
 And I find weill sum fault is in your heid:
 Of corrupt blude, that mon be lattin out,
 And als wilde blude in your bodie but dout.
 That fra thine furth ze sall na maie beir blame
 Nor anger me, nor zit put me to schame.
 He causit seruandis but ony maie abaid
 In the Chalmer ane greit fire to be maid.
 Scho seing that scho trowit without remeid
 Into that fire for to be brint to deid.
 Thā cryit scho loud for Gods saik grant mercie
 And I promit zow a thing faithfullie.

In all

In all my dayis I fall zow neuer greif,
 Sa this ane time that ze will me releif.
 And haue pietie, I grant I did trespas,
 Thairfor gude Schir mercie at zow I as.
 Than said the Knicht be him that mercie maid
 Streich ze not furth zour arme but mair abaid:
 Quhair I Intend bot of zour blude haue part,
 I fall haue all the hart blude at zour hart.
 To the Barbour also he said in plane,
 Se that ze cut ane greit hoill in the vane.
 O be Sanct George the same thing ze fall haue
 For zour rewaird, that scho suld now ressaue.
 The Barbour seeing he gat sa sair ane charge,
 He maid ane woud, that was baith deip & large
 On that ane arme, quhill that the blude ran dou
 Aboundantlie, and with greit effusioun.
 Quhilk for to stanche the Knicht wald nathing
 Bot rather bad mak mair larger the hoill (thoill
 Unto the time he saw hir change cullour,
 That wound to stanche he causit the Barbour
 And bad him strike into that vther arme,
 Als grit ane woud, quhairof he thocht na harne.
 Scho said husband haue mercie now on me,
 I am sa waik, I traist schoztlie to die.
 Thā said the Knicht ze suld haue thocht on this
 Anis, twise, thrise, quhen ze committit mis.
 Quhilk causis me richt sair aganis my will,
 Of zour wilde blude sa mekill to se spill,
 For I sure zow he leuis not vpon life,
 That wald haue drawin sa much blude on my
 Except myself thairto had geuin consent, (wise
 But dout that ane of vs suld sair repent.
 Bot at this time zour awin licht wilfulnes,

Hes causit me on this maner zow dres.
 For ze haue done sic wickit turnis thze,
 Duhairfoir but dout that puneist ze mon be.
 Than the Barbour causit hir lay furth on bzeid
 That vther arme, that he nicht caus hir bleid.
 And than he straik vpon that vther side
 Into hir arme ane wound baith deip and bzaid
 Duhill that the blude abundantlie ran down,
 That all beleuit that scho suld fall in swoun.
 With ane waik voice scho cryit richt pieteoussie
 My sweit husband haue mercie now on me.
 For I beleue becaus I am zour wife
 Ze couet not that I suld loise the life.
 Than said the Knicht to the Barbour agane
 I think it best that now ze stanche zone vane
 Now presentlie, na mair ze lat it bleid,
 The Barbour said, sa sall I Schir in deid.
 That being done, the Knicht he gaue command
 To his seruandis, that thay suld sone fra hand
 Put hir in bed that scho nicht get sum rest,
 The Barbour said gude Schir I think that best.
 Than bad his wife remember in hir minde,
 In time bygane sa Ill scho was Inclinde.
 And mis amend, or I hecht be the Rude,
 Do ze not sa, I sall se zour hart blude.
 Than the Barbour at this gude eldering knicht
 Restaut his wage, and at him tuik gude nicht.
 Than the seruandis in minde thay thocht it best
 Chair awin husie to put hir to sum rest.
 Sa in hir bed thay happit hir esilie,
 Duhen thay beleuit nathing bot hir to die.
 Scho being laid sa softlie in hir bed,
 Heuie at hart, richt faint and all forbled.

Ane

Ane damisell scho bad into all haist,
 Fetche hir Mother or scho zeildit the Gaist.
 Quha in all haist that to hir Mother tald
 Your dochter the speit scho will vpzald.
 And cum ze not, I say to zow trewlie,
 Scho is sa faint, we trow all scho sall die.
 Than the Mother Inquyrit secretlie
 Quhat was the caus of hir Infirmitie.
 The damisell to hir the fassoun said,
 Quhair of y^e Mother was wonder blyith & glaid
 That hir dochter sa trimlie was correctit,
 Howbeit that scho the samin not suspectit.
 Sa on scho come vnto hir dochters place,
 To considder the fassoun and the race.
 And als sone as scho hard hir Mother speik,
 My sweit Mother (said scho) I zow beseik,
 To set zow down and rest at my bed heid,
 For I beleue na thing bot onlie deid.
 Of my bodie so muche blude I haue bled,
 That I on force behuifit to tak bed.
 Throw verie fault of febilnes of blude,
 That of my life I trow to be denude.
 The Mother said, my sweit dochter and deir,
 Cauld I zow not ane word was not in weir:
 That ay auld men was schairp bitter and fell,
 Richt outrageous, dispitfull and cruell.
 Howbeit sum time a fault thay wald ourse.
 Zit at the last thay wald it puneis hie.
 My dochter now ane question I will speir,
 Howbeit ze be richt waik now lyand heir.
 Tell me the treuth and oppin to me your bzeist,
 In time cūming gif ze will lufe the Preist.
 Quha said agane, allace Mother lat be,

Ane warldis schame mot tak all Priestis for me
 The heich vengeance of the greit God abuse,
 Not quell thame all or I ane of thame lufe.
 Bot my husband that is baith deir and sweit,
 Thair is na man in warld for me sa meit.
 The Mother said, quhy suld ze haue dispite
 At the pure Priest or giue him ony wite:
 For I beleue your minde he neuer knew,
 Nor in sic race he did zow not persew.
 Bot weil I knaw quhat thing y^e gart zow dude,
 The wantones and aboundance of blude.
 Quhilk I beleue at this time now ze want,
 For ze behude haue sum thing zow to dant.
 Mother (said scho) I pray zow let me rest,
 Abone all men my husband I think best.
 The Maister said than to the Emperour,
 Schir haue ze tane this taill weill in ordour:
 And considerit thair of the morall sence,
 The Emperour said Maister be my conscience
 It is the best and wonder lesfull taill
 That I haue hard this mony zeir but faill.
 To hir husband scho did schrewde turnis thre,
 First scho cuttit his nobill tender tre:
 Sine slew his hound quhilk was bot a dum beist
 And than thridlie missassonit all the feist.
 Gif he had thoillit the fourt for to bene done,
 It suld haue brocht him to confusioun sone.
 The Maister said I counsall zow heirfoir,
 Tent to your wife, gif hir credence no moir.
 Sla ze your sone (for hir wordis) vnoffendit
 Ze sall forthink quhen ze can not amend it.
 The Emperour said, I say to zow trewlie,
 My sone this day for your saik sall not die.

The

The Maister said, I thank your Nobill grace,
 That for my saik hes pardonit him sic space,
 Sa tuik his leif, as culd him weill effeir,
 And sa hamewart to his awin hous culd speir.
 O? we proceid now to the Emprice taill
 Sum we will talk of the Doctouris but faill.

¶ MORALITAS.

ZE may persaue now be this taill
 Gude counsall is of greit anaill
 Quha that will tak it weill in heid
 Fra vice to vertew it sall him leid
 And ay be reulit with ane gude reid,
 This is forsuith but faill.

Gude counsall is ane precious thing
 Outher to Empreour or King
 It lattis all thing for to ga wrang
 The King nor Empreour neuer rang
 And gif thay want gude counsall lang
 With reule thay sall not ring.

All greit perrellis it settis on syde
 With wisdom it dois all prouyde,
 God it grantis to all degreis
 Bot mony sa fast fra it fleis
 Quhill thay be set vpon thair kneis
 Thay haue na grace to gyde.

This young woman had sair offendit
 Gif hir Mother had condiscendit
 To hir dochteris vnwise counsaill,
 In hir contrair scho maid debaill
 And gart it gang ane vther gait
 Gude counsall sa defendit.

The Mother was greit till allow,
 That causit hir dochter till hir bow,
 Throw gude counsall anis, twyle and thryse,
 Saying dochter and thow be wyse
 Tak not in hand sic Interpretise
 Except thow it auow.

K. iij.

And sa he counsall of hir Dame
 Scho continewit hir glaskit game
 Howbeit scho rang in rampand rage,
 Gude counsall causit hir to asswage,
 Quhill that the Barbour for his wage
 Maid hir meik as a Lam.

Say ze not hot it was Despyte
 First cut the tre, the hound to smyte,
 Synne cast the Tabill sa rekleslie
 Now can scho weill excusit be
 Scho was wyteles a lytill we
 Wantones had the wyte.

And heit of blude was abundant,
 Quhairof sum part scho nicht weill want
 Hir husband than tuik weill in heid
 Now he thairof suld get remeid
 Quhair hir blude was he laid could leid,
 And this way culd hir dant.

Sa quhen the Mother come to se
 Quhiddir gif scho wald leif or die
 Quha said dochter for my requiest
 Now lay thy hand to thy awin breist
 And se gif thou wilt luse the Preist
 Leis Mother lat that be.

For had not bene your gude counsell
 But recure I had schamit my sell,
 And as ze ken I was richt thra
 For all your sawis, to cum thairfra,
 Now thankis to God it is not sa,
 Gude counsall beiris the bell.

The Preist of all this was wyteles
 Of my baudrie and brukilnes
 For he thairof neuer thing knew
 Nor I to him sic thing not schew
 Bot was in purpois to persew
 Thairfoir he was sarkles.

Young women heirfoir in your flouris
 Thocht ze think pryde of Paramouris

Tak heir

Tak heir exampill how I am,
And set on syde sic lawreles game
Or ze sall sair repent the same
The tyme was myne as zouris.

Ze auld men that ar cum to age
Zoung wemen into Mariage
In na maner is for zow meit
Thay ar wantoun and full of heit
To zow is sour that thay think sweet
And skant to get for wage.

Chairsair in tyme ze suld correct thame
With aw and laubour ze suld brek thame
Let thame not braull on euerse hink.
For as ze brew sa sall ze drink
Perchance haue mater to forthink
And greit caus to suspect thame.

To this talking ze suld tak tent
Or efterwart ze sall repent
Guhen ze ar maid Johne Thomsounis man
Than sall ze braull, than sall ze ban
And guhen remeid nane find ze can
Bot all with schame ouirschent.

Now ze ar warnit, I bid adew
We ar ouir gude guhair we ar trew,
Thair is ouir few is faithfull found
Sum cuttis the tre, some killis the hound,
Sum castis the Tabill to the ground
As I did, that I rew.

¶ Ane praise to the fourt Doctour.

LA V D E, honour, praise, and thankis ane hunder fald
To the Doctour for the Taill thow hes tald,
That sauit hes the Chyldis lyfe for ane day,
And quenched hes the Empreouris boist sa bald
In greit malice, quha that but mercie wald
His awin sone slaine, bot thow him causit say nay
Thocht zone quick Feind dois all that euer scho may
To haue him slaine, bot we fall all defy hir
Within few dayis on reid weir we fall cry hir.

¶ The Fyft Taill of the Emprice.

The Emprice heiring y^e child zit was not deid
 Ane new consait than tuik scho in hir heid,
 Throu all the toun gart fle in alkin artis
 The carage hors pat wald draw wanis & cartis
 And fillit the same with alkin kinde of geir,
 Hir Dynamentis and clais that scho suld weir.
 Maid hir to pas vnto hir Father hame,
 Saying scho wald na langer thoill sic schame.
 As scho did daylie that all man nicht se,
 And thairupon culd not reuengeit be.
 Dubairfoir scho wald at hir father seik mendis
 Duhome on scho said all hir hope clene dependis
 The seruandis sa persauing hir Intent
 To the Empreour thay schew Incontinent.
 Duba past to hir in haist but mair proces
 Inquirit the caus of all sic besines.
 Dubair mark ze to, oz quhiddir will ze go
 Dubat is the caus that ze ar muisit so?
 Scho sayis I will but ony mair delay,
 To my Father the hie gait mak the way.
 Dubair I may haue baith solace mirth & game
 Bot now I haue the contrair of the same.
 Chairfoir I mon persew quhair I may get it,
 For at this time ze gar me quyte forzet it.
 The Empreour said will ze get mair solace
 Nor bide with me, I trow into na place.
 For I had hope thair was na man on life
 Was better lude nor I with his awin wife.
 Now I persaue the verray clene contrair,
 That bounis away in vther place to fair.
 Scho said my Lord, for that caus I depart
 For I lufe zow with sa persite ane hart,

That

That I rather of your deith to heir tell,
 Nor be present, and for to se it my sell.
 Of your Maisteris ze tak far mair delite,
 To heir thair taillis all tauld in my despite:
 That I am quite put furth of your credence
 Ze gif to thame sa Inwart attendence.
 Chairfoir it sall chance zow or all be gane
 Far worse nor did unto Octauiane,
 Quhilk this Impire as ze now presentlie
 Had for to gyde, and deit in miserie.
 He was sa fals, and als sa couetous,
 That his subiectis held him sa odious.
 Thay war constrainit for his greit falsitie
 To erid him quick for all his dignitie,
 Becaus Ilk man sa couetous did him hold,
 Thay zet his mouth full of het meltit gold.
 To quhome (quod he) let not sic thing be said,
 That of falsset the blame to me be laid.
 Scho said but dont the blame lvis all in zow,
 For day be day all time ze gar me trow
 Your Sone suld die, and zit he leuand is,
 And weill ze know that he did me greit mis.
 Chairfoir beleue that farther mair from hence,
 In that behalf I giue zow na credence.
 The Emperour said it becūmis not ane King,
 Without counsall to discus euerie thing.
 And in speciall for to giue Judgement
 On my awin sone without gude auisement.
 Chairfoir Madame I pray zow hartfullie,
 That ze wald schaw sum gude exampill to me:
 Quhairthow I may my realme with wisdom
 And to my self ane esie life prouyde. (gyde
 Scho said I sall ane storie to zow schaw,

Duhairby ze may weill and perfitelie knaw
 To reule your Realme, and hald your self perfite
 Sa ze will mak zow of the seuin Maisteris quite
 Of thair counsall ze ar our couetous
 And of thair taillis ze ar our desirous.
 Zit not the les my taill furth sall I say,
 And gif ze pleis the sentence beir away.

BEfoir our davis thair was baith hard & sene
 Kingis, Empreouris into this toun hes bene
 Amang the rest I remember on ane
 Duhilk callit was to Name Octauiane.
 Sa couetous as he was to win gold,
 I neuer red ane formit on the mold.
 The Cietizanis that time as I hard say
 Thay had greit weiris with all about the lay,
 And all Natiounis richt cruellie thay dantit,
 Duhair thay tribute or ony manrent wantit.
 Duhill that it come to sic het point of weir,
 That all Natiounis in thair contrair did seir.
 In that meane time pair was ane maister Clark
 Dwelling in Rome, richt cunning in his wark.
 Callit Virgill, the quhilk in Arismetrik,
 He was sa sle, that nane was found him sik.
 The Cietizanis this Clark thay did require,
 That he wald wirk, & win fra thame gude hire
 To finde sum way be his craft and cunning
 For to Ingraue sum Image or sic thing,
 Of his pretik, Ingine or Industrie,
 Subtell science, or zit Necromansie.
 Duhairby y^t thay nicht haue perfite knowledge,
 Duhen Enemeis to weirfair maid veyage:
 And to eschew fra all aduersitie,
 And seik fordwart thair awin prosperitie.

Duhairby

Duhairby thay micht prouyde thair purueyāce
For gude or euill quhiddir that it did chance.
The Cietizans than with this cunning Clark
Maide ane accord, and sa fell to his wark.
Within the toun he buyldit vp ane Towre,
Of ane greit hicht, and als of greit valour,
And set vpon the samin Towris heid,
Greit Images of Irne, Tin, bras and Leid.
To the number be thair awin discriptiounis,
As thair was than in all the world of Regiounis
In the middis of that samin Towre of hicht,
Ane greit Image he set to all mannis sight.
And in the hand it bure ane goldin ball,
As it suld bene the Maister of thame all.
And Ilk ane had of the rest be thame sell,
Into thair hand ane lytill ringand bell,
And turnit thair face to the same Regioun,
To thame assignit, and tuk dominion.
Sif ony Realme or Regioun vp wald rise,
In contrair Rome, or rebell ony wise.
Than that Image to ony Ilk Regioun,
It had respect, or zit dominion
Wald muse the face, and also ring the bell,
And thame to warne it wald not faill to tell
Than the Romanis or ony fais wist,
That rebelloun rais for to resist.
And armour them into all faitis of weir,
As thame become, or to thame culd effeir.
And sa small land thair was in Chzistindome
Bot be that way was maid subiect to Rome.
Duhairthrow pai wā grit worschip & honours
Quir all the world thay war callit conquerours
This being done this nobill cunning Clark,

In Romes toun he maid ane vther wark.
 Quhilk was ane fire continuallie burning,
 Baith nicht and day, and neuer had slokning.
 To the pepill being ane greit comfort,
 Solace and mirth, blythnes and mekill sport.
 Twa bathing fattis he maid within the toun,
 To commountie greit consolatioun.
 The ane was cauld, preparit for summer sessoun
 The vther het, for winter quhilk was ressoun.
 Gif ony man his bodie wald refresche,
 Pas to that ane, thairwith he micht him welsche
 Betuir thir Bathis, and this continuall licht,
 Ane Image maid of greit stature and hicht.
 With sic Ingine, sa lang as thair it stude
 The fire suld birne, and ay the Bathis do gude.
 In quhais foirheid was writin with letters fine
 Quha stryakis me down greit treasure sal pai tine
 And mair atour it may fall sic ane chance,
 Quhen pai haue done to tak ane greit vengeace
 This Image was maid with sic craftines,
 Till that it stude, and thoilland na distres.
 The fire lestit, and neuer mair zeid out,
 The baths twa stude in pair awin ply but dout
 Quhill at the last ane cunning Clerk come by,
 And this Image persitelie culd espy.
 The wryting red, and to him self he said,
 Quhat kin vengeance can on ane man be laid.
 O quhat treasure may ony man now tine?
 That stryakis the down, or puttis the to ruine.
 Bot I beleue rather hid for to be,
 Under thy feit sum greit sowmes of monie.
 Sum riche Jowellis of gold or sum treasour,
 That thow art sa set vp with sic honour.

This

This I beleue, and is the liklyest,
And sa at schozt that Image down he kest,
To that effect sum treasure to obtene,
Bot nane he gat, becaus nane thair had bene.
Bot sa sone as that Image fell but dout,
Incontinent the fire was quencht out.
The Baths twa was vanischit out of sicht,
Did neuer gude, nor efter had na micht.
The pure pepill heirof was wonder sozie,
That thay war sa destitute of sic glozie.
Baith of thair Baths, and of thair lestand licht
Quhilk to thame did greit comfort day & nicht
Saying Ik ane with loude voice to the air,
Curst mot he be for now and euer mair,
That vs sa quyte of comfort hes maid clene,
That we sa lang in conswetude hes bene.
For his plesure and profite singlar,
To be to him with sturt and mekill cair.
Zit not the les thair treasure gat he none,
And our plesures all quyte away is gone.
In this meane time was leuand Kingis thre,
To quhome Romanis had done greit vilanie,
Be greit murther and malice thame molest,
With cruell weiris, and slauchter thame opprest
On quhome thay wald richt fane reuengeit bene
Sa to counsall thir thre Kingis did conuene.
With pair Barrouis, pair Lords & pair knights
And vthers men of greit wisdome and michts.
How that thay micht on Rome reuengeit be,
For thair slauchter and thair greit vilanie:
Unto thame done in diuers times went,
And culd na way on thame get assythment.
Quhen diuers dayis thay had at counsall bene

Sum of thame said this auailis not ane pene,
 Chair michtis is far abone all our puissance,
 Chairfoir we think sum vther conuoyance:
 We mon attempt, and new consaitis considder,
 Chairfoir lat all our wittis now ga togidder.
 Than four auld Knichtis y^t was of counsall gude
 Befoir thair King and Lordis vp thay stude,
 Saying thir wordis we think we wick in vane,
 On this mater sa lang for to remaine.
 For treuth it is quhil pair greit towre vpsandis
 With Images and bellis into thair handis,
 Dubilk warnis the quhen ony Region will rise,
 In thair contrair, than pas thay to deuise
 Remeid thairfoir, quhat land aganis them steiris
 With all defence, and cruell fait of weiris.
 Sa we mon rin vpon ane vther burde,
 Eschew the deip, and cast vs to the furde.
 Than said the Kingis quhat think ze best to do.
 Quod thay pleis ze our counsall to stand to,
 Sa that ze will thairon to mak the coist,
 We sall zow pleis, or ellis our heidis be loist.
 Than said the Kingis for coist se ze not spair,
 Chairrof ze sall be answerit and far mair.
 Than said the Knichtis for the mater standis thus
 Octaufane ze knaw is couetous,
 And lusis gold ze ken abone measure,
 Chairfoir he mon be blindit with treasure.
 The sight of gold will gar him sa Inclinde,
 To all our sawis, he hes gold sa in minde.
 Pakkit richt weill four Punsounis to the heid
 Ze mon furneis of cuinzeit gold sa reid.
 With gude conuoy and ordourlie expence,
 Dubill that we get the Empreouris presence.

Thys

This being done, get ze not your Intent
 We sall all four tine landis life and rent.
 The Kingis said, go to it sall be done,
 Thay maid fordwart, the gold was gottin sone
 Four full punsiounis of gold that was sa brycht
 To Romes toun thay brocht within the nicht.
 Na mā knowing quhat thair within was closit
 To thair purpois quhen pai thē thocht disposit
 Thir four Punsiounis into four sindrie artis
 In Romes toun thay hid at diuers partis.
 Sum in Fuleis, in draw wellis and in dykis,
 Laich in the eird, and sum thay sank in sykis.
 This being done, thay come in quyetlie,
 To thair hostage, and lay down preuillie.
 And on the morne at time of day thay rais,
 With gude Intent, and to the Palice gais.
 And sa belyue as thay pass vp the streit,
 It chancit thame the Emperour for to meit.
 Thay hailit him with reuerence as effeirit,
 Agane at thame richt patientlie he speirit:
 From quhēce thay come, or quhat seruice culd do
 To quhat science thay war maist abill to.
 Quha answerit him into thair best maneir,
 From far countreis to your grace cūmin heir.
 We ar spa men, suithsaporis and deuinouris,
 To serue your grace, and als your counsallouris.
 And can discus all dreames sa cunninglie,
 And tell thairof the treuth and veritie.
 And all hid geir that is put out of sight:
 We can it find, and thairto ga at richt.
 Be our awin dreames our craftis and Ingine,
 Thocht it war hid ane thousand zeiris sine.
 And we haue hard that your grace hes plesure

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In sic behalfis, and thairon takis cure.
 And gif your grace at vs sic will require,
 We ar redde to fulfill your desire,
 Be day or night into all kinde of sort.
 With hart and minde your grace for to comfort.
 The Emperour than considering in his minde,
 How thir four men to sic thingis was Inclinde
 And knew richt weill that into Romes Cietie
 greit sowmes of gold was hid richt quietlie.
 Dubaird he culd get na perfite knowledge,
 Except sic men as thir he had in wage.
 Sa couetise and gredynes of geir,
 Haistie credence, quhilk all men suld forbear.
 Blindit his thocht, and causit his wittis foruey
 Gart him ouir sone to thair bidding obey.
 And sa at schozt the Emperour is aggreit,
 With thir four men, and faithfullie thame feit.
 Duhome to he said, gude schirs I wil zow prufe
 And gif ze be sic men for my behufe
 As ze haue said, ze sall haue gude rewaird,
 Ilk ane of zow but dout sall be ane Laird,
 And Intreitit with thankis into my hous
 Amang my Lordis, with giftis glorious.
 Thay said agane and pleis your Maiestie
 Na mair rewaird at your grace couet we
 Bot the ane half of that we do obtene,
 Under the eird, as sall be cleirly sene:
 Be our Ingine, our dreamis and our sichtis
 Within few zeiris we mark to mēd your michtis
 The Emperour said go do as ze deuise,
 Ze tak on hand ane honest Interprise.
 Than said thay all vnto the Emperour,
 This nicht my Lord gif it war your plesour:

To

To the eldest of vs four to grant leif,
 His clene cunning the samin nicht to preif.
 Be his awin dreame quhat he can comprehend
 And quhat thair of sall be the finall end.
 And thairefter we sall in dayis thre,
 Schaw to your grace thair of the veritie.
 Quhat it betakins, and quhat thair of sall cum,
 To your plesure ze sall know all and sum.
 The Emperour said, go to I am content,
 Sa tuik gude nicht, and all four furth pai went
 Merie in hart, richt wonder blyth and glaid,
 Sa gude answer that thay obtenit had.
 Past furth that time in scoone and derisioun,
 Beleuing weill the greit towre to get down.
 Thre dayis and nights being past and compleit
 Thir four kest them with the Emperour to meit
 The eldest said, and pleis your Nobill grace,
 To pas with vs, and we sall schaw the place
 Quhair that ane twon of reid gold lyes hid
 The Emperour said I will do as ze bid.
 Than haistlie thay come vnto the place
 The eldest said and pleis your Nobill grace
 As I beleue thair is of gold sa cleir,
 Ane twon streik full in this place lband heir.
 Euin sa my dreame to me forsuith it schew,
 And I dout not bot we sall find it trew.
 Than thay all four to delf thay fell fra hand,
 And as he said, richt sa the gold thay fand,
 Quhilk dold befor into the samin place
 Thame selfis had hid, ago bot ane schoyt space
 Zit not the les the Emperouris fantasie
 Crowit thay had found the gold in veritie.
 Quhilk quhen he saw, he was richt wöder glaid

With mirrie cheir, and to thame four he said,
 Of this found gold the ane half ze sall haue,
 The vther half I sall caus to ressaue.
 The nixt dreameer said to the Emprour,
 Now fallis to me, gif it be your plesour,
 My nixt about to dreame gif I can find,
 Ony maie gold, gif sum be left behind.
 The Emprour said god send zow sic furtherace
 As this ilk day your brother gat throu chance
 The nixt nixt come, and siclike did the day,
 This nixt dreameer to the Emprour can say.
 Be of comfort, and gif it pleis your grace,
 This nixt I dreameit of maie gold in ane place
 Quhilk in schort time your nobil grace sal know
 And godwilling the same sall to zow schaw.
 And sa he did, quhair of he was richt blyth,
 Quhome to glaidlie thempour said ful swyth
 Tak your awin part, and I sall tak the vther,
 For ze haue done als weil as did your brother.
 Sa did the thrid on the samin ilk wise,
 Alwa the fourt tuk the same Interpryse.
 Ilk ane of thame fand to the Emprour
 Ane twon of gold, with riches and treasour.
 Thay causit the King to thame giue confidence
 As thay had found the gold be thair science
 Them selfis did hide that gold vnder the ground
 And causit all trow the same that pai had found
 The Emprour sa with gold he was begylit,
 And with thair slicht and science was ouersplit.
 Notwithstanding the ane half he thame gaue
 Na wayis traisting that he suld thame dissaue.
 And quhen ather of thame had tane thair part
 The Emprour was richt Jocund in his hart.

He

He thame auancit, and said pai war maist trew
 Of suithsavaris, that euer he zit knew:
 And maist expart into thair awin science,
 That euer was, be his Intelligence.
 Thay persauing the Empreour was content
 Of thair doingis, thay said with ane consent,
 My Lord we haue Ilk ane our nicht about,
 Dreamit our dreames, quhilk ze haue hard but
 Of verie treuth, and hes preuit in deid (dout
 Zit farthermair will ze thoill vs proceid,
 That we all four togidder dreame this nicht
 Sa sall our dreame haue the mair strêth & micht
 We traist gif thair within this Cietie be
 Ony hid gold, greit Jowellis or monie,
 We sall it haue be our dreames and Ingine,
 Thocht it war hid ane thousand zeiris fine.
 Quhairthow your grace salbe enrichit w^t gold,
 That your compair sall not be on the mold.
 And we dout not, bot richt weill vnderstandis
 That thair is gold ten thousand of thousandis
 Within the wallis hid of the same Cietie,
 Quhair of but dout gude knowledge get sall we.
 The Empreour said go to I am content,
 Sa that ze find quhair thair is gold and rent.
 Thay tuik gude nicht all four and said adew
 Except thê selfis was nane thair mindes knew.
 Sa on the morne appproching the nynt hour,
 Thay come all four befoir the Empreour.
 Quhome to thay said with gudlie countenance
 My Lord be blyth, for we haue gude tythance.
 For we all four hes dreamit this samin nicht
 Intill our sleip we haue sene sic ane sicht,
 Of birnand gold sa wonder greit plentie.

So much at anis I trow few saw with Ce.
 Will ze suffer the samin to be socht
 To your profite but baid it sal be brocht.
 Than sall ze haue of gold sic abundance,
 That all the world for gold sall zow auance.
 Of the greit Towre (quod thay) into the groun
 All this riches of gold is to be found.
 The Emperour said the greit God me defend,
 To sic ane wark that I neuer Intend.
 The michtie towre quhair y^t the Image standis,
 For to put down with ony mennis handis.
 Quhair was buyldit be Clerkis sa bounteous,
 Sa done coislie of sowmes sa sumptuous,
 Als warnis us be thair small bellis ringing,
 Of enemeis gif thay be vpyling.
 Of all Regiounis outhir be far or neir,
 Gif thay pretend aganis us to mak weir.
 Chairfoir I can be na way giue consent,
 To steir that towre for ony gold or rent.
 Thay said my Lord haue ze not found all trew,
 That we all four in ony sort zow schew.
 He said your wit and science I commend,
 And als your treuth surelie I will defend.
 Also your craft, your lawtie and honour,
 Bot I can not consent to tuitche the towre:
 Quhair is to us greit consolatioun,
 I will not thoill na way to put it down.
 Thay said my Lord will ze giue us credence,
 With our awin handis, & on our awin expence,
 We sall not faill to obtene the treasour,
 And in na sort thairby to hurt the towre,
 Nor Images, nor zit the bellis that ringis,
 To saue all sic we can do sindrie thingis.

We

We sall it do sa quyetlie in the nicht,
 Nane bot we four thair of sall get ane sight.
 Gif it be done on day licht patientlie,
 The pepill than suld cry out oppinlie,
 And rumour rise, out throw the haill Region,
 That ze for gold suld tak the greit towre down.
 We sall wick sa that nouthir ground nor towre
 Sall thoill distres or zit tak displeour.
 The Emperour said quhen all folkis ar at rest,
 To find the gold go do as ze think best.
 And I the morne sall cum and vesie zow,
 Quhat gold ze get, and quhair ze wick & how.
 Tak thair my Ring for ane takin expres
 Within the towre that ze get glaid entres.
 Thir four come on at euen quhen it was lait,
 Unto the towre thay mak the neirest gait.
 Callit the Capitane, the Ring vnto him schew,
 Quha said to them, the Ring richt weil he knew
 He them inquirit quhat was thair greit credence
 And thay him schew the haill taill and sentence.
 And sa at schozt thir four fell to labour,
 To pyke and holk, and vndermine the Towre.
 Quhill it had nouthir power, strenght nor micht
 Within thre dayis vnfallin to stand vp richt.
 This being done, on the thrid morne or day,
 Thay lap on hors, and priuelie staill away:
 To thair awin land with greit blythnes & Joy
 That fand the cast that greit Towre to destroy,
 Bot or thay wan furth of sight of the toun,
 Thay stude all four & saw the towre fall down.
 Sa on the morne quhen all folk did vp rise,
 Thay saw the towre was fallin on sic ane wise.
 The Senatouris thair of tuik discomfort,

To the Emperour the fassoun culd report.
 And said gude Lord, how hes occurrit this cace
 That our greit Towre is fallin in sa schozt space
 Quhilk daylie was our watche and comforting
 Contrair our fais, and maid vs ay warning.
 He answerit thame to me thair come four men,
 Quhilk of befoir I neuer did thame ken.
 And schew to me that thay war suithsavaris,
 Bot now I se that thay ar all greit dissaueris.
 And swoir for treuth, and also to me schew,
 Thow pair dreaming quhair gold was hid pai
 And gart me trow wⁱn the towris groun (knew
 Ane thousand millioun of reid gold suld be found
 And not hurting the Towre nor zit Image,
 To do the same I gaue thame gudelie wage.
 And sa to thame I gaue ouir greit credence
 Quhairthow is fallin greit Inconuenience.
 Thay answerit him for your greit couatice,
 Your gredynes and birnand auarice,
 And for your lufe to gold and greit delite,
 That ze thair of had sic ane appetite.
 Sall we thairfor be all destroyit at anis
 Day, the first wraik sall fall vpon your banis.
 But mair proces to the Colbuith him led,
 And on his bak thay kest him in ane bed,
 And powrit his mouth of meltit gold thair fow
 Saying to him tak the aneuch of it now.
 Thow couet gold with sa gredie desire,
 Thow hes vs tynt and all the haill Impire,
 Fulfill thy lust of gold quhilk thow sall haue.
 This being done, thay put him quick in graue.
 For gredynes of gold this was his end,
 Quhilk at his deid ane myte nicht not him mēd
 Not

Not lang efter come on thir Kingis thre,
 All in weirfair, with prepotent armie,
 Knawing richt weill the towre was cassin down
 And sa thay laid ane greit seige to the toun,
 Quhilk thay ouircome, & kest down clene y^e wall
 And sa at schozt Rome was destroyit all.

The Emprice said haue ze tane weill my Lord
 Thir wordis in heid that I now did record,
 Thankis zow forsuith, thairfoir Madame said
 For ze haue tauld ane nobill taill to me. (he
 Than culd scho say this towre with the Image
 Betakins nocht bot thair awin personage,
 For luik sa lang as ze leif in this life,
 Thair is na Kings that dar rais weir nor strife
 In zour contrair, or zit within zour land,
 Sa lang as ze is now on life leuand.
 And that zour sone dois wonder weill considder
 With the counsall of his Maisters togidder.
 With thair fals taillis and fenzeit narratioun,
 How thay sall find the way to put zow down.
 Quir greit plesure to heir thame ay ze haue,
 And thair minde is but dout zow to dissaue.
 As thir four men this Towre to ruine brocht,
 Thir Maisters sa wald bring zow euin to nocht
 And vndermine and cast zow vnder fute,
 This is the caus thay daylie to zow sute.
 The Images that sa greit money coist,
 Is zour fyue wittis, quhilk thay beleue is loist.
 For sa barnelike and soft thay zow persauie,
 The haill Impire fra zow sa wald thay haue.
 The Empeour said that Ilk taill that ze tell,
 I persauie weill may be tald be my sell.
 Thairfoir thay sall not mak of me the towre,

Noȝ zit change me as did that Emprour.
 All is falsset that thay deill with I se,
 Chairfoir the moȝne my Sone sall hangit be.
 The Emprice said, will ze your Sone gar hang
 Ze salbe blyith, fair weill and als leif lang.
 Sa the nixt day the Emprour gaue command,
 To tak his Sone and hang him vp fra hand.
 To the Gallous as thay war him leidand,
 The Fyft Maister come furth the way rydand.
 To the Palice he raid hard at the poist,
 For feir and dreid that the Childe suld be loist.
 Duha come lawlie befoir the Emprour
 And on his kneis him hailit with honour.
 Duha wryt his face, and wald not on him luik
 Bot at him greit Indignatioun tuik.
 My Lord he said it is not your honour,
 My pure hailling to tak in displeour.
 Thy cūming heir (quod he) I couet nocht,
 Noȝ thy hailling, noȝ nane that heir it brocht.
 For ze haue seruit at my hand all to die,
 For displeure that ze haue done to me.
 He said my Lord I neuer did the deid
 Unto your grace, to get sic to my meid.
 As for your Sone, quhair ze say he is dum
 We reckon that vnto your greit wisdom.
 As ze will se heirefter in few dayis,
 As to your wife quhair ze alledge and sayis:
 Be hir sayings that he wald hir eschamit,
 But dout thair of he aw not to be blamit.
 For weill I wait thair of he is wyteles,
 As is my self, and of the same saikles.
 Chairfoir my Lord sic thing beleue ze nocht,
 For the contrair to licht it sall be brocht,

For

For your Sone is to vertew sa Inclinde,
 I wait sic vice was neuer in his minde.
 And gif ze will for your wifes wilfull sawis,
 Undo your Sone without proces of Lawis.
 It salbe worse to zow noz euer was
 To the Doctour and cunning Pocras.
 That causit na the Doctour Galiene,
 His Cousling deir, Maister of Medicine.
 The Emperour said, Maister tell me that taill
 Perchance it may for your cunning auail.
 The Maister said, gar call your Sone agane,
 And all the suith I sall schaw zow in plane.
 Unto your grace gif I tald my narratioun,
 In the meane time your sone suld suffer passioun.
 The Emperour than he causit his seruands pas
 And put his sone in presoun quhair he was.
 And sa that day he chaipit fra the Gallous,
 The Maister thā tald furth his tail as followis
 The Maisteris taill or we speik farthermair,
 The Quenis taill sum thing we mon declair.

MORALITAS.

SAY ze not hot this Nobill Quene
 That ay befoir sa gude hes bene
 Callit hir Lord fals befoir bis Ene, said oppinlie
 That he of falsset was not clene, reid ze and se.

In the beginning of hir last Taill
 Quhair he suld haue the honour haill
 Judge ze gif scho did till him faill, in hir langage
 To call hir King sa byle ane thing, with greit outrage.

Bot women hes sic conditioun,
 Quhen thay ar noyt to want relloun
 Thay spout than like ane Scorpoun by ordour clene
 Becaus quyte gane is discretioun, as did this Quene.

Allwa the Empreour far did faill
 Sum hid conditioun of small auail
 Quhilk that he maid be his counsaill, to thair consent
 Forsuith ane King suld wirk nathing, but auilement.

So was sene of the casting down
 Of the greit towre of Romes toun
 Quhair he maid preue compactioun, that nane did knaw
 With vnouth men of strange Patioun, as deid did schaw.

Se Lordis and Lairdis of greit honour
 Do not as did this Empreour
 Put all his hope into treasour, and greit riches
 And loist his lyfe within ane hour, for gredynes.

His gredynes sa weill was kend
 It walkit to the warldis end
 His fais quhome to he did offend, gat wit expres
 How his plesour was in treasour, and gredynes.

Belyue thay fand ane quick Engine
 Send him ane subtell hid propine
 Quhilk causit him his honour tine, in schort proces
 And put all Rome to greit ruine, for gredynes.

For strangeris come with thair baine wind
 And fals flatterie maid him sa blind,
 Sic gold and treasure thay suld find, throw subtelnes
 That thay sa said he was richt glaid, for gredynes.

Thay schew him thay had sic science
 In dreaming sic experience
 Of gold to get sic confluence, he besines
 Bot he gaue our haillie credence, for gredynes.

Quhilk causis greit mischeff to be
 As we may weill persane and se
 Gettis maist credence quha best can lie, throw wickitnes
 Of half ane taill thay will mak thre, for gredynes.

And can bring ane taill of nocht
 And say the thing that neuer was wrocht
 For neuer said nor neuer thocht, of wilfulnes
 Sum giue it credence euin as it docht, for gredynes,

And

And evin sa did the Empreour
 Gaue sic credence unto thir four
 To furneis gold and greit treasour, to his hienes
 Gaue thame leif to cast down the Towre, for gredynes.

Quhilk euer was to Romes toun
 Sic comfort and consolatioun
 Gif thay thocht gude to sum Regioun, thay wald them dres,
 Bot zit the Towre was callin down, for gredynes.

It is ane popsonit Pestilence
 For to giue our haillie credence
 To ane taill not worth audience, throw hailltines
 The taill teller than tynes mence, for gredynes.

Thair is mony ma than aneu
 Will mak ane taill was neuer treu
 Nor zit thame self it neuer knew, bot as thay ges
 Sum will say fals and efter rew, for gredynes.

Thair is diuers tynes thair honour
 Thair worship, riches, and plesour
 Oft tynes in vaine makis greit laubour, with small Inces
 And oft is ordorit hy gude ordour, for gredynes.

For gredynes causis greit greif
 Inuy, Malice, and mischeif
 Mony for Muttoun and for Weif, into mirknes
 Is hangit lyke ane commoun theif, for gredynes.

Thairfoir gude Schirs I hartlie pray zow
 Cast gredynes on syde far fra zow
 With Jocund minde pas and ga play zow, in merynes
 Thair is na better charme I say zow, for gredynes.

Now thir thre Kingis quhen thay did heir
 The Towre quhairof thay stude sic feir
 Was callin down but scheild or speir, throw wilynes
 In all haill maid thame to the weir, for gredynes.

For first thay fand ane wylie way
 For to put Rome in greit affray
 And thocht thay wald it first assay, to get entres
 For thay wald mak it thair first pray, for gredynes.

Bellue thay come and seigest the toun
In all gude haill the wallis brak down,
And put thame selfis in possessioun, with all blythnes
And fra the Empreour rest his Crown, for gredynes.

Now Schirs this is the synall end
To gredynes quha will pretend
Quhen thay can not thame self defend, be manlynes
Away with vengeance all dois wend, for gredynes.

Thair is twa pointis into this taill
Thame to forbeir is gude and haill,
The first is gredynes but faill, of gold and geir,
Haillie credence oft tymes brewis haill, thir twa forbeir.

¶ Ane reproche to the Emprice.

O CATIVE Quene and cruell, and rute of all mischeif,
O fals flesche faint and fruell, greit grounder of all greif.
Wyld rauins fall ryfe thy beif, wod dogis thy banis sal gnaw
Or euer thou get releif, thy luddis fall thoill the Law.
We fall gar all man knaw, and als perfytelie se
Thy deidis the treuth fall schaw of thy hid harlatrie.

¶ The Taill of the Fyft Maister.

BEfoir this time ane Phisitoun thair was,
Ane cunning Clerck, and namit Pporras,
Quhilk in Phisick and vther heich science,
Duir all vther he had pzeeminence.
Als had with him ane kinsman of his atwin
Callit Galiene, quhais cūning was weil knaw-
All his Ingine and wit he did apply, (in.
To leir Phisick, and the same occupy.
As his vncle at sic times had befoir,
Quhairthow he wan greit honour, laud & gloir
Bot in so much Galiene was not sa ald,
Zit he excellit his vncle monysald:
In Phisick airt, and into Medecene,
He was mair schairp and quicker of Ingine.
Than Pporras persauing in his hart,

That

That Galiene in craft was sa expart,
 Dreiding thairfoir that he suld him excell.
 And fra his gloir and profest him expell.
 And thairfoir hid als mekill as he micht
 Fra Galiene, of the craft hid the slicht.
 Than Galiene this weill he did perslaue,
 Best him daylie the mair and mair to haue
 Of Phisick airt the mair he did obtene,
 On day mair than befoir in fyftene.
 Quhairby the Doctour tuik in his consait,
 That Galiene suld grow to greiter stait,
 Thairfoir at him he had lurking Inuy,
 Howbeit he had na querrel, caus nor quhy.
 In this meane time the King of Ungarie
 Send his message with schippis throw the sie
 For Epocras, that he micht with him speik,
 And cure his sone that lay richt wonder seik
 Sa Epocras the message did ressaue,
 Hartlie praying the messingers him to haue
 Sum part excusit vnto thair Nobill King,
 For he for eild micht mak na traueilling.
 Bot I sall send my Cousing and seruand,
 Quhat I will bid, that he sall tak on hand.
 Sa Galiene obeyit his uncles will,
 And in all pointis the same he did fulfill.
 And past his way vnto that Nobill King,
 Quha was richt blyith & glaid of his cūming.
 Bot he meruellit quhy come not Epocras.
 Galiene said that auld and waik he was
 Micht not trauell, for na trauell he vsit,
 Praying his grace for to hald him excusit,
 And at that time had besines ado,
 That he na way as than micht cum him to.

Bot in his steid he hes me to zow send,
 With help of God your Sone sone sall I mend
 Of the quhilk thing the King was weil contēt
 Than Galiene vnto the Chylde he went,
 Felt his Punsis, and als his Urine saw,
 Duhaire by helyue his seiknes he did know.
 Incontinent than past he to the Quene,
 And said Madame, your seik Sone I haue sene
 And I am cum vnto your Nobill grace,
 Beseking zow to heir me speik ane space.
 Tak na disdaine, thocht I now to zow speik,
 I come to heill your Sone that lvis seik.
 Scho said gude Schir say on quhat plesis zow,
 For ze will say nocht bot the treuth I trow.
 He said Madame tell on and mak na lie
 Duha is the Father of your Sone tell to me?
 Duha his Father (quod scho) quha bot y^e King?
 Quod he Madame, thair is not sic a thing.
 Will ze say so (quod scho) for veritie,
 Zeis want the heid I vow richt haistelie.
 Anis I said ellis, and zit I say agane,
 This King is not his Father in certane.
 I come not heir thairfoir to lois my heid,
 Nor zit Incure in my fault ony feid.
 Nor I haue not deseruit sic rewaird,
 Thocht I nane get, nathing I that regaird.
 Sa to the dure he maid him straicht away,
 The Quene that saw, and till him can scho say,
 O gude Maister sa ze will keip secce
 I will zow schaw, sa ze discover not me.
 Than Galiene said, Madame God me defend,
 Bot I sa do vnto my lves end.
 Thairfoir to me, to schaw the treuth be bald,
 For

For it agane sall neuer mair be tald,
 In greiter thing your grace sa sall I pleis,
 Your sone mak haill, and put him weill to eis.
 If ze sa do, gude Maister than scho said,
 Ze will mak me richt wonder blyth and glaid.
 Ane gude rewaird of me sa sall ze haue,
 And of my Lord siclike ze will not craue.
 Chairfoir heir me till I haue said sum thing
 Upon ane time come to my Lord and King
 The King of Burgon, to pas the time with sport
 Quhat will ze mair to mak my taill now schort
 To zow Maister, as now I will not lie,
 With me he gat this chylde in priuetie.
 Than Galiene said, feir not and speik no moir
 The taill I knew richt persitellie befoir.
 Than to the Childe he past Incontinent,
 And did him cure with ane richt Regiment.
 Quhat he suld drink, and quhat suld be his meit
 Water to drink, and beif daylie to eit.
 Sa Galiene than within dayis thre,
 The Childe maid haill of his Infirmitie.
 Quhen that the King hard tell his sone was fre
 Of all seiknes, and of all Maladie.
 To Galiene ane gude rewaird he gaue,
 Bot he the dowbill fra the Quene did ressaue.
 With speciall thankis, and efter ay credence,
 Sa tuik his leif, and hamewart he past hence.
 Quhen he come hame to his Emie Pypocras,
 At Galiene but tarry culd he as :
 How is the Childe that ze past for to se?
 Schir he is haill of all seiknes, said he.
 Than Pypocras Inquirit him to conclude,
 Quhat he him gaue to his drink and his fude.

M. j.

He said he gaue him oxen flesche to eit,
 Water to drink, this was his drink and meat.
 Than Pocras to Galiene said fra hand,
 The Mother is not trew to hir husband.
 Than Galiene said, now Maister suith ze say,
 With displeour Pocras past his way.
 Said to him self with haitrent and Inuy,
 Weill I persauce na man will set me by
 Within schort time, be na remedie found,
 Bot quyte to nocht my cunning is confound.
 Be his cunning he sall not faill to be,
 Praisit in his wark ten times abone me.
 And oz sa war, without I fand remeid,
 Rather I sall conspire my Cousingis deid.
 Fra that time furth Pocras ay him drest,
 How he might get Galiene deid and supprest.
 In a morning Pocras vp can rise,
 Past to his Garth, as his vse was and gise.
 To Galiene said with wordis fair and meik,
 Now let vs go in our garding and seik
 Herbes to be salf, that is of maist vertew,
 For as I wis thair is growing anew.
 Maister he said, I am reddy at hand,
 Quhat ze pleis best to do as ze command.
 Pocras said tak vp that herb sa grene,
 For it is full of vertew as I wene.
 And sa he did at his Maisters command
 He pullit the herb, and gaue it in his hand:
 And at his nois the sawer thair of did smell,
 This herb (said he) of herbis beiris the bell.
 Stoup down agane and pull vp be the rute,
 Of it I sall baith profite get and frute,
 For I know weill it is richt wonder gude

To

To cuill Feuer, and to stem rynnning blude
 Als of vertew it is richt comfortiue,
 To heill all Flux to ony man on liue.
 Sa Galiene na Ill hauing in minde,
 To pull the rute lawlie he did Inclinde.
 Quhilk wald not draw a lang tiwe w^t his hand
 Than Ppocras abone him he culd stand,
 And with his knife he struik him to the hart:
 Caus in science he thocht him ouir expart.
 Sone efter this Ppocras tuik seiknes,
 Be want of blude, and of corps febilnes.
 Than kest his buikis, & socht his awin science,
 Him self to help he culd get na defence,
 Than his Scollers in all haist come him till,
 And to him said Maister quhat is your will.
 He bad thame bring ane twyn of water fow,
 With ane womill a hundzeth hoillis boir throw
 Quhen that was done thair went na water out
 Than Ppocras said to thame Schirs but dout,
 This is the wraith of leuing God sa hie,
 That this mischance hes sufferit fall on me.
 As ze may se, and wonder weill perslaue,
 For all is Just and worthie that I haue.
 And as ze se thair is into this twyn
 Ane hundzeth hoillis with Irins out throw run
 Throw all thir hoillis thair gais not out a drop
 Bot as ze se dois baith stand still and stop,
 Quhilk to nature is contrair euerie deill,
 Quhairby ze may all vnderstand richt weill.
 Richt sa thir herbis for heill that ze gif me,
 May nathing help to my Infirmitie.
 Thairfoir quhat euer ze tak vpon me cure,
 It helpis nathing ze may be verray sure.

M. ij.

For weill I wait as now is na remeid,
 Bot for my mis I mon now hyde the deid.
 Bot war Galiene my Deuo now leuand,
 He wald not faill to mak me haill fra hand.
 Duhome I did kill throu malice and Inuy,
 Bot of that deid, richt sair repent now I.
 Chairfoir God hes be his Just ordinance,
 Send vpon me this haillie sair vengeance.
 As he sa said na ma wordis than he tald,
 Bot turnit his bak, and vp the gaist he zald.
 The Maister said, hes your grace done consaue,
 The sempill wordis thar to zow schawin I haue
 The Emprour said weill I persaue the care,
 That Galiene was killit by Pporras.
 To Pporras quhat hurt micht it haue bene,
 Duhat greit honour had cum to Galiene.
 The Maister said it micht be gude at all,
 Gif Pporras to seiknes had bene thzall.
 Than Galiene perchance micht found remeid
 And at that time he suld not sufferit deid.
 Chairfoir becaus him self be Ill Intent
 Killit and put down the verray Instrument
 Duhilk wald haue him supportit in this stes,
 Ze may persaue in God the greit gudnes,
 And richt Judgemēt, that sa dul maid his hart,
 That he culd not him self help be na Art.
 Chairfoir my Lord it is euin sic ane cace.
 Betuir your sone and your awin Nobill grace
 And gif your sone for your wifes word ze fla
 Considdering weill ze wait ze haue na ma.
 Duhen he is deid, ze sall warie your weird,
 And wald be fane to scart him out of eird.
 Duhen ze ar auld and may not help your sell
 He will

He will zow help the treuth I to zow tell.
 Chairfoir giue not sic credence to zour Quene,
 Scho will dissaue zour grace quhen ze leist wene.
 Consider weill this is zour secund wife,
 Ze may haue ma Induring zit zour life.
 Amang thame all zit ze sall neuer haue
 Sa wise ane Sone nane of thame sall consaue
 Sa verteous in wit dois mair p̄cell,
 And in zour eild will saue zow fra perrell.
 The Empreour said, for that ze tell to me,
 Surelie this day my Sone he sall not die.
 Bot I persaue and wonder weill dois mark,
 That women bene richt craftie in thair wark.
 And richt subtell for to tyist ony man,
 As thay think gude, bot not the les quhat than.
 For my awin saik this day he sall not die,
 Quhen I haue neid I wait he will help me.
 The Maister said, I thank zour nobill grace,
 Sa tuik his leif and past hame to his place.
 ¶ Quhen that this taill was tald to the Empres
 Gif scho was blyith the auditouris may ges.
 Scho schew hir self in minde Impatient,
 All that hir saw, beleuit that scho had went
 Dwyte out of minde, and as ane bodie mad,
 And hir syue wittis clene tynt away scho had.
 All that hir saw had pietie of hir cheir,
 Scho schoutit sa, that all the place micht heir
 Sum of the Lordis to the Empreour can ga
 And schew to him that it stude with hir sa.
 Thay said my Lord without ze find remeid,
 Zour Emprice will hir awin self put to deid.
 Quhome to he past, and speirit at hir quhairfoir
 Euerie day ze murne ay moir and moir.

Scho said my Lord I meruell in ane part,
 That I birst not, and in twa bzekis my hart.
 I knaw I am the dochter of ane King,
 And than your wife, quhilk is ane greiter thing
 In all my dayis sufferit I not sic schame,
 As I haue done, sen I come to your hame.
 And euer mair ye prouneis me ane mendis,
 And as ye do, God and the world it kendis.
 The Emperour said I wait not quhat to do,
 Nor to quhat side is best to turne me to.
 For day be day ye seik my Sonnis deid,
 And his Maisteris, thair of thay seik remeid.
 He is my Sone, that I beleue and knaw,
 Bot I can not the veritie zit schaw:
 Quhiddir I sall to you gif mair credence,
 Than the Maisteris with all thair greit science
 Ye tell ane taill quhilk I think gude and fair,
 And thay ane vther, to youris is plat contrair.
 The Emprice said that this is the verray thing
 That troubillis my hart, & causis my murning
 Becaus ye gif thame ay the mair credence,
 And to thair taill takis greiter attendence,
 Nor to my taill, quhilk tellis the veritie,
 Quhilk ye sall sair repent zit or ye die.
 And in few dayis ye will get sic rewaird,
 As did ane King ressaue fra his Steward.
 The Emperour said, than tell me that taill sone
 Perchance your will thairafter may be done.
 Scho said I sall begin with diligence,
 Bot I pray you to gif me audience.
 With peirt visage and countenance richt haill,
 On this fassoun began to tell hir taill.
 Zit or scho get of hir taill audience,

Sum

Sum we will say of the last taill past hence.

MORALITAS.

ZE may persaue now heir expres
Of women the greit brukilnes,
And of thair kynde the kittilnes, and scho ane Quene
Wir awin preuitie did confes, to Galiene.

At schort to him hir mynde hes schawin
Ane King scho hauing of hir awin
Ane ither tuik bot laillie knawin, and of the new
Bot mony sic draughts thay haue drawin, that few men knew

For ane time scho mon he excusit
Perauenture scho will not vse it,
As now scho sall not be excusit, I say for me,
Euin as ze find the furde sa ruse it, quhat euer ze be.

And let sic quyet paukis ouir pas
And sum thing say of Ppocras
That sa full of Druy he was, but caus or quhy
Galiene he slew that was sa trew, throw pure Druy.

Ppocras clene I discommend
Euer in hart for to pretend
Sa far to Galiene offend, as him to sla
Bot he repentit at his end, that he did sa.

The principall caus heirof find I
That Ppocras had sa greit Druy
At Galiene, this was the quhy, that Galiene was
Mair firme and stabill, in craft mair abill, nor Ppocras.

Ppocras suld haue had plesour
That Galiene gat onphour
For he was Galienes Doctour, thairfoir say I
He suld haue borne to him fauour, and not Druy.

Bot God of his greit Equitie
Wald not thoill sic unpuneist be
Quhen Ppocras was in point to die, all his cunning
Culd not than help him worth ane fle, at his ending.

M. iiij.

He said had Gallene bene leuand,
 He culd haue helpit him fra hand,
 Bot he wist weill it was the wand, that God had send
 Him sic distres, and greit seiknes, that nane culd mend,

The hīd Inuy and greit haitrent,
 That he had to this Innocent
 Culd not eschew the punischment, of heuin sa hie
 Gude Schirs lay by all hīd Inuy, keip cheritie.

Inuy and cheritie ar contrair
 Thay can not in ane place repair
 Quhair cheritie is, ay God is thair, withouttin faill
 Inuy was, and is euer mair, with breif and baill.

It is the fountaine and the flude
 Of schedding of all Innocent blude,
 And is contrair to all gude, and is the rute
 Inuy thairfoir sall neuer gloir, of Joy the frute.

Agustine descriues Inuy to be
 A man to haue sturt Inwartlie
 Of his Richtbouris Felicitie, withouttin caus
 The quhilk is contrair cheritie, and Goddis Lawis.

Doctouris wrytes thair is ane hill
 Callit Athnay, that ay byrnis still
 In flame of fyre and neuer will, he quencht out,
 And zit thay say it dois na ill, to ground about.

Quhilk hill cunning men dois compar
 To ane man that leuis euermair
 In sturt, Inuy, anger and cair, continuallie
 In fyrie fumes, himself consumes, ay Inwartlie.

Inuyfull men comparit may be
 To ane Lipros man trewlie,
 He wald all men war seik as he, euin sa the Deuill
 Wald nane war gude, nor zit weill lude, caus he is euill.

Thairfoir my Lords and reldaris all,
 Tuitching this point I cry and call
 Se to Inuy ze be not thrall, for ocht may be,
 For the greit Lord Celestiall, is cheritie.

¶Ane

¶ Ane laude and praise to the Fyft Doctour.

PRVDENT, perfyte, expert Philosophour,
Honour and praise be to the ding Doctour
That hes ourput this day sa perellous
With thy sweit talk befoir the Empreour
Quba kendillit was in fell fyrie furour
Contrair his Sone in mynde malitious,
Be entysing of his wyfe vennemous,
But thow fra him with fair wordis and fauour
Hes purchest grace, quhill tyme mair prosperous.

¶ Inuidia diaboli mors intrauit in orbem. Sapi. 2.

¶ The Sext Tail of the Emprice.

BEfoir this time thair was ane michtie King
Prydefull in hart, and proud abone all thing
He was sa heich and prydefull in his thocht,
All vther men he set thame clene at nocht.
This King he thocht all Rome for to destroy,
The Romanis sla, and efter to conuoy
To his Kingdome, the deid banis of thir two,
Peter and Paull, with mony Relicks mo.
To waist that toun, and put it all to sack,
Bot his purpois was sum thing put abak.
Intill his face was sa disfigurait,
In sic ane sort, that euerie kinde of stait,
Abhorrit sa, his vglum foull visage,
That nane couet to tuitche his personage.
Sa handillit was with sic Infirmitie,
With Lippernes, ane fouller nane culd be.
Zit his nature rais on him with sic rage,
To haue women he gaue ane greit curage.
Sa callit he his Steward quyetlie,
And schew to him his counsall secreitlie.
Saying my freind, this thing I wil zow schaw
All women kinde abhorris me as ze knaw,

That I can get of thame na companie,
 Quhilk gif I had, war greit plesure to me.
 He said my Lord and pleis your Nobill grace,
 Howbeit ze be defozmit in the face:
 Ze haue aneuch of gude money and gold,
 For to conduce the fairest on the Hold.
 Chairfoir I say ze neid not in na sort
 Of fair women to want the greit comfort.
 Than said the King se for na coist ze spair,
 To get me ane that is brycht fresche and fair:
 Howbeit ze gif ane thousand Crownes thairfoir
 And oz I want ze sall gif mekill moir.
 The Stewart said I sall do that I may,
 To fill your will, and sa he come his way.
 Thinking in minde blindit with couetise
 Thir thousand Crowns may I get on this wise
 Min to my sell, and to my wife alone,
 And sa hamewart to his wife is he gone.
 Duha was richt fair, bowsum with all bewtie,
 Verteous and gude, richt plesand for to se,
 Prudent, persite, with countenance richt glaid,
 With couetous hart to hir thir wordis he said.
 O my gude wife, my Souerane Lord the King
 Hes chargeit me with ane richt secreit thing:
 To haue women he is richt couetous,
 At his plesure, and wonder desirous.
 Quhilkis for na coist he sayis he will not want,
 And charges me ane thousand Crowns to grant
 To ony persoun that will the same ressaue,
 Bot for ane nicht with him hir for to haue.
 Chairfoir in minde my self I haue compest,
 Betuir vs twa, I think this be the best
 The thousand Crowns to purches to our sell,

Sa

Sa ze will vse, and follow my counsell.
Scho said gude Schir your counsell I will do
Sa to na sin nor schame it turne me to.
He said ze sall pas to the Kingis bed,
Quhilk is with silk and claith of gold ouerspred
And thair all nicht ly with him quyetlie,
At his plesure, as he thinkis best to be.
That it is ze, thair is na man sall ken,
Bot I alone, the quhilk abone all men
Suld saif your schame and als your honestie,
Thairfoir as schame to zow it can not be.
Allace scho sayis gude Schir is that your will,
By your bodie, my womanheid to spill:
With ane Lipper, and sa deformit in face,
Schir change your minde for him that gaue all
I wait it is nouthir your thocht nor mind (grace
To sic ane deid my hart for to Inclind:
Bot me to preif, and to tempt my Intent,
Gif I thairto wald ony sort consent.
O my gude wife howbeit he Lipper be
And in the face deformit as ze se,
And foull of fiesche, and also foull of blude,
Zit than the gold is wonder sweit and gude.
Scho said agane my sweit husband perslaue
Howbeit the gold be gude and sweit to haue,
And thocht he war the clenest man thairout,
Maist fair of face, gentill, courtes and stout.
Wald ze that I committit sic ane sin,
Aganis my God, ony gold for to win?
I will not dude, thairfoir hald me excusit,
Charge me na mair, for heir quite I refuse it.
Quhome to he said with ane richt austreir lulk,
How purpois ze my companie to bzuk.

That thing I will to preis for to ganestand,
 Ze ar our peir to contrair my command,
 It is my will, and that same salbe done.
 Chairfoir mak zow that Ilk to compleis sone.
 Do ze it not, I vow betuir vs tway
 Sall neuer be ane blyth nor Joyfull day,
 Bot euer mair in chydng and in greif,
 Quhilk at the last will turne to ane mischeif.
 Knaw ze not weill to the Kirk quhen ze went,
 Ze swoir ze suld be ay obedient,
 To me alone, as wedlok vs declairis.
 Ze Schir scho said in all lefull effairis :
 Not displesing my maker King of Kingis,
 I will obey zow in all vther thingis.
 I zow command be vertew of that aith,
 Quhilk for to brek ze suld be wonder laith.
 Considdering it is my minde and will,
 Withouth ganesay my bidding ze fulfill.
 And to the same richt sone that ze consent
 Or I auow richt sair ze sall repent,
 In the mean time as he thir wordis schew,
 Out of his scheith his quhinzar furth he drew.
 Scho trimbling sair for greit dzeddour and feir
 Furth of that steid ane step scho durst not steir.
 Persauing weill his crueltie and boist,
 And in greit dout hir life for to be loist.
 The Impatience and the greit gredynes,
 The cruell minde and als the crabbitnes
 Of this Ill man this woman did attend,
 Quhilk in na sort nor fassoun culd amend.
 Scho was constrainit quhat for dzeddour & aw,
 For to consent to his command and saw.
 Scho said gude man zour bidding I mon do,
 Bot

Bot greit God knawis gif my will be thairto,
Bot I appeill fra all consent of sin,
That may follow, or in this race cum in.
And on your self all haill I lay the charge,
And befoir God thairof I me discharge.
Than the Stewart but ony tarying
Past in all haist and said vnto the King:
I haue you gottin ane woman richt famous,
Gentill, courtes, and cum of ane gude hous.
Fair and weill fauourit, richt plesand for to se,
And scho mon cum to you richt quyetlie:
Within the night scho mon cum lait at eine,
Bot me alone, with nane scho will be sene
Airlie at morne befoir the Sone ryling,
Fra you siclike scho mon mak departing.
For this scho will ane thousand Crownes haue,
And for payment bot me nane will scho craue,
Than said the King of that I am content,
As ye haue done thairto I weill consent.
Withouthin mair the Stewart he hes led
His awin spousit wife vnto the Kingis bed,
And with the key the dure he hes maid fast,
But ony noyis, and sa his way is past.
Airlie at morne in dawing of the day:
The Steward rais, and to the King can say,
My Souerane Lord & pleis your Nobill grace
It will be day within ane prettie space.
I think it gude that woman ye let go,
For I promise that your grace suld do so.
Than said the King this woman plesis me
Sa wonder weill as zit hir companie,
I will not want nouthir for gold nor geir,
This hour to cum I will not let hir steir.

Quhen he that hard, he was richt wonder wo
 And fra the dure with sorie hart did go,
 Within ane quhile but tary come agane,
 And to the King he said Schir for certane,
 The day is licht, and that woman present,
 And with the folk scho will be schamelie schent.
 And my promiseis to hir quyte I haue brokin.
 For not keiping to hir that I haue spokin.
 Than said the King, na way zit fall scho pas,
 For scho fall haue of me quhat scho will as.
 Chairfoir Stewart I say to zow in plane,
 So pas zour way and lok the dure agane.
 The Stewart than richt sorowfull in hart,
 Upon neid force to the dure did depart.
 Went vp and down, and wist not quhat to say,
 The Sone was heich, and weill gane of y^e day,
 He come agane and said vnto the King,
 It is twa houris efter the Sone ryling
 That woman will be schent withouttin dout,
 With all the folk and pepill heir about.
 The King answerit, nathing of him content,
 I zow command that ze zour self absent:
 Unto the time that I pleis for to rise,
 For vnrequyt ze haue me troublit thrise,
 And my plesure is with this companie.
 Chairfoir pas on, at this time let me be.
 The Stewartis hart gif it was than on steir,
 As I beleue thair neidis na man to speir.
 Zit not the les he culd not keip counsell,
 For all his wit he wald discerne him sell.
 Incontinent without maie anyling,
 With sorie hart he said vnto the King.
 O my gude Lord, I oppin to zow my hart,
 That

That Ilk woman ze will not thoill depart
 Withouth licence, scho is my weddit wife,
 Now in your hands lvis baith my deid and life.
 The king hard that, & thocht all was not richt
 Opinit windois and saw the fair day licht,
 Saw the woman quha was lustie in face,
 Ane word not spak ane Pater noster space,
 Sine saw it was euin as the Stewart said,
 Duhairof he was richt sozie and not glaid,
 Duhome to he said, O thow maist schamefull
 How durst thow be sa peirt me to dissaif. (knaif
 And me to caus thy wife for to abuse,
 Thy gredie hart thy self it sall confuse.
 Duby hes thow causit thy wife vnwillinglie
 Cum in my bed to me vnwittandlie.
 For ane small sowme of money and riches
 To schame thy self for thy greit gredynes.
 Knew thow not weill withouttin ony fabill,
 My maladie was euer Incurabill
 That was in the thow hes done I declair,
 Thy self, thy wife, to vndo euer mair.
 Chairfoir pas swyith in haist out of my sight,
 Nor in my realme that thow hyde not four nicht
 And fra hence furth gif euer I may the sie,
 Ane schamefull deid I auow thow sall die.
 Incontinent he past fra his presence,
 And neuer saw the King fra that time hence.
 Dwyte of his Realme fra thame he did him dres
 That Ilk rewaird he gat for gredynes.
 This being done, the King in all his dayis,
 Held vp this wife, as the historie sayis:
 In greit worschip, and gaue to hir zeirlie,
 Ane sowme of gold to keip hir honestlie.

Efter that time I do not find noz reid
 With this woman that he had actual deid.
 Sone efter this the King causit to conuene
 Ane greit armie all cled in armour clene.
 With greit puissance and nobill men of weir,
 In all effairis, as to thame culd effeir.
 And went to Rome mith greit power & micht
 To seige the same the gait thay held on richt.
 And sa thay did it seige on ather syde,
 That the Romanis durst not thairin abyde.
 He seigeit it still sa sad and wonder sair,
 That thay within micht it defend na mair.
 Sa at the last to ane counsall thay went,
 Thinking yai wald with y^t King tak pointment
 Quhilk was for till deliuer him at anis
 Of Peter and Paull the blis bodie and banis,
 Quhilk was the caus of his greit erand thair
 For to obtene the same withouttin mair.
 In the Cietie than thair was still present
 Seuin wise Maisteris that had the Regiment,
 Of all the toun, and nathing by thame done,
 Airlie at mozne, at euin noz zit at none.
 And to thir seuin the Cietizanis come to,
 And said Maisteris greit thing we haue ado.
 We ar compellit be force of zone armie
 For to gif ouir and rander the Cietie
 Unto thir folkis quhilk ar our enemeis,
 Or ellis for to deliuer the bodeis:
 Of gude Peter, and Paull his halie brother,
 On force we mon the ane do or the vther.
 The first Maister agane to thame he said,
 My gude nichtbouris tak na feir bot be glaid.
 As for this day the Cietie I sall saue,

With

With the wisdom and cunning that I haue.
 The secund said, the nixt day fallis me,
 Fra enemies for to keip the Cietie,
 With my wisdom, and als my cleir cunning,
 For all the strenth of zone greit puissant King.
 Sa did the thrid, and fourt withouttin dout,
 The fyft, the sext, richt sa the seuint all out.
 In like maner as thir seuin Maisters now,
 Unto your Sone hes promiseit do with zow.
 In this meane time the King causit his Armie
 Lay ane assault about the greit Cietie.
 With sic awfull and cruell Bunitioun,
 Quhill thay war like for to obtene the toun.
 The first Maister than he come to the King,
 And with him fell in talk and commoning.
 And talkit sa in sic maner and wise,
 As for that day he gart his Armie rise.
 And fra the toun the Seige abak he drew,
 As for that day na maie thay did perlew.
 Bot on the morne the Seige agane thay laid,
 The nixt Maister past to the King and said
 In like maner as the vther befoir,
 And fra that day thay seigeit the toun no moir.
 Sa did thay all, quhill it come to the last,
 On the seuint day thay seigeit the toun sa fast,
 It was beleuit the same thay wald obtene,
 Than all the toun togidder did conuene.
 All in ane voice to the seuint Maister said,
 About the toun sa strang ane seige is laid,
 That we beleue nathing bot cruell deid.
 Without that ze find sum help and remeid:
 Conforme to the sayingsis ze said but dout,
 That was Ilk ane to saif your day about.

And we ar all Informit of suretie,
 The King hes maid his aith solempnitlie,
 He sall not rais his seige nor Bunitioun,
 Unto the time that he obtene the toun.
 To zow Maister now we can say no moir,
 We wald ze did as zour fellowis befoir.
 Quhome to he said, my freindis tak ze na feir,
 Be of comfort, and Ilk ane mak gude cheir.
 The mozne sall I with my wark and cunning
 Skaill all zone hoist, and also fray the King.
 He salbe fane for all his greit puissance,
 To pas away with his greit Ordinance.
 Thay went thair way, & na mair tuik in thocht
 Bot all meruellit how sic thing culd be wrocht.
 The mozne airlie the seige was confirmit,
 To haue the toun also the King determit.
 This seuint Maister to his Chalmer he went,
 And cled him in ane nice abilzement.
 As Parock taillis, and fedderis of all kin hew.
 Part reid, part quhite, part zallow grene & blew
 Ane bricht drawin sword he tuik in euerie hand
 On ane Towze heid he past vp for to stand.
 Quhilk was maist heich of all the haill Cietie,
 Formentis the hoist, that thay micht all him se.
 The twa bricht swordis into his mouth he tuik
 The same schynand, vpon the armie schuik.
 Quhilis turnis eist, and vther quhilis west.
 Quhyls south, quhyls north, quhair yai micht se
 The schinad swordis aganis y^e sone sa blēt (hi best
 With his cleithing and strange abilzement.
 Thay in the hoist richt weill and cleirly saw,
 Bot quhat it was na man of thame did knaw.
 All the greit Lordis quhen thay beheld sic thing,
 Half

Half in effray thay past all to the King:
 And said O Lord, behald vpon zone Towre
 We se this day ane wonderfull figour.
 Than said the King the same I do persaue,
 Bot quhat it is, na knowledge I can haue.
 Thay said we know quhat thing it is but dout
 It is Iesus down of the heuin come out:
 Quhilk is the God of all zone Christin folk,
 And knowis richt weill how that we do prouok
 His awsum Ire, and how we do pretend
 To sla his folk, the quhilk he will defend.
 Zone samin swords that ze se schining sa,
 Thay signifie Ilk ane thay will vs sla,
 Sif we langer into this feild abyde,
 Our counsall is thairfoir hame that we ryde.
 The King heiring trimblit for verray feir,
 Gart rais his hoist and all his men of weir:
 And said it is better in time we fle,
 Noz zone thair God with his swords gart vs die
 Than all the hoist in haist thay maid the hame
 Frayit without caus, w^t mekill scozne & schame
 Howbeit to fle na perrell was noz neid,
 Bot all dissait be the Maisteris fals deid.
 Quhen the Romanis persautit the Armie fle,
 Ilk ane thay Ischit, and past of the Cietie.
 With manlie hart and gudelie countenance,
 Followit the King for all his Ordinance.
 Slew and destroyit all that thay plesit that day
 And quhome thay list captiue pai brocht away
 And sa the King and all his greit Armie
 Brocht was to ground be the greit subteltie
 Of this Maister, quha wrocht all be dissait,
 That with power na maner culd debait.

The Emprice than said to the Emprour
 This taill I tald it is vnder cullour.
 Bot wald greit God this taill ze vnderstude.
 He said Madame, I think it wonder gude.
 In the first end (quod scho) I wait ze hard,
 What I zow tald of the gredie Steward:
 That the King trowit asweill as his awin life,
 And zit for gold he sauld his weddit wife.
 And als him self was baneist the countrie,
 Becaus the King fand him sa fals and lye.
 In like maner zour Sone for the desire
 And appetite he hes to the Impire.
 Now day be day it is his minde and thocht,
 Zow to destroy, and bring zow vnto nocht.
 Bot now sa lang as ze ar in zour micht,
 Do as the King did with the Stewart richt.
 If ze purpois not to sla him fra hand
 Than baneis him, and als manesweir the land
 That ze and I quhilk is zour weddit wife,
 In time cūning that we may leid our life:
 Also ze hard how the King lay at Rome,
 To win the same how that he did presume,
 And was mockit be the Maisters in plane,
 He and his folkis war all put down and flane.
 Zour seuin Maisters into the samin wise,
 Intendis ay to siclike Interprise.
 With thair fals taillis at end will zow dissaue,
 That zour fals sone all the Impire may haue.
 The Emprour said be na way that salbe,
 The mozne be time he sall not faill to die.
 Incontinent he callit on his seruandis,
 And to thame all he gaue sic strait commandis,
 That on the mozne without Impediment,

On

On the Gallous but faill his Sone to schent.
This word beline past out throu all the toun,
Duhairat mony maid lamentatioun,
That the Empeour for the wordis of his wife
Fra his ane Sone suld with schame tak the life.
The sere Maister hard tell of this effray,
Lap on his hors withouttin mair delay.
Poistit fra hand vnto the Empeour,
And haillit him with reuerence and honour.
Duba tuik the same verray vntthankfullie,
And said he seruit at his hand for to die,
And als his Sone quhome y^t yai had maid dum
Thay war ouir peirt in his presence to cum.
The Maister said I serue not for to die,
Nor zit your Sone, knew ze the veritie.
That he is dum quhair ze alledge and sayis,
Of that the treuth ze sall know in few dayis.
Gif ze him fla for it your wife can tell,
Of your wisdom than I haue greit meruell.
And without dout it sall zow happin richt
As it happinnit sum time vnto ane Knicht.
To his wifes sawis gaue sic fidelitie,
That he was drawin out throu the haill Cietie
At ane hors taill, and hangit like ane theif,
His wifes sawis brocht him to sic mischeif.
The Empeour said I pray the tell that taill,
The Maister said Schir that I sall not faill.
Sa ze will caus your Sone to cum agane,
And for this day ze let him not be flane.
Incontinent the Empeour gaue command,
To the presoun to leid his Sone fra hand.
And sa was done, the Maister than but mair,
To tell his taill began this to declair.

The Doctouris taill farthermair oꝝ we heir,
Sum morall sence of the last let vs leir.

¶MORALITAS.

THIS prydefull King, he culd not King
With measure and humilitie
He was sa proude, he thocht name coude
Compair to him thair micht not be.
The Lord of aw, persauit and saw,
That his hart was sa proude and hie
He wald correct, him and Infect,
With plague and greit Infirmitie.

Quhair thair is pryde, grace can not hyde,
Out of that rowme belue he rinnis
Intill all haist, as he war chaist,
To lawlpnes to seik ane Innis.
The bricht Angell, for pryde he fell,
In hell zit still in paine ay winnis,
I say zow all, that man sall fall
His wark with pryde alway beginnis.

The wise man wrytes, quhair he Indytes
All beginning of Ill is pryde,
And mony ma sayis euin richt sa,
Into thair wrytings dois not hyde,
Chairfoir the Lord, na way will cord
Quhair pryde hes credence for to gyde
I zow declair, he scourges sair
For quhair pryde is God will not hyde.

Of his Iustice, sic wickit vice,
He will not thoill unpuneist be,
Be battell best, weir or wanrest
Sum perrellous plague or pouertie
Hounger and skant, fude for to want
Infectit with Infirmitie
Chairfoir he pryde all time and tyde,
And hald zow with humilitie.

Als in this taill, withouttin faill,
Greit couetice ze may persaue

The fals

The fals Stewart, that fand the Art
 The King him self and wyfe disclaue,
 Bot on him sell, the sorrow fell,
 He was worthie the same to haue
 To be exylit, that King begylit,
 I say for me he playit the knaue.

That his awin wyfe, first split hir lyfe,
 And spne hir saull with deidlie sin,
 Fy Stewart fy, was that thy quhy,
 Sa fulischlie geir for to win
 With couetice, and auarice,
 At sic ane fals gait to begin
 For gredynes to win riches,
 Our mony to the Deuill wald rin.

We commoun thift, sum makis thair schift,
 In this warld quhill thair lyfe be endit,
 To pluk the pure thay tak na cure,
 Quha hes na power to defend it.
 Sum reifis and ruggis, sum drawis and druggis,
 And purpois neuer to amend it,
 Bot quhen its win, few of your kin,
 For zit your self perchance sall spend it.

Sa couetous, and desyrous
 This Stewart was gold for to win,
 He cairit nocht, for to haue brocht
 His wyfe to schame and deidly sin.
 Quhiddir he gat it, or nocht few wait it
 For fra he and the King did twine
 In deid I trow, to lay to zow,
 He had ane bthir wob to spin.

We chargeit was, suith for to pas
 Out of the Realme or be confound
 His awin fallit, snairit him in net,
 His deid till himself did redound.
 Bot quha wald mak ane happy pak
 Se fallit thairin be not found
 Lawtie and licht, schawis ay the richt,
 On gredynes mak not your ground.

¶ Auaritia est inordinatus amor habendi, tullius.

N. iiij.

As to this King that lay seiging,
 And was sa frapit for Jacok taillis,
 And twa bricht swordis, with sum baine wordis.
 Without mair skaith his armie skaillis,
 His Camp to rais, and saw few fais,
 I think thay war bot snissland snailis
 The Potingair takis lytill cair
 To cure the man that nathing ailis.

Ane King suld ay, at sic assay
 Haue ane sad counsall him helyde,
 Perchance ane fray may mak him pray
 And gar him fle quhen he suld hyde,
 Dast baniteis, groundit with leis,
 At all times he suld let ouirflyde
 Be circumspek, and in his nek
 Ay haue ane Cy all time and tyde.

Waistie credence dois greit offence,
 Gif it be in ane Conquerour,
 Richt weill suld he, auisit be,
 To euerie taill to giue answer.
 Intreit his Lordis, as weill accordis
 Than thay will serue him with honour
 With blyith visage, gar pay his wage,
 He sall triumphe and be victour.

Had he sa done, not half sa some
 He had not bene sa lichtlie chaist
 Bot the Doctour, vpon the Towre
 Maid him out of his mynde amaisst.
 Captaines and Kingis tent to sic thingis
 To all trattillis ze giue na traist,
 For gif ze do, it will cum to,
 As to the King that saw the Gaist.

¶ Ane reproche to the Emprice.

G Omorras graceles gyde, and Sodomes schameles feid,
 Thow Beliallis bitrer byrd, baith fals in word and deid.
 Thy boist thow blawis on breid, fall not saif thee I say,
 Thy ers brint in ane gleid, I think to se sum day,
 Thow fall not sa away, thow commoun curst Cowclink
 Trowis thow to chaip nay, nay, I rather neuer drink.

¶ The

¶ The Taill of the Sext Maister.

VPON ane time thair was in Romes toun
 Ane Empreour of greit micht and Renoun,
 Quha had greit Kingis into his companie,
 Lordis, Barrounis, Knights, of greit Nobilitie
 Doing seruice as culd thame best effeir.
 Sum for pastime, and sum to stuf his weir.
 He had thre Knights quhome he lude ouir y^e laif
 In all effairis mair credence to thame gais.
 Ane vther Knight thair was in the Cietie,
 That had weddit ane lustie gay Ladie,
 As ze haue done, your Princes and your wife
 Quhome he lusit asweill as his awin life.
 This Lady culd mak mirrie sing and dance,
 In companie scho culd mak gude pastance.
 Wantoun young men euin for that samin caus,
 To hir ludgeing all time of day scho drawis.
 And at all times scho sang sa wonder sweit,
 That euerie man that past vpon the streit:
 Had greit plesure of hir dulce melodie,
 And causit ilk man couet hir companie.
 Scho sang sa sweit, sa curious and cleir,
 All had delite hir singing for to heir.
 And sa come by ane of the Knichtis thre,
 That the Empreour lusit sa Inwartlie.
 And hard hir sing with voice sa curious,
 Crowit weill scho was ane Lady amorous.
 He blent about, and saw quhair that scho set,
 Incontinent he was tane in the net:
 Of lusis rage, and of the Lady fair
 Euin still he stude, and past na farther mair,
 Quhill time he gat into hir hous entrie,
 And for ane time bure thair gude companie.

Sa at the last he fell in commoning
 With this Lady, of lufe and sic talking.
 Sa Inwartlie at hir he did Inquire,
 What scho wald haue and fulfill his desire,
 And sleip with him bot the space of ane night.
 Scho askit him ane hundreth Florens brycht.
 He said Lady I will giue zow na les,
 Schaw me the time quhen I thairto sall dres.
 Scho said gude Schir at time conuenient,
 Quhen I think time ze salbe efter sent.
 Sa Instantlie that night he did depart,
 And of his tryist was wonder blyith in hart.
 Beleuing sure that scho suld for him send,
 Bot small he knew how all wald cum to end.
 Sa on the morne scho sang into hir bour,
 Come the nixt Knicht pertent the Empreour,
 Saw this Lady, and hard hir voice sa sweet,
 Tuik greit langour quhill he culd with hir meit
 And sa he did, and schew to hir his minde,
 Unto the quhill scho was richt weill Inclinde,
 Quha promeisit hir of gude Florens fyue scoir.
 Scho said gude Schir of zow I ask no moir.
 He said Lady quhen sall I traist heirto.
 Ane gude dew time I sall prouyde (quod scho)
 Sa he as than departit mirrelie,
 Traisting his tryist in all thing weill suld be.
 On the thrid day the thrid Knicht in like wise,
 Come by hir hous, and the same Interpryse:
 He tuik on hand, and hecht to this Lady
 Fyue scoir Florens of him suld haue reddo,
 For to performe and satisfie his will,
 Scho was content, and grantit weill thairtill.
 Quhen sall I cum (quod he) I wald ze schew.
 I sall

I sall send word (quod scho) as I am trew.
Sa all thir thre had gottin hir consent,
Bot nane of thame knew zit vtheris Intent.
Than this Lady of all malice repleit,
To hir husband scho said into secreit.
Secreit maters I haue to zow till schaw,
Bot ze alone na persoun sall it knaw.
And gif ze will the samin tak on hand,
For greit profite to vs baith it will stand.
And will releif vs of all pouertie,
In time cūming, and leif in honestie.
He said gude dame I can weill keip counsell,
Of ony thing that ze will to me tell.
To keip counsell it pertenis to ane man.
Bot be contrair, thair is na woman can.
Of thair counsell I reid anis in ane taill,
It is comparit to butter into Caill.
Zit not the les the suith gif ze will schaw,
Quhat euer it be, thair is na man sall knaw.
Quod scho it is ane thing of veritie,
That may vs hald ay into honestie.
Schaw me (said he) and I sall keip counsell,
Of all secreitis that ze will to me tell.
At my power the same I sall fulfill:
Thairfor schaw furth gif that it be zour will.
Quod scho gude schir pair hes bene Knichts thre
Heir diuers times desiring lufe of me,
And promeis me but dout ane gude propine,
Ilk ane of thame syue scoir of florens fine.
At sundrie times Ilk ane come quietlie,
Not ane knowing of vthers preuitie:
Culd we this gold vnknowin get in our hand,
Into greit steid but dout it suld vs stand.

Chan said the Knicht dame ze say veritie,
 Bot of gude zeill tell on how can that be.
 Scho said gude Schir my counsall ze sall heir,
 How ze sall do, the way I sall zow leir.
 I pzoomeist thame euerie man be him sell,
 Quhen thay sall cum, the time I suld thame tell,
 In the same time at the zet ze sall stand,
 Richt quietlie with zour drawin sword in hand
 And quhen thay cum into thair ozdour sa,
 Ze sall not faill all thze thame for to sla.
 Sa thze hunder Flozens we sall obtene,
 And nane sall knaw, noz zit the Knichts be sene.
 Quhome to he said, O my belouit wife,
 Suld I for gold reif ony man his life?
 To do sic thing of God I stand sic aw,
 And als it is contrair the Kingis Law.
 And I dout not gif sic ane thing war done,
 Withouthin dout it suld be knawin sone.
 Quod scho feir not, the deid I tak on hand,
 To end it furth peirtlie thair at sall stand.
 And quhen he hard the taill than that scho tald,
 It maid the man maie hardie and bald.
 Sa be counsall of this Ill wifes Intent,
 Scho causit this Knicht to that slauchter consēt
 This Ill woman quhen cūmin was the nicht,
 Incontinent scho send for the first Knicht.
 But maie abaie vnto the zet come he,
 As he thocht best, knokit richt quyetlie.
 Chan answerit scho, and at him can scho speir,
 Haue ze not brocht the hundzeth Flozens heir?
 But dout (said he) I haue thame heir present,
 Chan scho vndid the zet Incontinent.
 As he come in, and enterit at the zet,

Chan

Than hir husband sic ane strak on him set,
 Without maie talk, bot schoztlie with his sword
 Gaue him sic wappis that he spak neuer word.
 With the secund he did the samin gise,
 And with the thrid he plaid on the same wise.
 To ane secreit Chalmer thair bodeis drew,
 That nane suld knaw that he ony man flew.
 Than said he dame gif thair bodeis be found
 Within this place, or zit within this ground.
 It sall not faill bot we thairfoir sall die
 The maist vyle deid that can Imaginit be.
 Thay will be mist into the Court but dout,
 And will be socht in all thir partis about.
 Scho said gude Schir, this wark first I began
 To end that Ilk richt wonder weill I can.
 My Joy feir not, as I said zow befoir,
 For I can dres sic thing and it war moir.
 This Lady had into the same Cietie,
 Ane gentill man, and hir brother was he:
 Dubilk in the toun the gyding had to keip,
 Duir all the watche, that thay na way suld sleip
 Sa on ane nicht as he past throu the streit,
 At hir awin zet hir brother culd scho meit.
 Ane secreit thing (quod scho) my deir brother,
 I mon zow schaw, as now to nane vther.
 Than enterit he and the Knicht hir husband,
 Welcūmit him weill, and tuik him be the hand
 Talkit at lenth and mirrelie drank the wine,
 And than the Knicht said to hir brother fine,
 Brother (said he) richt hartlie I Inquire,
 Of zour counsall richt greitlie I desire
 To haue the same, for thairof I haue neid.
 Hir brother said, trewlie sa God me speid,

At my power, my counsell and gude thocht,
 Ze sall not want, and thairin dout ze nocht.
 Scho said brother this is the verray case,
 Yisterday last thair come vnto our place,
 Unkend be vs, ane honest nobill Knicht.
 Quhome we Intreitit the best maner we micht,
 And sa be chance he fell in argument
 Quhairat my husband stude nathing content.
 At last he ran sa heich in vilanie,
 Quhat wald ze mair my husband gart him die.
 And still he lvis into ane Chalmer hid,
 To na persoun as zit is knawin nor kid.
 And we haue nane to do for vs as now
 This greit mater for to conuoy bot zow.
 If he be found with vs as chance may be,
 It will not faill, but dout we will baith die.
 And sa scho maid bot mentioun of ane Knicht,
 Not schawing him the veritie nor richt,
 Hir brother said deliuer him to me,
 I sall him beir in ane sek to the se.
 Scho heiring that was woder blyith and glaid
 Deliuerit him the deid Knicht as scho said.
 And the hie gait to the sey he is past
 With the deid Knicht, and thairin did him cast.
 This being done, to his sister he said,
 Ze ar now quyte of zone thairfoir be glaid.
 As ze desir it this mater now is drest,
 Now fill the wine let vs drink of the best.
 That sall ze haue (quod scho) with mirrie cheir,
 With all our hartis the best that we haue heir.
 To the Chalmer in all haist past scho sine,
 As it had bene for to haue brocht him wine.
 And than begouth with ane loud voice to cry,
 O deir

O deir brother richt wonder frayit am I
The same Ilk Knicht that ze kest in the se,
In our Chalmer agane is cum to me.
Than hir brother thair of had greit meruell,
Quhen that he hard his sister sa him tell.
And I traist that thair can not be sic thing,
Zit not the les agane to me him bring.
I sall him put he sall not cum agane,
Bot still for ay I wait he sall remane.
He band him fast vnto ane vther sek,
With ane greit stane hingand about his nek.
The nixt Knicht tuik, beleuing that it was
The first deid Knicht and to the sey can pas,
Upon his bak, the hie gait makis richt.
And thair but maie castis in the secund Knicht.
Than come he hame to his sister and said,
Na maie ze sall with zone Knicht be affraid:
For he is cast into the sey sa far,
That weill I wait he sall neuer cum nar,
Thairfoir fill wine, and let vs drink about,
For of zone Knicht I put zow out of dout.
To hir Chalmer to fetch wine scho did fane,
With ane loud voice scho cryit frayitlie agane.
O my brother the Knicht I say zow sure,
Quhome ze did drowne, is in my Chalmer sure
No be to me, I wait not quhat to say,
For be na meane he will not hyde away.
The brother hard, and said quhat deuill is this
That verray Knicht he is sum witche I wis
I haue him drownit twa sindrie times but dout
And ay agane of the sey cumis out.
Zit the thrid time deliuer him to me,
And I na maie sall cast him in the se:

Bot I sall burne his banis into ane fire.
 Brother (said scho) that same thing I desire.
 Than scho deliuerit the last Knicht of the thre,
 And he beleuit it was the first trowlie,
 Sa the thrid Knicht away with him hes tane
 Knawing nathing bot all thre had bene ane.
 Without the toun ane myle fra the Cietie,
 In ane Forest a greit fire biggit he,
 And the thrid Knicht thairin he kest to burne,
 Beleuing weill he had done ane gude turne
 That put away the verray Instrument
 That was abill his sister to haue schent.
 This deid Knicht bzint, that vther did him speid
 As becūmis all, to do his naturall deid.
 Up fra the fire he past ane bowschot space
 Into the wod to do sic besines.
 And sa it chancit that samin verray nicht,
 Come throw the wod rydand ane vther Knicht,
 Quhilk had ane tryist the mozne in the Cietie,
 At ane Justing thair him behude to be.
 For werynes was baith houngrie and cald.
 He blent about, and the fire culd behald.
 Him to refresche hidder he raid thairto,
 Bot he wist not quhat had bene thair ado.
 He lichtit down, knit his hors to ane tre,
 And to the fire Incontinent past he,
 To warme his hands, and to comfort his cozs,
 And for ane quhile to rest his tyrit hors.
 Than the same knicht that was y^e womans bro-
 Come to the fire agane and saw ane vther (ther
 Stand at the fire, quhome to he said in hy,
 Quhat may thow be, he said ane Knicht am I.
 Quod he agane I wait thow art na Knicht,
 Thow

Thow art ane deuill, that weill I wait full richt
 Twise I the drownit, the first time in ane sek,
 The secund time ane greit stane at thy nek.
 And now thzidlie, I bzint the in this fire,
 And zit to leif me think thow will not tire.
 War thow the deuill, and als the deuillis dam
 Or I war cūmerit with the sa as I am,
 I rather burne the ten times in ane fire,
 Thy hoꝝ thy self, baith bowk banis and lire.
 As he sa said, in his armes he him tuik,
 In middis the fire he kest him in the smuik.
 And sine his hoꝝ abone him also kest,
 Sa bzint thame baith or euer he tuik rest.
 To his sister than cum he hame agane,
 Quhat him betid he tald to hir in plane.
 Fill the best wine (quod he) and spair it nocht
 For without dout richt deir I haue it bocht.
 Efter in the fire that I had bzint him anis,
 Incontinent he standis vp bowk and banis,
 Befoir the fire, and his hoꝝ him beside,
 Quhat deuill (said I) me think thow schaipis to
 Sa in the fire I kest him hoꝝ and all, (ride
 All this sister said he chancit me befall.
 Than in hir minde scho knew Incontinent,
 That he had bzint ane Knicht of toznamenent.
 Zit not the les scho bzocht him the best wine,
 Drank mirrelie, and sa past his way sine.
 Not lang efter this wife and hir awin Knicht
 Fell in debait, be chance vpon ane nicht.
 And scho him gaue sum woꝝdis outrageous,
 Hie and haltand, and verray dispittous.
 Quhairthow he grew at hir in matalent,
 Twa stripis or thze, till hir sa hes he lent.

O. j.

Than said this wife theif wil thow murther me
 As thow hes done the Emprouris Knichts thre
 Thow seruis weill to be hangit and drawin,
 Gif sic thing war vnto our nichtbouris knawin.
 Nichtbouris about thir cruell wordis did heir
 The rumour rais, the folkis grew all in feir.
 Word went fra hand vnto the Emprour,
 Thay war send for but ony delatour.
 Duha was accusit for sic ane cruell crime,
 Sone scho confest the deid, the hour and time.
 How he murdrest the Emprour Knichts thre
 Within the nicht, into greit crueltie
 And how that thay spulzeit fra euerie Knicht,
 Fyue score Florens of gold that was sa bricht.
 And how that scho the mater first Inuentit,
 And how that he thairto first disassentit.
 Sa thay war baith condampnit be the Law,
 That officers at hors taillis suld thame draw:
 To the Gallous, out throw the haill Cietie,
 To thair greit schame, that ilk man nicht it se.
 On the Gallous thay war baith put to deid,
 As thay deseruit, but mercie or remeid.
 The Maister said vnto the Emprour
 Seruit thay not deid, y^t maid sa greit murthour
 The Emprour said that wife was wonder euil
 Be apperance was temptit with the deuill.
 Scho was the first the mater musit and bred,
 Siclike the first the samin gart out spred.
 The Maister said war fall cum to your sell,
 Sla ze your sone for your Ill wifes counsell.
 My sone (said he) for that now ze haue said,
 Thair fall na charge of deid be to him laid
 As for this day, thairfoir pas to your place.

The

The Maister said God saue your nobill grace,
 Sa tuik his leif, and with ane mirrie hart,
 To his awin hous, fra the Court did depart:

¶ When the Emprice of thir tythance hard tell
 Scho was maist like for to haue slane hir sell.

As ane wod wife come to the Emperour,
 Behald (said scho) ane woman of dolour.

Except that ze get me soner remeid,

I sall but dout my awin self put to deid.

I am sa schamit with the countrie about,

That I think schame of my Chalmer cum out

And na remeid quhat euer I do or say,

Bot with fals Caillis put of fra day to day,

For vpon you that sufferis sic ane thing,

Ze ar not worth to be Emperour or King.

Ze cure na schame, ze cure na warldis wonder

To haue me schamit, and your self put to vnder

And to be schamit & callit ane Emperours wife

I sall rather my self fall on my knife.

The pane of deid Induris bot half ane hour,

Bot euer mair schame sall degraid honour.

The Emperour said I pray God you defend,

That ze tak not sic ane unhappie end.

To tak in thocht your awin self for to fla,

Quhat euer ze do, I pray you do not sa.

And I pray God that I not causer be

Of sic mischance, nor sic aduersitie.

Bot will ze thoill and suffer ane schort quhile,

Your caus will cum to ane far better stile,

And your complaint will haue the better end

Your Just querrell euer I sall defend.

Quod scho agane, the end sall not be gude,

Baith you and me it sall vs baith exclude

O. ij.

Of this Impire, and put vs to confusioun,
 Zone sevin Maisters leidis zow in sic abus on.
 That it sall chance to zow heir efterwart,
 As it come to ane King and his Stewart.
 The Emperour said, I pray zow now but faill
 Of your gudnes to tell me furth that taill,
 Scho said my Lord to tell ane taill agane,
 Weill I persaue it will be bot in vane:
 For the nixt day the seuint Maister will cum,
 And tell ane taill to saif your sone thats dum.
 And help him as his fellowis did befoir,
 Fra thay haue done, ze will heir me no moir.
 On the aucht day than sall your awin sone cum
 And tell his taill quhilk this lang time was dū
 To quhais talking ze sall giue sic plesour,
 That I salbe put furth of your memour.
 And the greit lufe betuir vs twa hes bene,
 In time cūming now salbe forzet clene.
 The Emperour said sic ane thing can not be,
 Withouth ze serue the same vntwittand me.
 Quhilk I beleue was neuer in your thocht,
 Chairfoir as zit sic thing trow will I nocht.
 The Emperice said, than I sall tell my taill,
 Quhilk to your grace it sall greitlie auail.
 And caus zow fra greit perrellis eschew
 Quhilk I persaue is ellis prepairit for zow.
 Be your curst sone, and his sevin Maisters all
 Quhilk efter this richt weill persaue ze sall.
 The Emperour said, now I pray your gudnes,
 Tell furth that taill, and leif your besines.
 Sa scho began hir taill with fenzeit cheir,
 Not blyith at hart, as he sall efter heir.
 Bot o? scho tell hir taill furth to the King,

Of

Of the last taill now let vs say sum thing.

MORALITAS.

O MERCIE God quhat thing is this,
The mater greitly meruellis me,
That cunning Clerkis can not discuss
The Ill and the Iniquitie
That in women bene,
Bred with greit tray and tene
The greit dissait and subteltie
Sie kenenes with greit crueltie
Was neuer hard nor sene.

This Lady in hir windo set,
Singing hir noittis sa curious
Presenting thair the deuillis net
Under cullour sa cautelous
Zoung men ar till hir gane,
And in hir net ar tane
And thair with mynde malitious
In hart being sa couetous
Causit murdreis thame ilk ane.

This murther first scho did Inuent
That causit thir men for to be slane
Synne was the verray Instrument
First for to mak it knawin agane
Sa mony wayis scho fand,
For to tyist hir husband
To do mischief with sic fals trane,
And syne the same scho culd not lane
Bot maid it kend fra hand.

Throto hir malice and her Inuy
Baith of hir husband and hir sell
The cruell murther scho did out cry
Quhair of nichtbouris had greit meruell.
Quhill thing thay neuer knew,
Quhill that the wisse it schew
And causit hir the treuth to tell,
How all the mater first befell
And how the Knichtis thay slew.

Quha was punest for thair misdeid,
And gat the rigour of the Law,

O. iij.

Now Schirs perlaue quhat dois proceed
 Of ane Ill womans wickit saw,
 Huredome was first in plane
 Synne gredynes but lane
 To wolv the woman as ze knaw.
 The gold and slauchter did on draw
 And causit the men be slane.

Chairfoir I say thay that hes wyfes,
 Let thame not all thair secrettis knaw,
 For gif it chance that thay twa stryfes,
 All that scho knawis that will scho schaw.
 And rather mair nor les
 Thay haue that ble expres,
 For gif ze len thame anis ane blaw
 Gnyte auld freindschip thay let saw
 Turnis all to wickitnes.

As did this wive in greit malice,
 Wir husband and hir self put down,
 Throw hir counsall and couetise
 To hyde the same had na resoun.
 That thing ze wald haue hid,
 That to your wyfe forbid
 And it war neuer sa greit tressoun.
 That scho sall tell throw all the toun
 As this wickit wyfe did.

The wyse man sayis thair toungeis ar schatrp
 As ony sword is wrocht with hand,
 Quhairwith sa croullie thay will cairp
 Ilk word thay say alone sall stand.
 Thay ar sa outrageous,
 Drefull and dispittous,
 Thay cure not the wag of ane wand
 To gar zow tyne baith lyfe and land
 Quhen thay grow furious.

God saue my self fra sic ane sort
 For I perlaue thay ar perrellous
 I promeis zow it is na sport
 To find your vnfreind in your hous.
 Quhiddir be he or scho,
 To tell all that I do

And

And thay he bauld and hустeous,
 Sa cummersum and malitious,
 I can not tell quhairto.

¶ Ne intenderis maliciæ mulieris quia nouissima illius amara quasi
 absinthium longe fac ab ea viam tuam quia lingua eius accuta vt
 gladius biceps. Et pedes eius discendunt in mortem. Prouerb. 5.

¶ Ane praise to the Sext Doctour.

THY goldin toung with grace sa thow hes gydit,
 That to this Chylde zit lyfe thow hes prouydit
 Contrair the Quene, a vengeance on hir cors
 Bot without dout or sentence be decydit,
 I wait the Chylde he will bauldie abyde it.
 For quhy he knawis baith the best and the worse
 And gif sa be the Quene mon byde on force.
 Zit not the les thow suld haue thankis but dout
 Thow gude Maister that keipit thy day about.

¶ The Emprice seuint Taill.

BEfoir this time thair was ane Nobill King,
 That lusit his wife abone all eirdlie thing,
 He had to hir sic greit luse and fauour,
 He keipit hir Ilk day within closour,
 In the greit hous of ane strenthie Castell,
 Dubairof the keyis he keipit ay him sell,
 Dubairat this Lady tuik greit heuines,
 That scho was sa haldin in sic straitnes.
 Wantit solace and all gude companie,
 Bot quhen the King come in allanerlie.
 In vther partis thair was ane Nobill Knight,
 It chancit him to dreame into the nicht
 Into his sleip he thocht weill that he saw,
 The fairest Quene that euer man did knaw.
 Dubais luse he couet abone all eirdlie thing,
 Gif he micht se hir on the eird walking.

O. iiij.

Nathing douting, bot be hir cum suld he
 To greit honour, woꝛschip and honestie.
 That samin nicht this Quene in hir visioun
 Dremit on this Knicht, and on the same fassou
 And zit nouthir of vther knew the name,
 Noꝛ knowledge had be fassoun oꝛ be fame.
 This Knicht he rais vpon the moꝛne airtie,
 Rememberit weill on his dreame sickerlie.
 And determit into his minde and thocht,
 Noꝛ be na way to tak rest wald he nocht:
 Unto the time that Ladie quhill he fand,
 Gif that scho micht be gottin in ony land.
 Lap on his hoꝛs, and in haist furth he raid,
 To sek this Quene, na langer tary maid.
 Throꝝ Royall Realmes, & diuers greit countreis
 Throꝝ riche Regiounis, and semelie seir cieteis
 This fair Lady zeid sa far in his thocht,
 Thair was na landis foꝛ hir he left vnsocht.
 Quhill at the last he come to ane Cietie,
 Quhair he gat wit thair was ane fair Ladie,
 Keipit sa clois, that nane micht cum hir till,
 Except alone it war the Kingis will.
 Thair he soioꝛnd foꝛ his Pastime ane space,
 Him to refresche in mirth and mirrines.
 Sa it fortunit to him vpon ane day,
 Pas by the place quhair that this Lady lay.
 In hir windo lūking furth hir alone,
 Foꝛ vther game, noꝛ pastime gat scho none.
 Sa scho chancit sone foꝛ to get ane sight,
 Quhoꝛ of scho dremit of this same verray Knicht
 Thīking richt weill the samin man was he,
 Intill hir dreame befoir that scho did se.
 He not knowing that that Lady was thair.

Bot

Bot as chance come down by making repair,
In meane seasoun he liftit vp his Ce
In hir windo this Lady can he se.
Thinking richt weill it was the samin Quene,
That he befoir into his dreame had sene.
Than he began to sing ane sang of lufe,
Quhilk quhen scho hard, greitlie it did hir muse
Into his lufe, and prentit in hir hart,
Quhilk was unkend to him in ony part.
Nit not the les daylie he maid repair,
About that place to tak pastime and air.
Than this Lady persauing this at all,
Ane bill of lufe to him scho leit down fall.
And he belyue red our this prettie bill,
Persauing weill the Ladeis minde and will.
Fra this time furth he vsit daylie Justing,
Brekking of speiris, and allwa hors rinning.
Casting of stane, and als the leidin mell,
Woisting, lowping, he did exerce him sell,
Daylie actis he vsit and honest deidis,
That in the Court his fame & word vp spreidis
Quhill at the last his name and gude beirring,
His honest actis war schawin to the King
The King heiring his vailzeant toznamenent,
He send for him Message Incontinent.
Quha chargeit him the King he suld cum till,
To heir his minde, his plesure and his will.
Quha come to him with all humilitie,
As him effeirit, law kneilling on his knie.
Schir knicht he said, I haue hard of zow tell,
How in gude actis ze haue exercit zour sell,
Into my Court amang my gentill men,
Chairfoir sen I sic actis dois of zow ken,

Pleis ze remane into our companie,
 Ze sall haue giftis and gude rewaird of me.
 And be ane of my gaird and my counsell,
 Sa it pleis zow with vs remane and dwell.
 Than said this Knicht and pleis your Maiestie,
 To haue seruice of sic ane man as me:
 I sall zow serue baith with my hand and hart,
 In all effairis, sic as pertenis my part.
 Withouth rewaird or ony recompence,
 Sa that I may haue daylie your presence.
 And sen your grace hes now desirrit me,
 Into your gaird, and on your counsall be:
 I wald your grace to my desire wald grant,
 Sa on seruice the better I micht hant.
 Ane new ludgeing to haue at the Towre syde,
 Quhair I micht be, and at your bidding byde.
 Gif that your grace neidit vpon me call,
 Ze micht gar cry out ouir the Castell wall.
 Than said the King faith I consent thairto,
 Sa big your hous as ze think best to do.
 Than past the Knicht or euer he wald tire,
 And feit wark men, & promeist thame gude hire
 His hous biggit with tymmer stane and thak,
 With ane Masoun he maid ane derne contrak.
 Out fra this hous to mak ane small passage,
 Into y^e Towre quhair this Quene was in Cage
 Quhen this was done efter his awin Intent
 This same Masoun he killit Incontinent,
 That he suld not discouer his secre,
 For his rewaird this warkman this gat he.
 Than went this Knicht quhē he plesit to y^e quene
 In secrett sort, and with na man was sene.
 Did hir seruice as culd him weill effeir,

Than

Than thay talkit of diuers maters seir.
Amang the rest he spak to hir of lufe,
Quhilk in ane part hir hart greitlie did muse.
Howbeit as than scho was not weill contentit,
Nit efterwart to his will scho consentit.
Sa in hir thocht the Quene kest on ane day,
Of this mater quhat scho suld do or say:
Tuitching this Knicht, als to hir awin husbād
Be sic thing knawin, than banisching the land
To my tinsell, and euer warldis schame,
For vpon me wald be laid all the blame.
Becaus that I wald not the Knicht discure,
I salbe callit the Ill woman full sure.
Also the Knicht he sall eschaisp na way,
Bot of the deith the schairp he sall assay.
Chairfoir is best, and I persauie my sell,
To hald my tounge, and not ane word to tell.
And sa all times quhen thay pleisit to meit,
Be this derne way thay zeid to thair secret.
Sine efterward the Quene gaue him ane Ring
Quhilk at wedlok scho ressaueit fra the King.
Greit Tournamentis this Knicht he vsit daylie
And euer bure away the victorie.
Quhairthow he stude baith in Court & with
In greit fauour, for his manlie hauing. (King
Into sa far, that he was efterwart
Maid be the King Comptroller and Stewart.
And all his Realme he had in Regiment,
Tuik in his maillis, Gersowmes & daylie rent.
Upon a day it did appeis the King,
For his plesure to pas to the hunting.
To his Stewart the King gaue than command
To be reddyp, and pas with him fra hand,

Upon the morne than all the Court vprais,
 And with the King all to the Hunting gais.
 All the lang day thay chais in the Forrest
 Quhill the King thocht he wald haue had sū rest
 For he was tyrit, and werie all begane,
 Sa he reposit beside ane fair Fontane.
 Than his Stewart quhair he sat with the King
 Efter trauell he fell vpon sleiping.
 And sa the King persaut at the last,
 The Quenis Ring vpon his finger fast.
 Quhilk the Knicht knew be countenance of the
 That he had sene & markit that Ilk ring. (King
 Than to the King with fenzeit countenance
 He said my Lord this is the verray chance.
 Ane Maladie hes tane me in this tyde.
 I am sa seik na mair hunting may hyde.
 Withouth I get the soner sum remeid,
 I dout richt sair that it salbe my deid.
 Praying your grace that ze wald giue me leif
 For to pas hame, your grace not for to greif.
 Quod he gude freind gif ze pleis to pas hame
 I grant zew leif, pas on in Goddis Name.
 Incontinent he gat vpon his hors,
 Fenzeing him self to haue ane seiklie cors.
 Hame to his hous into all haist he raid,
 And to the Quene he past withouttin baid.
 Withouth proces deliuerit hir the Ring,
 That Scho befoir had gottin fra the King.
 And tald hir how the King the same did knaw
 On his finger, on sleip quhen he him saw.
 Beseking hir gif that the Kingis grace
 Speirit for the ring within schozt time or space
 Scho suld him schaw the same but questoun

For

For to exclud Ill word and suspitioun,
 This being done, he past his preue way,
 And to his bed he maid him but delay.
 The hunting done, the King come hame at ene.
 Incontinent he said vnto the Quene,
 Dubair is the Ring in wedlok I zow gaue.
 Schaw me the same, for I it now mon haue.
 Scho said Lord, sa sone to quhat Intent
 Wald ze it se, na way it is absent.
 Than said the King schaw me it Incontinent:
 O? I sweir zow ze sall it sair repent.
 Than vp scho rais, and to hir Coffer went,
 And brocht the Ring to him Incontinent.
 Duben he it saw, he was richt wonder glaid,
 And half aschamit vnto the Quene he said:
 Madame forsuith, sen first hour I was bozne,
 Sa like ane Ring be warkmen maid oz schozne.
 To the Knichtis Ring, to zouris I neuer saw,
 I wald haue swozne, war not y^t now I knaw
 Baith had bene ane that gart me ask zour Ring.
 Quod scho my Lord beleue ze sic ane thing?
 Nay, nay, Madame, I cry zow now mercie,
 For weill I wait sic thing thair can not be.
 Scho said my Lord, tak not sic thing in thocht
 For the same man perchance y^t zour ring wrocht
 He maid the Knichtis, and on the samin sort.
 Quod he Madame I said it bot in sport.
 Quod scho my Lord God mot zow grant par-
 Gif ze me hald in ony suspitioun. (down
 God zow forgiue zour Ill suspicious minde,
 Gif ze suspect in ony sort oz kinde.
 Considering of zour Castell the strenth,
 And my lawtie ze haue kend at the lenth.

And sine your self had the keyis in keiping,
 I meruell how ze can suspect sic thing.
 Quod he Madame I pray zow tak patience,
 I said nathing for to do zow offence.
 Bot as ze know desirrit my Ring to se,
 Duhilk now agane ze sall ressaue of me.
 With als gude will as euer I it gaue,
 Scho said my Lord the same I will ressaue,
 Say efterwart ze suspect me na way,
 He said Madame, that sall I not persay.
 Efter this time the Knicht causit prepair
 In his awin hous ane Banket or dennair.
 Sine to the King he said and pleis your grace,
 This is the treuth, the verray caus and care,
 My bedfellow is cum fra hir countrie,
 Duhilk thocht greit lang my presence for to se,
 To hir I causit ane dennar to prepair,
 With all my hart I wald your grace war thair
 And pleis your grace to do me sic honour.
 Surelie (said he) I will do zow plesour.
 In that behalf, and it war mekill moir,
 The Knicht he kneillit, & thankit him thairfoir
 Than in his hart he was richt wonder glaid
 For the kinde wordis the King had to him said.
 Than past he to the Quene Incontinent,
 Be his derne Caif, the straicht way is he went,
 And said Madame, pleis zow to tak sic pane,
 Into my hous to dine with your Souerane
 This samin day, and cleith zow vp richelie,
 As is the gise and vse of my countrie,
 And sit thairat in Tabill with the King,
 Euin as ze war my wife spousit with ane Ring
 And mak him all the pastime and gude cheir.

As

As to his grace in best sort can effeir.
 Scho said Schir Knicht as ze pleis sa I will,
 As I best can your plesure to fulfill.
 The hour become, and dennar time of day,
 To the Knichts hous the King come on a way.
 In the meane time the Quene come hir dern gaist
 In the Knichts hall belue scho gat hir sait.
 In sic clething as the Knicht gaue command,
 Efter the gise and fassoun of his land.
 And quhen the King come to the Knichtis haw,
 Sa sone as he the Ladeis visage saw,
 He thocht scho was womā maist like his quene,
 Sen he was bozne, that euer he saw with Ene.
 Zit not the les Ilk ane on thair maneir,
 Thay hailzit vther as it culd best effeir:
 Than to the Knicht the King said quietlie,
 Quhat is scho this sa semelie for to se?
 The Knicht he said, and pleis your Maiestie.
 This is forsuith my lufe and my Ladie,
 Quhilk of lang time fra me has bene absent,
 Bot now I am of hir cūming content,
 Sa that ze be content that scho is heir,
 I am (said he) sa God grant me gude cheir.
 And first thay wesche, and sine to Tabill went,
 And euer mair the King in his Intent,
 Thocht y^t he knew the Quene & had knowledge
 Be hir fassoun, hir forme and hir visage,
 And to him self he said in all his life,
 He neuer saw ane woman mair like his wife.
 Zit not the les the strenth of his awin Towze
 Dissaist his minde, and led him in errour,
 That in sa far he gaue far mair credence
 To the Knichtis wordis, and cullourit eloquēce

Noz to the thing he saw with his awin Ene,
 Dubilk blindit him, & als misknew his Quene
 Than scho began to talk of sum glaidnes,
 And steir the King vp in sum mirrines.
 Sa sone as he hard hir speiche and hir voice,
 Dubidder to speik oz for to hald him clois.
 He not weill wist, bot zit said to him sell,
 O Lord in heuin heir is ane greit meruell.
 This woman is in fassoun and fauour
 In speiche, in voice, makdome and portratour,
 In behauingis, and als in conditiounis,
 In far, in face, in fait and in fassounis.
 And in all sort sa done like my awin Quene,
 In all this world was neuer ane liker sene.
 And zit the strenth of the Towre him begylit,
 With the Knichtis wordis y^t him sa stellie split.
 Sa at the meit with mirrines amang,
 The Knicht desirrit the Quene to sing ane sang.
 Than scho began to sing ane sang of lufe,
 The King heiring, greittlie his hart can mufe.
 Said to him self, and this be not my wife,
 I wait scho is not leuand vpon life.
 And than agane he thocht that can not be,
 For I my self in keiping hes the kie
 Of the greit Towre, quhair nathing can cum in
 Bot I my self that keipis baith key and gin,
 Than na man can enter within that Towre,
 Except myself, nouthur be time noz hour.
 Sa all denner he sat in sic consait,
 With his awain self into sic strang debait.
 And sa he sat, and wist not quhat to say,
 And at the last he had sone tak away,
 The Tabill and claith, he wald na langer hyde
 And

And said he wald about the feildis ryde.
Than said the Knicht & pleis your Nobill grace
For to remane ane prettie time and space.
We sall zow mak mair mirrines and cheir,
For without dout your grace is welcum heir.
Than said the Quene, and pleis your Maiestie,
For to remane with vs in companie.
We sall zow mak the mirrines and sport,
All that we can to hald zow in comfort.
Siclike as dois the Quene in hir solace,
With all seruice that we can do your grace.
For all request, planelie the King said nay,
For to remane, gart tak the Tabill away.
And said he was in that same verray tide
In sic fantise, he nicht na langer byde.
And sa the claith and Tabill away was tane,
Up rais the King and to the flure is gane.
Thankit the Knicht of his kindnes and cheir,
The Lady als into hir best maneir.
Sine in all haist to the Castell he went,
To se the Quene, gif scho was thair present.
And than the Quene went on her preuie way,
Best of hir clais and hir uncouth array.
And quhen the King enterit within the Towre
He fand the Quene sitting intill hir Bowre.
In the same clais, and sozt as he hir left,
Quhairthrow he was in his speiche half bereft
Quhen he hir saw he braist hir twise or thrise,
And said Madame I am in ane fantise.
This day I dynit with the Knicht as ze knaw
And with his lufe, the quhilk I neuer saw,
Sa like to zow be forme and fastoun
Be speiche and voice, and als conditioun.

All dennar tyme I was sa steirit in thocht,
 That I not wist gif it was ze oz nocht.
 And ay my minde it was in sic dispair,
 I wist not weill gif ze war heir oz thair.
 Than said the Quene I meruell of your minde,
 That to sic thing your hart suld be Inclinde.
 For ze know weill the greit strength of your towre
 As to the keyis thay ar at your plesour.
 And my bodie ze know hes na credence,
 To cum oz gang without your awin licence.
 And as ze know to fle I haue na wingis,
 How can ze than Imagine siclike thingis?
 What kinde of way is possibill to me,
 For to be in zone Knichtis companie?
 Gif euer ze red the buik of Phisnomy
 Thairin ze may richt weill reid and espy
 That it may stand ane to be like ane vther.
 Howbeit that ane be not syb to the vther.
 Thairfor my Lord I zow require on richt
 Haue na suspect betuir me and zone Knicht.
 Than said the King forsuith that sall not be,
 I grant my self into this fault gyltie.
 Into sa far as I misdemit zow,
 Thair is na caus sic thing to think I trow.
 Than said the Quene sen gyltie ze zow grant,
 I zow forgiue, sa sic thing ze not hant.
 Upon the morne the Knicht said to the King
 And pleis your grace ze will me grant a thing.
 This lang ago I haue zow done seruice,
 The best I culd, pertening my office.
 Ze se my lufe is cum from hir countrie,
 And to retorne hamewart for to caus me.
 And I Intend (gif it be your plesour

Unto

Unto my lufe ze wald do sic honour,
 To mary hir in face of halie Kirk,
 As God commandis all Chzistin man to wirk)
 To be at hame callit my lauchfull wife,
 Quhill dowesum deid depart vs fra this life.
 Beseiking now your Nobill grace heirfoir,
 For my rewaird, as now I ask no moir:
 Bot with your hand deliuer hir to me,
 Befoir the Preist, that the pepill may se.
 It will be callit to me ane greit honour.
 Sa that it be your graces awin plesour.
 Quhair that my wife was geuin me be a King,
 In our countrie will be callit ane greit thing
 In sic effairis, as is the auld fassoun,
 Unto wedlok, quhen twasum makis the boun
 Than said the King, your rewaird is to small,
 That ze desire oz charges me with all.
 I will do that richt glaidlie for your saik,
 And for hir lufe that now suld be your maik.
 The Knicht thankit the King a thousand syse,
 That answerit him sa kindlie on sic wise.
 The mariage and day of the banket,
 The King him self he gart deuise and set.
 On the quhilk day, the King with greit honour
 Come to the Kirk to do the Knicht plesour.
 The parische Preist with his Kirklike vestmets,
 Was weill Indewit with all abilzements,
 For to solempne the band of mariage,
 Into the Kirk, as than was the vsage.
 In this meane time the Knicht gart mak redde
 In his awin hous his lufe and his Lady,
 Weill all cled vp efter the conswetude
 Of his coutrie quhilk he thocht was maist gude

And gart twa Knichtis to the Kirk hir conuoy
 With greit blythnes, solempnitie and Joy.
 Quha than beleuit his Paramouris had bene,
 Howbeit scho was in deid thair natue Quene.
 Than said the Priest the quhilk was his dewtie
 Quha delyueris this woman now to me?
 That I agane may gif hir to this Knicht,
 In face of Kirk, and in the pepillis sight.
 Than said the King that sall I do bedene,
 Becaus scho is sa wonder like my Quene.
 I lufe hir all the better be my life,
 Hir face and fauour is sa done like my wife.
 As is the vse in filling of sic handis
 The King he tuik his awin wife be the handis,
 And to the Priest he gaue this Lady bricht,
 The Priest agane gaue hir vnto the Knicht.
 Of halie Kirk, efter the auld fassoun,
 Than he began to reid his Disoun,
 Upon his buik full besilie can say,
 The band cōpleit he maid betwene thame tway.
 This being done the Knicht said to the King
 Schir ze haue done to me ane kindellie thing.
 With your awin hand that hes deliuerit me
 This Nobill woman befor this companie.
 My Schip quhairin we purpois to pas hame,
 Is alreddy now fleting on the fame.
 And we wald fane with your graces licence
 We war furderit hamewart for to pas hence.
 My Marinaris thay ar in reddynes,
 To tak vp saillis, and to the sey thame dres.
 Chairfoir I wald your Nobill Maiestie
 Sen ze haue schawin sa greit kindnes to me,
 Unto my Schip ze wald my wife conuoy,

For

For scho thair of wald haue greit mirth and Joy
 Considering scho is now to depart,
 It wald hir do greit comfort in hir hart.
 And als I wald ze gaue hir gude counsall
 All man leuand for to forsaik all haill
 Bot me alone, quhilk is hir awin trew Knicht,
 And marpit hir into your graces sight.
 Than said the King all sic is richt godlie,
 The marpit wife obedient to be;
 To hir husband, and all others refuse,
 I haue na dout bot all sic scho will vse.
 Than went the King with all his companie,
 And to the Schip conuoyit that fair Ladie.
 And be the gait his counsall he hir schew,
 That scho suld be to hir Knicht traist and trew.
 Him to obey, and hald him in honour,
 Lufe him alone abone all creature.
 And nane leuand in hir minde for to haue,
 Quhair counsall than I traist scho did ressaue.
 Than the Quene said and pleis your Maiestie
 This gude counsall that ze haue geuin to me
 It salbe done, and it war ten times moir,
 Quod he Madame, now I thank you thairfor
 Praying to God your schip weill to conuoy,
 Swa to your land that ze may cum with Joy.
 And than he tuik the Quene first be the hand
 And sine the Knicht, quhilk thā was hir husbād
 And gaue thē baith his blissing quhair he stude
 quhilk to y^e Quene as scho thocht was richt gude
 For at that time scho thocht it was hir part,
 Howbeit this King was blindit to the hart.
 Sine first the Quene, & than this nobill Knicht
 At this blind King ather thay tuik gude nicht

The King hir kist, and bad fair weill adew,
 Sa like my wife (quod he) I neuer knew.
 And hir fauour will caus me think on zow
 Quhen ze ar past, this trowlie ze may trow.
 Than said the Quene law kneilland on hir kne
 I thank your grace that sic thocht takis on me.
 Do I not sa quhen that we ar cum hame.
 And think on zow, richt far I am to blame.
 For greit kindnes and Inwart courtasie
 That ze haif schawin to your awin Knicht & me
 This being done, to schip thay mak passage
 Enterit in burde, and maid for thair veyage.
 Raisit vp Ankeris, and Cabillis in thay drew,
 The wind was fair, euin as thay wald it blew
 Heisit vp saillis, and to seaward thay past,
 The Skipper speillit belyue to the top Mast.
 To spy the wedder, gif tempest did appeir,
 Into that race thair saillis the lawer beir.
 Within schort space the schip was out of sight,
 Sa was the King baith quite of quene & Knicht
 And than belyue the King hamewart he went,
 To his Castell, and fand the Quene absent.
 Gif he was noyit or crabit at his hart,
 I trow be few of sturt can tell his part.
 His face it swat, his feit and handis schuik,
 Upon na man with patience he nicht luik.
 He socht the towre and spyit all round about,
 Gif he culd find the gait quhair scho gat out.
 He fand the hoill and serreit way at last,
 Quhair y^e Knicht come & quhair away scho past.
 Than cryit he out full wallaway allace,
 Heir is becum ane greit mischeuous race.
 The Knicht quhome to I gaue sic confidence

Of lufe and fauour, be counsall and credence.
 On him alone I wald haue lippinnit my life,
 Now tratourlie hes tane away my wife.
 I was ane fule fulfillit of fantasie,
 That gaue mair faith vnto his wordis lie:
 Noz I did ay to my awin seing Ene,
 Duhairthow I want my bedfellow and quene
 And schamit for ay with lak and derisioun,
 Duhilk will me bring to vtter confusioun.
 Considdering weill I had my Ene to se,
 All man may weill exampill tak be me.

The Emprice than said to the Empeour
 This taill I tald my Lord for your plesour.
 Wuld God the same that ze weill vnderstude,
 Than suld ze be of all danger denude.
 The Empeour said Madame sa haue I seill,
 All that ze said I vnderstude richt weill.
 Quod scho my Lord remeber how this Prence
 Unto this Knicht gaue sic perfite credence.
 Als to his wordis greiter credence he gaue,
 Noz his awin Ene, sa he did him dissaue.
 In like maner vnto thir Maisters seuin,
 Ze giue mair faith nor to greit God in heuin
 Be apperance, for daylie ze may se
 Duhat displeasure thay seuin wald wirk on me.
 He to destroy thay labour nicht and day,
 And ze giue faith to Ilk word that thay say,
 Hair noz ze do to your awin naturall Ene,
 Duhilk heirefter will baith be hard and sene.
 Haue ze not sene how your sone raif my face,
 And zit ze giue skarse credence in that cace.
 Duhilk zit beiris still the markis as ze may se.
 Duhairof as zit I get na remedie.

And als ze know how me he wald have schamit
 Defoulit your bed, quhairthow I was defamit
 All this become throw his Maisteris defence
 Quhome to ze giue sa confirmit credence.
 This ze mark not, nor prentis into your hart,
 Bot it noyis me Inwart in euerie part.
 Chairfoir richt sair I dout the samin thing
 Sall happin zow, as it did to this King.
 That gaue credence quhill he was quite begylit
 Sa is your self with thir same seuin ouirsplit.
 He said I giue to my Fine mair credence,
 Nor to thay seuin for all thair greit Science.
 Chairfoir the mozne for all thair taillis & lawis
 My sone he sall the Judgement thoill of lawis
 And on the mozne his officers he gart call,
 Commandit them that thay suld furthwith all
 Tak out his Sone, and on the Gallous hing,
 That it war done befoir all vther thing.
 Than sic ane noyis rais vp in the Cietie,
 It for to heir it was ane greit pietie:
 That the Empreour his awin sone suld gar fla,
 Within that toun mony hart it maid wa.
 The seuint Maister hard tell of this tythand,
 To the Sergands he haistit him fra hand.
 Thame for to meit in all gude haist him sped,
 Quhair thay p^e childe down throw the Cietie led
 Quod he gude freinds, hartlie I zow beseik,
 Cary ane time quhill I the Empreour speik.
 I traist to God or I cum far away.
 I sall his life fra perrell saue this day.
 The Officers thay war richt wonder glaid,
 And did euin sa, as the Maister thame bad.
 To the Empreour he haistit throw the toun,

And

And on his kneis befoir him sat he down:
Banderiſg him ſic reuerence as accordis,
Sine eſter him to his Princes and Lordis.
The Empreour with greit Indignatioun,
Vengeabill vult, and with browis caſting down
Saying to him all ſorrow not the fall,
Baith vnto the, and to thy fellowis all.
Ane dum young chylde to me ze ſeuin heſ ſent,
Quhilk ſpak richt weil quhē he vnto zow went
Becaus ze ſeuin heſ ſend me ſic ane hidder,
He and ze all ſalbe hangit togidder.
The Maſter ſaid, and pleis your nobill grace
Fra now to mozne it is bot ane ſchozt ſpace:
And than be none with grace of God in heuin,
Your ſone ſall ſpeik, and we his Maſteris ſeuin
Unto your grace we promittis faithfullie,
On pane of deith, firſt we all ſeuin ſine he.
The Empreour ſaid, gif I nicht that beleue,
Na langer than deſirit I for to leue.
The Maſter ſaid, I pray zow hyde ſa lang,
And gif we faill, all aucht ze ſall vs hang.
Than oppinlie ze ſall ken all the ſtrife
And diſcentioun, betuix vs and your wiſe.
And gif your grace will not do as I ſay,
Ze will repent richt ſair ane vther day.
And ſall happin perchance to zow ſum nicht,
As it bechancit to ane richt courtes Knicht:
That deit ſchoztlie, as I in ſtorie reid,
For ane ſmall blude that he ſaw his wiſe bleid.
To quhome eſter ſcho was richt vncourtes,
And richt vnkinde, for all his greit kindnes.
The Empreour ſaid Maſter I zow requere
Tell me that taill, richt fane I wald it heir.

The Maister said gar call your sone agane
 The haill storie I sall tell zow in plane.
 In time cūming Induring all your life
 Ze sall eschew the schzewitnes of ane wife.
 The Emprour said I will call him agane,
 Conditionallie vnder the samin pane.
 The mozne or none speik he not oppinlie,
 First he, sine ze, togidder all sall die.
 The Maister said of that I am content.
 The Emprour said and thairto I consent,
 Than causit he to call the Childe agane,
 And the Maister tald furth his taill in plane.
 Bot the Quenes last taill zit farther or we ga
 We will persaue, or we tell ony ma.

¶MORALITAS.

I NTO this taill richt small I can persaue
 To be extract of Morall gude sentence,
 Bot that this Knicht subtellie did dissauie
 This Nobill King that gaue him sic credence
 In sundrie sortis schew him beneuolence.
 Syne he agane vpon the ither syde,
 With greit fallset did all his wayis prouyde.

As to our Quene, quhair scho Infferis this taill
 To hir purpois, and to hir awin effairis.
 As thinkis me, the mater ryndes haill
 To hir awin schame, as the taill self declairis.
 For to tell furth planelie scho not spairis
 And to reheirs the huredome that was hid
 Betuix the Knicht and the Quene that thay did.

Considering that thay ar Quenes baith
 Quha can hir quyte sic ane mater on bring
 Gif ane hes schame it is the itheris skaith,
 For to be fals to hir husband and King,
 Trow ze bot our Emprice can do sic thing
 In deid I trow or all our buik be endit
 Ze sall persaue als far scho hes offendit.

Gif ane Doctour into his sermon tell,
And reprufe vice, greit faultis or greit errour
In the same vice he is gyltie him sell
How sall he sith that vice with his honour?
He smottis him self as he dois his Nichtbour
Alwayis upon his awin blanket he spittis,
And his awin taill hard on the heillis him hittis.

Of my Nichtbour gif I ane Ill taill tell
Of blasphemie, dishonour, or zit schame,
It may perchance siclyke cum to my sell
Perhappin war, bringeing on als greit blame.
How can I than in ony sort defame
My awin Nichtbour, except my self be clene
Sic thing suld be considerit and weill sene.

Our awin Emprice quhome of that we now speik
Scho put reproche vnto ane ither Quene,
Bot scho may cast hir Cartis in at the Cleik
Of the same sort, thocht now sic be not sene
As Mathew sayis, euin sa as now I mene.
Fra thy awin Cy first thow draw out the balk
To thy Nichtbour than peirtly thow may talk.

Chairfoir I say thow had need for to se
Or thow ane fault vnto thy Nichtbour fand,
Of siclyke faultis se thow weill purgeit be
Him to reprufe or that thow tak on hand
Ellis thy reprufe with honour can not stand,
It to obey thair is few will be abill
Gif thow be kend in that same culpabill.

How can our Quene sa soull ane fault Infer
Contrair ane Quene, and scho hir self gyltie
In the same cryme, zea, and perchance far war
Howbeit it be cloikit mair quyetlie,
Fy on falsset, fy on hid harlatrie,
That ane Ill taill of thy nichtbour can tell,
And that same taill redoundis euin to thy sell.

¶ Ane reproche to the Emprice.

THOW glaikit gallarrand quene, now with thy glorious glois
With thy fals taillis of tene, thow trowis to win the hois.

Nay, nay, not sa my Iois, thairs zit sum graith to find
 Ane prick into zour nois, or we haue done behind,
 Trow ze to blaw vs blind, thairs vther taillis to tell
 Quhen stabilit is all this wind, luik than quha beiris the bell:
 The wraik fall on thy sell, baith the sorow and syte,
 Thow Proserpine of hell, we cure thee not ane myte
 For all thy greit dispyte, hid our with harlatrie
 Full weill we fall the quyte, that all the world may se.
 Thow byfemeir balamie, thy hippis fall thoill het haisteris,
 For thow seruiss thame trewlie, at the Chylde and his Maisteris.

¶The Taill of the Seuint Maister is how the man
 deit becaus he saw his Wyfes finger bleid.

VPON a time thair was ane Nobill Knicht,
 That had ane wife y^t was baith fair & brycht
 Quhome he sa lufit, that be na way he micht
 Of the haill day ane hour want hir of sight.
 Upon a time efter meit and glaidnes,
 For thair pastime thir twa went to the Ches.
 And in his hand it happinnit him to haif
 His awin byknife, and sa amang the laif
 Chairon scho straik hir hand a litill we
 Amaist ane drop of blude that ze micht se.
 Sa sone as he the blude saw of his wife,
 Alwayis he said, that scho wald lois hir life.
 Befoir thame all, amang thame fell he down,
 For verray wo into ane deidlie swoun.
 Incontinent than scho began to cast
 Upon his face cauld water wonder fast.
 Than he ouercome within ane litill space,
 The cold watter thay wap sa in his face.
 The Minister he gart call of the toun.
 And prayit him to heir his Confessioun.
 For weill he knew without ony remeid,
 Thair was nathing at him bot onlie deid.

For

Foz na seiknes, noz foz nane vther deid
Bot onlie saw his wifes finger bleid.
The Minister exhortit him anone,
And sone efter to deith this Knicht is gone.
For quhome thair was greit sturt & beuailing,
Amang the rest his wife maid maist murning.
The Buriall with greit solempnitie,
Was maid and done in best maner micht be.
Than this Lady scho maid ane solempne vow,
To leif ay still as dois the Trytill Dow.
All hir life time to leif in Chastitie,
And neuer to knaw ony mannis companie:
Bot ay ly still abone hir husbandis graue,
And neuer maik warldlie comfort to haue.
Bot euer murne vnto the day scho die,
In the same graue quhill that scho buryt be.
Hir freindis say nay, that was not all the best,
Sen it pleisit God hir husband was at rest:
Bad hir pas hame, and cast hir to defend
Hir hous & bairnis, to murne wald nathing mēd
Giue to the pure, and let the deid hyne ga,
We think it best (quod thay) that ze do sa.
We sall zow do all comfort that we can,
Sine efterwart to cheis zow ane new man.
Cast zow to mirth, and let zour murning be,
Foz naturall is, that all man anis mon die.
Scho said counsall of zow nane will I haue,
For I sall die widow abone this graue.
Can ze not all considder foz my sake,
Sic sair seiknes, and doly deith did take
Foz ane small drop he saw my finger bleid,
Suld I not than baith into word and deid
On my persoun sum pennance foz to take,

The cruell deith that sufferit for my sake.
 Chairfoir gude freinds let put your minde to rest
 For in this graue salbe my ludge and rest
 Quhill God sinder my saull and life in tway,
 Chairfoir my freinds fra me pas hame away.
 Than hir neir freinds heiring hir utter minde,
 Thocht in su part thay wald with hir Inclinde
 Becaus scho was in sturt and greit dolour,
 Thay wald sum way cast thame to hir plesour.
 And saw scho wald do nathing bot hir will,
 Chairfoir thay thocht the same for to fulfill.
 And causit to big euin at the graues syde,
 Ane proper ludge quhairin that scho nicht byde
 And furneis hir all necessaris thairto,
 In all effairis, or quhat scho had ado.
 Beleuing weill scho wald change hir Intent,
 And efterwart to wick with freinds consent.
 Thinking richt weill y^t scho na way wald wat
 Sicht of pepill, bot scho thairto wald hant.
 Sa thay hir left into hir quiet Caif,
 Murning rich sair abone hir husbandis graif.
 Thair was a Law than maid in the Cietie,
 Gif ony man was condampnit to die
 On the Gallous, for trespas and vnricht,
 Than the Schiref suld walk him all that nicht
 In his harnes, the mozne quhill it war day,
 Sa that the theif suld not be stollin away.
 And gif sa war, the Schiref to tine his land,
 And als his life to be in the Kings hand.
 In this meane time it happinnit that thair was
 Ane man hangit for his thift and trespas.
 Than the Schiref behude that nicht on force
 All in armour to walk that hangit cozs,

And

And sa he did, howbeit the nicht was cald,
Quhair he watchit thair was na hous nor hald
It chancit that nicht to be baith wind and rane
That in na sort thairout he micht remane:
For verray cauld, he stude of life sic dout,
And sa belpue he blenkit him about:
In the Kirkzaird beside the Knichtis graue,
Ane litill licht the Schiref can perslaue,
Fra the windo quhair that the Widow lay,
Bidder he gais in all the haist he may.
At the ludge dure he knokit quietlie,
And sone scho spak, and speirit quha may that be.
This time of nicht to walkin ane pure Widow
All wobegane, in hart richt sorosow.
He said I am the Schiref of this toun,
For verray cauld I am in point of swoun:
Except ze let me in maie haistellie,
Nor verray cauld doutles I trow to die.
Gif ze cum in (quod scho) I feir richt saie
That ze sall eik my anguische maie and maie.
Quhilk war neidles schir gif ze knew my thocht
Quod he Lady, forsuith that sall I nocht.
I promise zow nouthir in word nor deid
Zow for to craib, thairfor haue ze na dreid.
Than vp scho rais, and belpue leit him in,
For verray cauld he cheuerit at the chin.
And down he sat, and warmit him at the fire,
Quhilk for to do was greitlie his desire.
Fra he was warmit and restit thair ane space,
Graithlie he blent into the Widows face.
Quod he Lady to displeis zow na way,
Ane word with leif I wald vnto zow say.
Scho said gude schir say on quhat euer ze pleis

For your sayings sall do me na disets.
 He said Lady I meruell of your minde.
 To this vane wark that ze suld zow Inclinde,
 Considdering ze ar ane fair Ladie,
 Fresche in your flouris, zoug plesand and lustie,
 It war mair meit, and better be ten fald,
 For to pas hame and keep your awin houshold.
 Noz heir to hyde, and your self to destroy,
 Daylie in sturt, in murning and in noy.
 My counsall is pas hame to your awin hous,
 Giue to the pure, and gar deill greit Almous.
 Quod scho gude schir, gif I your wordis had
 Or y^t ze suld sic sayings to me schawin (knewin
 Ze suld not had into this hous entrie,
 Becaus ze talk of sic purpois to me.
 I say to zow as I said of befoir,
 To all my freindis, and I wald ze no moir
 Spak of sic thingis, thay sink not in my heid,
 Know ze not weill my husband sufferit deid:
 For ane small drop he saw my finger bleid,
 Than think ze not that I suld do sum deid.
 For him agane, and tak sum small pennance,
 That micht me caus of him haue remembrance
 Thairfoir I sall him lufe on sic ane wise,
 That I mon lufe the eird quhair that he lvis.
 And for his sake sic pennance tak on me,
 That quhair he lvis abone him sall I die.
 Than the Schirif tuik leif and vp he rais,
 The neirest gait vnto the Gallous gais.
 And quhen he come the theif that he left thair,
 Was stollin away, quhairof he maid greit cair.
 And said oft times, quhat haue I done allace,
 Heir is to me becum ane cairfull race.

My

My gudis, my geir, and also all my land
 My life siclike is in the Kingis hand,
 Sa he wandring in sturt baith to and fro
 And wist not quhat to do for verray wo.
 Sa at the last he thocht that he wald pas
 To the Lady, befoir quhair that he was.
 Becaus scho was sa deuot in hir sell,
 He trowit of hir to haue sum gude counsell.
 Than come he on as had bene the first Tok,
 And at the dure quietlie did he knock.
 Quod scho quha is that, that sa sone callis now
 I the Schiref is cum agane to zow.
 I haue ane sturt and anger at mine hart,
 And I wald schaw thair of to zow sum part.
 Thairfoir hartlie I pray zow let me in,
 I sall zow schaw the mater mair and min.
 Howbeit it was to hir sum prettie pane,
 Zit vp scho rais and leit him in agane.
 Than he began the cace all for to tell,
 Quod he Lady I come to haue counsell
 Of zow, becaus I wait richt weill ze knaw,
 Quhen ony man is hangit be the Law,
 My office is to keip him nicht and day,
 To that effect he be not stollin away.
 And gif he be, my life and all my landis
 Withouth remeid, is in the Kingis handis.
 It is sa chancit quhen I was heir richt now
 In the same time quhen I talkit with zow,
 The theif quhilk I suld haue walkit quhill day
 Sum subtell handis hes stollin him quite away
 Quhairthow I will Incur the Kingis feid,
 Lois all my landis, and also tine my heid.
 Or ellis on force furth of the Realme to fle

Q. j.

Quhilk is but dout ane heuie race to me.
 Besekking zow your counsall giue me to
 Into this race quhat ze think best to do.
 Quod scho gude Schir for zow my hart is wo.
 That sic ane chance suld happin vpon zow so.
 Bot sen ze haue maid your first mane to me.
 I mon zow help, defend and als supplie.
 Sa wald kindnes, courtasie and vessoun,
 Of ane wo hart for to haue compassioun.
 Quod he Lady I lippin on zow na les,
 Bot for to haue your counsall and kindnes.
 Becaus ze ar in greit estimatioun,
 In wit, wisdom, and als in deuotioun.
 And I beleue to haue your counsall now
 For all my caus clene I commit to zow.
 For it is said sen first the world began,
 Chair is greit help into ane gude woman.
 This Lady than was musit with mercie,
 And on this Knicht hir hart had greit pietie,
 And said gude Schir your sturt it musis me,
 Bot tak gude hart, and ze sall helpit be.
 Do my counsall, and schoztlie to conclude
 Ze sall nouthir lois your life landis nor gude.
 He said Lady that erand brocht me heir,
 To saue my life, my landis, my gudis and geir
 Quod scho Schir will ze pomeis faithfullie,
 Quhen I haue done, that ze will Gary me :
 I will do all that I haue to zow said :
 Quod he Lady of that I wald be glaid.
 Wald God in heuin to me ze wald sa do,
 That I micht be your persoun fallowis to,
 Considdering I am bot ane pure Knicht
 And ze ane Lady of greit blude and of micht.

Wald

Wald ze disdane to humbill your minde to me,
 I suld zow serue with all humilitie.
 Sa baith thair mindes and all thair hail Intēt
 Was weill aggreit, quhairof thay stude content
 Gude schir scho said, ze know richt weill I wait
 How my husband was buryit of the lait,
 Quha lufit me sa wonder weill in deid:
 That for ane drop he saw my finger bleid:
 He tuk in hart sic sturt and displesour
 Of doly deith he sufferit the scharp schour.
 Sa tak him vp for to be your releif,
 And hang him vp quhair hangit was the theif
 The Schiref said fair Lady be the Rude
 Your counsell is substantious and gude.
 Than past thay baith bauldly w^t mane & micht
 Furth of the graue thay drew y^e new deid knicht
 The Schiref said zit ane thing feiris me,
 The theif quhilk I gart hing vpon the tre,
 Twa of his teith abone was strikkin out,
 Chairfoir I stand into ane dreidfull dout:
 Gif ony man the samin suld persaue,
 That this deid Cozs his our teith dois haue,
 It war my deith, and callit greit dissait,
 Chairfoir to do, heirof not weill I wait.
 Scho said your self may richt weill that remeid
 I giue zow leif, strike thze out of his heid.
 Quod he Lady to that I war richt laith,
 For of Knichtheid it is aganis the aith.
 Duther zoldin oz deid man for to strike,
 It wald greitlie baith faith and fame Infek,
 And als quhen he was leuand heir on life,
 Except onlie my barnis and weddit wife:
 I lude him best of ony man leuand,

Q. ij.

Thairfoir in him I can not put my hand.
 Gif ze will not now ding thame out said scho
 Faith for your lufe that same thing I will do.
 Sa with ane stane twa of his teith out dang.
 Sine bad the Schiref hing him quhair the theif
 The schiref said zit I feir a greit thing, (hang.
 The theif quhilk I on the Gallous gart hing
 Ane hiddeous wound he gat in his foirheid
 At his taking, thay had at him sic feid.
 And baith his luggis thay stowit quite him fra
 And your husband be he not evin richt sa
 It suld be my destructioun haistlie,
 In this mater I pray zow counsall me.
 Amang the rest (quod scho) thats bot ane bourd
 Can not your self peirtlie draw out your sword,
 On the foirheid strike him as best effeiris,
 Quhen that is done, than cut of baith his eiris.
 Quod he Lady fra that God me defend,
 Considering vnto his lifes end
 I lude sa weill, and had in companie,
 In that behalf I pray zow pardoun me.
 And of befoir I did to zow declair
 Of clene Knichtheid the aith it is contrair.
 Giue me the sword (quod scho) and for your lufe
 That same to do now peirtlie sall I prufe.
 Scho tuk the sword, and to the man was deid
 Ane cruell straik scho gaue him in the heid:
 With the same sword into hir greit dispite
 Of baith his luggis belpue scho maid him quite
 Sine said gude schir now ze may without tary
 But ony feir him to the Gallous cary.
 And hing him vp quhair the theif hang befoir,
 Sa ar ze quite of danger, sturt and schoir.

Chan

Thā said the schiref zit ane thing restis in thocht
 Thairof quhill now remembrance had I nocht
 Howbeit the theif was haill in bowk and banis
 Zit weil I wait he wantit baith his stanis.
 And be that kend, all is for nocht thats done
 Quod scho in faith the stanis he sall want sone.
 And with ane knife the stanis scho tuik him fra
 And said gude Schir now to the treis him ta.
 He cūmeris vs for to hyde sa lang heir,
 Quod he my self alone dow not him beir.
 Quod scho in faith for that it sall not stop
 Tak ze the taill, and I sall tak the top.
 For sen he come furth of his Sepulture
 I haue him maid ane laithlie creature.
 To the Gallous thir twa him tuik but moir,
 And hang him vp quhair the theif hang befoir.
 Than was the schiref of the Kingis dāger quite
 Be the greit help of this Lady sa quhite.
 Than said scho schir, now wonder weil ze knaw
 How that ze war be ozdour of the Law,
 Baith life and landis in danger for to tine,
 And now I haue brocht all to ane gude fine:
 Be my counsall and onlie for your lufe,
 For your plesure and als for your behufe.
 Quhairfoir sen ze in all maters hes sped,
 Now I desire agane ze wald me wed.
 Conforme to your conditioun and promis,
 Quhilk in na sort I wait ze will not mis.
 He said Lady, forsuith I maid ane vow,
 That I suld not Mary woman bot zow:
 Sa lang as ze war leuand vpon life,
 Bot wo to him that hes the to his wife.
 Thow schameles schrew, and maist wickit of all

Tenefull tyger a vengeance on the fall.
 Ane Nobill Knicht thow had to thy husband,
 And for ane drop of blude furth of thy hand
 He had sic lufe and Inwart fauour to the,
 For sturt thair of at schozt causit him to die.
 Thow in na way all his lufe regarding,
 His forder teith trewlie thow did out ding.
 In his foirheid ane fell wound did thow strike,
 Cuttit his luggis, and als his stanis siclike.
 Quhen I think on this vglum vilanie,
 God me preserve that I not Gary the.
 And for that caus I find the sa cruell,
 To him alone that lufit the so well.
 In time cūming thow can na better be,
 To ony man that wald lay lufe on the.
 Chairfoir I sall, that thow sall schame na ma
 In time cūming, my awin handis sall the sla.
 And sa at schozt he put hir thair to deid
 He drew his sword and quite straik of hir heid.
 The Maister said than to the Emperour,
 Schir I require gif it be your plesour:
 Gif that ze haue the wordis of this taill tane
 The Emperour said ze Maister euerie ane.
 Scho was ane wife the worst and maist cruell
 That I befoir of ony zit hard tell.
 The Schiref als rewardit hir the thing,
 That scho deseruit, to hir deidis according.
 Zit gude Maister hartlie I zow beseik,
 That I may anis my Sone blythlie heir speik
 For that wald mak sic blythnes to my hart,
 Fra that time furth I cair not to depart.
 He said my Lord and pleis your Maiestie,
 That thing the mozne ze sall baith heir and se:

At

At your plesure, as your self dois desire,
 In audience befoir the haill Impire.
 And sall know weill the caus of unkindnes
 Betuix vs seuin, your sone and your Empres.
 The Empreour said gif that thing cūmis to pas
 Than your rewaird salbe quhat ze will as.
 He said my Lord all is at your plesour,
 Sa tuik his leif than fra the Empreour.

¶ MORALITAS.

INTO this taill that the Doctour hes tald
 We may persaue sentences monyfold
 Pertening to wemens instabilnes,
 First thair awin will to haue ay that thay wald,
 That gart hir big abone the graue ane bald
 For to mak knawin hir senzeit halynes,
 Quhilk sone was turnit to habilt brukilnes.
 Consider sine how that scho was sa bald
 In diuers sortis, and schew hir cruelnes.

First scho hir schew to be in estimatioun,
 Ane chaist wedow, and leif in deuotioun
 In godly prayer, and into almous deid
 Quhilk sone was turnit in greit dissimulatioun
 Of hir awin spous that maid sic mutulatioun.
 Quha deit becaus he saw hir finger bleid,
 Quhat gaue scho him for his gude lufe and meid
 His stanis, his luggis, scho stowit, and teith out dang
 Sine on Gallous as ane theif did him hang.

Weir is hir lufe, heir is hir stablnes
 Weir is hir sauour, heir is hir faithfulness
 Weir hir chaistnes, heir is hir Cheritie
 Weir courtasie, heir is all hir kyndnes,
 Weir womanheid, lo heir is hir meiknes,
 Weir is hir hope, heir is hir honestie,
 Weir is hir grace, heir is hir grauitie,
 Weir hir gansell, heir is all hir gudnes,
 Now all is changeit into kene crueltie.

¶ meruellous God quhat may this mater mene

Q. iiij.

That women ar sa cruell and sa kene,
 And euer geuin to wickitnes and vice
 In former time euer mair sa hes bene,
 And in na sort can yet thairfoir abstene:
 Bot perseueiris, this is ane mater nice.
 I think it best to play thame at the dice
 The neirest way in this warld is I wene
 To saue thair schame, let thame on sink and lize.

Quhair suld be faith, thair schaw thay fenzeitnes
 And quhair fauour thay schaw vnfaithfulness,
 Quhair suld be rest, thay rattill ay in a rane,
 Quhair lufe suld be, thair schaw thay bitternes.
 Quhair peice suld be, thair schaw thay by baldnes
 Quhair gudnes is, thair ludgeing haue thay name
 Quhair tene and tray, that hous is to thame tane
 Quhair meiknes is, than thay ar menfles,
 O marpit men for zow I mak greit mane.

For quhy pour heidis ar still bound till ane statk,
 And thocht ze do all ze dow for hir lack
 As zow becummis baith into word and deid
 And sa daylie on hir seruice dois baik,
 Scho countis not all your cunning worth a caik,
 Quhen euer scho cravis, and callis bakwart the Creid
 Quin as the Knicht saw his wyfes finger bleid,
 In lufis labour quhen euer that ze fulask,
 All thing bygane scho countis not worth ane threid.

Becaus thay ar sa kittill of the Came
 Quhyllis lyke a wyld wold quhyllis as a Dow als tame,
 In at bolum, and line out at your fleff,
 Sic saules thingis hes nouthir sin nor schame,
 Than we do wrang ony way thame to blame
 Thay will do nocht that will thair husband greif
 Nor skantlie speik without he giue hir leif,
 Sic Innocentis that wait of nocht bot Ill
 Thay couet nocht bot ay to haue thair will.

Sum makis sa moy, sa gynn, sa dynk and dane
 Howbeit ze speik scho will not blink agane
 And gif scho do, it is out on the syde,
 That Fillok wald be at the feild als fane
 That semis ane Sanct new send us fra Sathan
 Thocht scho be browlit and buskit lyke ane bryde

Under

Under cullour scho is ane graceles gyde
 Ane fule fulfillit of fantasie prophane.
 Ane rank Rebald, reddye all tymes to ryde.

Ze gude women exampill heir may se
 Be not fenzeit with fals Hypocrasie,
 In mennis sicht presenting ane Angell
 And sine Inwart satiat with subtelte,
 Fulfillit all with fraude and falsitie.
 All this herummis of the greit Deuill of hell
 Quha daylie settis his curage for to quell
 All mankynde with his kene crudelitte
 Sa women dois, as now na mair I tell.

¶ Ane praise to the Seuint Maister.

T H O W hes put of Doctour ane doutsum day,
 The seuint and last quhairin maist perrell lay.
 And sauit the Chylde vnto the morne quhill none
 Now in Goddis name let him cum on away
 To the Emprice, gif he hes ocht to say.
 To say it out, I think it war weill done
 For scho hes bene to him Inoportune,
 In his contrair scho hes done that scho may
 To gar him mis baith Denner and Disione.

¶ Ane Exclamatioun to the Chylde.

N O W sen thou speikis on hir thou wreek it weill
 Gif thou hes caus, thy self thou hes sum feill.
 Thank hir na mair, than thou had hangit bene,
 Gif thou hes hap now hit hir on the heill
 And spair hir not, thocht scho war stit as steill
 For scho hes bene to the richt wonder kene,
 Quhill in na sort pertenit to ane Quene
 On sic ane wise a young Clerk to gar keill
 Quha wrocht neuer to hir zit tray nor tene.

¶ How Dioclesiane on the Emprice complenit,
 And him excusit of all maters scho menit.

E F T E R that the seuin Maisters all about
 Had sauit this Chyld of all danger and dout

Be gude vassounis, of stoueis red and sene,
 Upon the mozne togidder did conuene
 To ane counsall, to se how weill thay micht
 Conuoy this Chylde vnto his Fathers sight,
 And fra p̄soun how best thay suld him bring,
 All to consult thay past for the same thing.
 Sa to p̄soun thay come with ane consent
 To speik this Chylde befoir the none thay went
 His opinioun and counsall for to heir,
 Quhat he wantit that thay seuin suld him leir.
 Richt weill besene in honest Ornament,
 Of his Maisteris twasum befoir him went.
 And on Ilk syde of his Maisteris zeid ane,
 And thre behind, and sa fordwart ar gane.
 And fourtene men in thair companie went
 Ilk ane playing on diuers Instrument.
 And euerie ane was Maister in Musick,
 For Melodie and mirth thair was nane sick.
 To the Palace this Chylde thay did conuoy,
 With greit blythnes, mirth melodie and Joy,
 Sa that the sound of all the Instrumentis
 And the greit noyis in at the windois wentis.
 Quhat was the noyis, the Emperour did demā
 Thay said it was his sone cūming at hand,
 Unto your grace, for to excuse him sell,
 Of part of plaintis, quhilk sum did to you tell,
 The Emperour said thay tythandis lykis me,
 My sone speiking gif I micht heir or se.
 In the Palace this young Chylde tuik entres
 Quhatrof mony maid mirth and mirrines.
 And quhen he come to his Fatheris presence,
 He hailit him with dewlie reuerence
 With honour fauour, and all humilitie,

As

As him become, oꝛ culd of courtasie.
 The companie, and all about was glaid.
 With greit blythnes to his Father he said.
 Hale Father deir, helth honour and weilfair
 Be to your grace, foꝛ now and ever mair.
 Sa sone as he of his sone hard the vois,
 Into his hart it did him sa reiois:
 That his greit lufe his wittis it did confound,
 That he foꝛ Joy flatlingis fell to the ground.
 Than vp agane his sone tuk him in haist,
 And diuers times in his armes he him brait.
 Sa with sweit wordis and cōfoꝛtabill bꝛasing
 Fra swoun agane he did his Father bꝛing.
 Als sone fra swoun the Emprour did walk,
 The Chylde began to his Father to talk.
 Zit of pepill thair was sic confluence,
 The Chylde to speik nicht scarce get audience.
 The Emprour he causit cassin be,
 Greit sowmes of gold out thꝛow the hail Cietie
 To that effect to dꝛaw the pepill away,
 That he nicht heir what thig his sone wald say
 Of the money zit sum tuk small regaird,
 That the youg man sa fane thay wald haif hard
 The Emprour he cryit gīue audience,
 In pane of deith Ilk man to keip silence.
 Tha all was clois, to speik thair durst na man
 Sine foꝛ to speik Dioclesiane began.

My Father deir humblie I zow beseik,
 That ze will caus oꝛ I ma wordis speik,
 Your awin Emprice with hir fair Ladeis gent
 At my sermon Ilk ane to be present.
 The Emprour Incontinent gaue command,
 That the Emprice suld hidder cum fra hand.

With hir Ladeis of hir Chalmer Ilk ane,
 To hir helyue the Messinger is gane,
 And in all haist the Message tald hir till,
 And schew to hir the Emprouris minde & will
 Scho heiring that scho tuik ane felloun feir,
 Was na remeid, bot all thay did compeir.
 Than did the Childe desire the Emprour,
 That all the Ladeis of the Emprice hour
 Suld stand on raw, Ilk ane at vtheris syde,
 In pane of deith that nane thame self suld hyde
 That the pepill might all thame planelie se
 Thair trim makdome, and als thair honestie.
 Thair fauour, pair face, pair fame & pair fassou
 Thair braue hauingis, and thair paintit persou
 Upon the deis thay damis quhe pai war dreuin
 Thay war maist like Angellis cu furth of heuin
 Thay war sa sweit su said thay war all sanctis
 Crew men thame callit als trim as termigantis
 Than stude thay vp all into plane ptesence,
 And to the Childe gaue oppin audience.
 Than said the Childe Father lift vp your Ene,
 Behald how lang that ze haue blindit bene
 With your Emprice that is your Maryit quene
 And that young wenche that all is cled in grene
 Quhilk is your Mayd vnto your awin Emprys
 Quhome scho hes mair in fauour and kindnes,
 Than euer scho had I dar weill tak on me
 Sen thay first met than to your Maiestie.
 Quhome I desire gif it plesit your grace
 To be vncled befoir zow in this place.
 That being done, richt weill ze sall persaue,
 Sic ane hour Mayd, and sic Emprice ze haue.
 To quhome answerit this Nobill Emprour,
Thow

Thow knowis sone it is not my honour,
It will be schame to me and to vs all,
Ane naikit Hayd befoir vs for to call.
Than said the Chylde ane Haydin gif scho be
All the greit schame thairof beis laid on me,
Gif scho be not ane young Hayd as ze tell,
Than let all schame remane still with hir sell.
The Empeour than comandit that be done,
The Officers thay unbecled hir sone.
The clais of tane, it weill appeirit than
It was na Hayd, bot alwayis was a man.
And be all signes of memberis naturall,
Quhair of mony had wonder greit meruall.
Than said the sone with all humilitie,
The verray treuth now Father ze may se,
Of the falsset, and the greit subtelnes
Of this Rebald, and als of your Empres,
How day and nicht hes zow in blindnes led,
Quhen thay best thocht hes ay defoulit your bed
In your Chalmer ay vsit sic harlatrie,
Fornicatioun, Huredome, and Adulterie.
Not regarding Goddis Law nor conscience
Nor your dzeddour, your lufe and reuerence:
Bot euer mair thair lust and thair plesour,
Quik quhen thay list, to your greit dishonour.
Quhen the Empeour saw all the veritie
How this young man was cled as ane Ladie,
And vsit nichtlie in Chalmer with the Quene,
For verray wraith, Impatience and tene
His Ene thay glowrit, and als his face it swellit
His greit anger thair is na man can tell it.
He comandit thame baith Incontinent
Without mercie to be condampnit and bzint.

Than said the sone Father remane a time,
 Quhill I repulse hir of the cruell crime
 Scho laid on me, and falslie on me brocht,
 The thing yat I had neuer in minde nor thocht
 The Father said that thing and all the rest
 Is in your handis, do with it as ze think best.
 Than said the sone, ane lier gif scho be,
 Than let the Law correct hir for hir lie.
 Bot ze sall knaw quhen ze first for me sent,
 My self I past and spyt the firmament.
 Quhairin I saw, ane word gif that I spak
 Within seuin dayis, that I with schame & lak
 Suld thoill the deith with all greit crueltie
 Be ony way that culd deuise be.
 And that alone be the greit foirthocht feid
 Of the Emprice, Imagining my deid.
 That was the caus Father I durst not speik,
 Chairfoir pardoun at zow now heir I seik.
 And quhair scho sayis that I wald hir opprest
 That is in treuth ane lesing manifest.
 Bot trewlie scho did all that in hir was
 In all kin sort to bring that thing to pas.
 And quhen scho saw that I refusit sic thing
 And answerit not, Incontinent did scho bring
 Paper and pen, with Ink scho had reddie
 Prayit me to write my minde thair quyetlie.
 And quhen I wait, and all hir minde refusit,
 And praying hir for to hald me excusit:
 For I wald not defoull my Fatheris bed,
 Than the wytyng vnder hir feit scho tred.
 Sine rais hir face, and all hir robbis rent,
 And with loud voice scho cryit Incontinent.
 And zit that crime scho laid alone on me,
Father

Father in treuth this is the veritie.
 When the Emperour this taird hard til him taird
 The Quenes face greitlie he did behald,
 With awsum vult, angrie and als austere,
 And not but caus, saying on this maneir.
 O maist filthie and schameles creature:
 Nicht thou na way stancheit thy foull nature
 With my bodie, and with thy Rebald knaif,
 Bot in like sort my awin sone thou wald haif.
 O wickit wife neuer taking regaird
 Of thy awin schame, nor of heuinlie rewaird.
 Had thou tane heid quhome of y^e was descendit
 Thou wald neuer sa far to me offendit.
 Thou wzocht alwayis that euer thou culd In-
 On the Gallous to gar my sone be schent. (uent
 And ay thy minde with falsset was Infectit,
 Craiking all time sic wald not be correctit.
 Bot God is Just, howbeit he thoill a time,
 As he thinkis caus he will puneis the crime.
 Chairfoir becaus of sic thou had na schame,
 Upon thy self sall ly baith wite and blame:
 That me sa lang thy bedfellow hes blindit,
 Chairfoir thy flesche for sic faults now sall find
 Tha gruiplings swyith scho fell vpo hir face (it
 Doun at his knie, and at him cryit for grace.
 Saying gude Lord, for thy Princelie pietie,
 To me maist vile thou wald grant sum mercie.
 For my greit gylt heir planelie I confes,
 Grant me sum grace for thy greit gentilnes.
 Than till hir said this Nobill Emperour,
 Quhilk was fulfillit of sturt and displesour.
 O vyle woman for mercie thou dois craif,
 Quhilk be na way is not worthie to haif.

The cruell deith thow hes deseruit thise,
 Duhilk I sall schaw planelie in thre kin wise.
 First thow hes done the sin of Adulterie,
 To the greit schame and contemptioun of me,
 Duhilk be the Law, expres is na remeid
 (Ane Princes bed for to defoull) bot deid.
 Than secundlie, my onlie sone and Air
 Thow did prouoke to be ane Adultrair.
 To that effect to the Chalmer him led,
 With the to ly, and to defoull my bed.
 Duhilk seruis deith, as na man can excuse,
 Albeit in treuth the same he did refuse.
 Thridlie Ilk day with fals taillis tytit me,
 Aganis Justice, to gar my awin sone die.
 Becaus thow knew his Clergie and cunning,
 Thy foull baudzie & filthines wald furth bring
 Chairfoir be Law thow seruis puneist be,
 And of the Law to haue extremitie.
 Than said the sone, Father richt weill ze know
 How scho daylie tytit zow (not be Law)
 Bot with hir taillis and fenzeit fals lesing,
 Upon Gallous but mercie me to hing.
 War not thow help of my gude Maisters seuin
 And first supplie of the greit God in heuin:
 Duhilk will euer the Innocent defend
 And into neid will to thame succour send.
 Duhilk presentlie now he to me hes done,
 Into my neid hes send me succour sone.
 Alswa Father I traist it was zow tald
 Be zour Emprice, that I purpoist and wald
 Depriue zour grace fra this Nobill Impire,
 Duhilk neuer was zit trewlie my desire.
 And als scho said that it was my Intent,

Zow

Now to destroy with my Maisteris consent,
 And be that way your rowmes for to obtene,
 Quhilk trewlie zit my minde did neuer mene.
 Sic for to do I pray God me defend,
 Or zit think sic vnto my liues end.
 For of your grace my leuing all I haif,
 Ze zit on liue, I aw na mair to craif.
 I am your sone, and ze my Father deir,
 Wald I now want for ony worldlie geir.
 Nay, nay, not sa for I sall ay laubour
 For to vphald your weillfair and honour.
 At my power and utter diligence,
 With hart and hand, and all gude reuerence.
 At your plesure, your bidding and command,
 Lesting your life, ay constant sall I stand.
 Bot your empyce scho wzocht baith nicht & day
 In all kin sort to wirk betuix vs tway
 As the Father kest the sone in the sie,
 Becaus the sone said him for veritie:
 That he suld be abone his Father Lord,
 To the quhilk taill the Father did not cord.
 Than the Father kest the sone in the sie,
 Bot the greit God gaue him help and supplie:
 And wald not thoill that time he suld be deid,
 Bot throw his grace he send him sone remeid.
 Zit the sonnys taill it come trewlie to pas,
 And the Father ane myte not war he was.
 To the Father quhat hinderance culd it be,
 Howbeit the sone had obtenit dignitie.
 Not hindering the Father in na sort,
 I think it suld haue bene to his comfort.
 And God willing Father my gouernance
 Ze sall persaue sall be na hinderance,

R. j.

Noz pzeiudice in na sort to zour grace,
 Bot alwayis salbe mirth Joy and solace.
 Than said on heich this Nobill Emprour,
 To God alone be louing and honour,
 That sic ane sone vnforseruit hes me send,
 To gyde this Realme efter my dayis end.
 Sa wise, sa gude, sa verteous in all thing,
 To greit weillfair sa abill his Realme to bring.
 Now my deir sone hartlie I the requeir,
 Tell me sum taill that all about may heir.
 Quhairthow pai may thy wisdom vnderstād
 Quod he Father that sall I tak on hand.
 Sa ze command all men to keip silence,
 Quhill I haue done, and giue me audience.
 Quhen I haue done as ze think expedient
 On zour Emprice giue furth thā zour iudgemēt
 Than silence was commandit to all man,
 Dioclesiane thus gaits his taill began.

EFTER Cytan had tane his staf in hand
 And lichtlie lap as Lord out our the land
 Becaus the day was baith sweet soft and fair,
 Than vp I rais, and past to my Librair.
 And studyt thair, a quhyle as I thocht gude
 Becaus it was my vse and conswetude.
 And sa efter my lessoun was compleit,
 Than to refresche, I recreat my spreit.
 As for that tyme I laid on syde my buke,
 And in my hand ane vther Volume tuke,
 Of lychter dyte, and storvis of the ald,
 That seir auld men befoir in tymes had tald
 In quhilk Volume diuers stozis our kest,
 That plesand was, bot zit amang the rest

Ane

Ane fyne fabill in that volume I fand,
 Dubilk at this tyme to our purpois may stand.
 This was the Quairch of the mater in deid,
 As ze sall heir this Tale and I proceid.

BEfoir this tyme thair was ane nobill knight
 Manlie in mynd and abundant in micht.

Ane gay Lady he had vnto his wyfe,
 And betwix thame thay led ane Godlie lyfe.

Onlie ane Sone he had na barnis mo,
 Duhome of pai tuik, greit mirth blythnes & Jo
 And him delyuerit in far and strange countrie,

Him to Instruct and for to leir Clergie:
 Of cunning men that Clergie had perqueir,
 As ze haue done to me this mony zeir.

Sa this zyoung man as he in persoun grew,
 Sa daylie did in cunning and vertew.

Sine efter that he was seuin zeir at lair,
 Considdering he was his Fathers Air.

And had na ma to bruike his heritage,
 At seuin zeiris end he send for him Message.

Chargeing him sone for to cum hame fra hand
 Dubilk he obeyit his Fathers haill command.

And quhen he come to his Fatheris presence,
 He hailit him with all gude reuerence.

As him effeirit, with greit humilitie,
 His Mother als in semblabill degre.

Duhairof thay had baith game gle & blythnes
 That thair ane sone was cumin to sic grace.

For not alone in vertew he Incest,
 Bot also was of bodie the liklyest.

Manlie and stout weill maid at all fassoun,
 Weill fauourit of face and gude proportioun.

Gentill, humane, courtes, Nobill and fre,

All man him lude for his humanitie.
 Sa on a time it chancit vpon ane day,
 His Father and Mother at tabill sat thir tway
 The sone seruing thame baith richt courtaslie,
 Fra the Kitching the coursie brocht cumlie.
 In the meane time on ane tre lichtit down,
 At the windo, and sang with heuinlie soun,
 Ane nightingail, quhill sang with noitis sa cleir
 Sa wonder sweet, that all hir noitis did heir.
 Aucht dayis in ane thay wald neuer thocht lag
 To heir that bird, sa done sweet was hir sang.
 Than said the Knicht weil war he all his dayis
 That vnderstode quhat zone bird singis or sayis.
 Than said the sone Father with your honour
 Sa that it be to you na displeour,
 The birdis sang I sall declair to you,
 Bot I am feirit that ze tak sturt thairthrow.
 The Father said sone for my bennessoun,
 Quhat the bird singis mak Interpretatioun.
 Say on bauldie, for na persoun tak feir,
 For I thairat sall na wayis change my cheir.
 Than said the sone this is the verray taill,
 That ze Father heiris of the Nightingail.
 That I sall be sic ane man of greit might,
 And honourit be with Lord Barroun & Knicht
 And sall cum to, that ze my Father fre
 The water plait that ze sall hald to me.
 And my Mother befor me scho sall stand,
 Besyde your self with towell in her hand:
 Waitting quhill I wescche my handis in y^e plait
 This is the sang that the bird sang of lait.
 The Father said thow fals misleirit knaif,
 Thow sall of vs sic seruice neuer haif:

Noz neuer sall cum to sic dignitie,
 That we twa sall mak sic seruice to the.
 Sa in malice, and into greit wodnes,
 In greit furie, and vnnaturall kindnes.
 He led his sone, and kest him in the sie,
 In displeour, Inuy and crueltie.
 Saying efter in the sey he him flang
 Ly thow thair still, gessar of birdis sang.
 The Chylde culd swim, and sa chancit to land
 With heill and quert helpit be Goddis hand.
 And fastit thair as the historie sayis,
 But meit oz drink be the space of four dayis.
 On the fyft day be chance ane schip come by,
 Dubaitron schairplie richt loud the chylde cā cry.
 Skipper of schip for lufe and cheritie,
 Fra this perrell I pray zow to saue me.
 The skipper hard, and belpue drew to land,
 And saw the Chylde, and in quhat stait culd stād
 On him thay had reuth and compassioun,
 Seing he was ane liklie gude persoun.
 The chance of deith sa narowlie eschewit,
 All in ane voice thair hartis vpon him rewit.
 And in on burde belpue did him ressaue,
 And in far landis to thair countrie did haue.
 Than to ane Duke of that countrie him sauld,
 For ane greit sowme of money to thame tauld.
 And as this Chylde grew daylie into age,
 In like maner he grew in personage.
 Meik and humane, in maners comfortabill,
 Gentill, Iocund, and to all game richt abill.
 Sa to all men he come in sic fauour,
 The Duke him lude, and tuik at him plesour.
 Into sa far, he had the haill credence

R. iij.

Of all his hous, and the preeminence.
 In the same tyme the King of that countrie,
 All his greit Lords, and counsall callit he.
 His greit Barrouns, his knychts and nobill men
 That of his mind sum part that thay micht ken
 Amang the rest evin did this Duke also
 To the counsall preparit him for to go.
 And with thame take this Chyld in companie
 For his wisdom, and his greit courtasie.
 All thir Lords come with full greit reuerence
 Befoir the King gaue dew obedience.
 Thay being all togidder sa conuenit,
 To pame in plane ye king schew quhat he menit
 Saying my Lords and my trew Barrounis all
 Now to counsall for this I did zow call.
 The mater is sa greit I haue to tell,
 Chairfoir I wald ze keipit all counsell
 Gif ony man the treuth will me declair,
 I him promit my douchter and myne Air:
 Into spowlage, and efter me be king,
 Duhen I am deid, for ay to bryke my Ring.
 This is the treuth, and mater musis me,
 About this place resorts Rauins thre:
 And followis ay quhair euer I gang or lye
 Rotpand in ane, and euer on me crys.
 Dubylis me behind, & quhylis thay cum befoir
 With siclyke luks, as thay wald me deuoir.
 Thay leif me not bot ay continuallie,
 Thay rowp thay rair, and euer schouts on me.
 Scraipand the eird and waffand w^t pair wings
 Dawbing thair nebbis & at the windoys dings
 Chairfoir I send gif ony of zow did knaw,
 The caus heirof, that ze wald to me schaw.

His

His gude reward he sall not neid to craif,
 As I haue said the same thing sall he haif.
 Sa he deuoyd the Rauins fra me all clene,
 And in my sight that thay na maie be sene.
 Duben this was musit to all the counsall thair
 Thair was na man the questioun culd declair.
 Than said this Chyld to his maister the Duke
 The man on hand that zone same questioun tuke
 For to declair wald he get his promis
 Fra the Kings grace, yea, quod the Duke I wis.
 Than said the Chylde gif it plesit your grace,
 To schaw the King, I sall declair the cace,
 Under the pane to put my heid in pledge,
 As he hes said, for to fulfill the wage.
 Dubē y^e Duke hard this tair he was richt glaid
 Incontinent past to the King and said,
 And pleis your grace thair is ane young mā heir
 Ane cunning Clerk, in Clergie richt perqueir.
 Wise and wittie, and of Ingine richt hie,
 Dubilk promissis that he sall satisfie:
 All your desires and the samin fulfill,
 Tutching the Rauins, sa that it be your will,
 For to compleit the thing that ye haue said,
 Faith (quod the King) thairof I will be glaid.
 Than brocht the Duke this Chyld into presene,
 Befoir the King with all gude reuerence.
 Than said the King, young man can ye declair
 The questioun that I proponit air:
 Befoir my Lordis, tutching the Rauins thre.
 Than said the Chylde that sall I do trewlie,
 Sa that your grace your promeis will fulfill.
 Than said the King but dout trewlie I will.
 Duba euer will this questioun declair,

R. iiij.

He sall mary my douchter and mine Air.
 Than said the Chyld this is the caus and quhy
 That thir thre Rauins dois daylie on zow cry.
 Thair was twa Rauins, ane female & ane male
 That had clekkit the thrid withouttin sale.
 Quhair thay clekkit into that Ilk countrie,
 Was greit honger, derth and penuritie,
 For fault of fude, women and men deceist,
 In lyke maner sa did baith foull and beist,
 Than this young Rauin being intill hir nest,
 The Mother flew our feilds quhair scho thocht
 Seiking hir fude, in lād out our all quhair (best
 And of hir bird scho tuik na sturt nor cair.
 Than the Male Rauin seing that displesour,
 Upon him self he tuik daylie laubour
 With panis and pine, and greit penuritie,
 Fed this young Rauin quhil it had strenth to fle
 And fend the self out our the feildis fair,
 Sa of Mother it tuik na sturt nor cair.
 Now is past by the skant time of the zeir.
 Meit grew at large, and vittailis was not deir
 Men beist and foull, had meit abundantlie,
 The Female Rauin come hame than haistlie.
 And wald haue had sic freindschip & kindnes
 To the young Rauin as he quhilk in distres.
 Fed him with fude quhill he culd fend him sell,
 The Female Rauin thair of tuik na trauell,
 Than the male Rauin tuik weil into hir thocht
 How he his bird had nureist and vpbrought,
 In time of derth, penuritie and skant,
 He thocht na way his bird that he wald want
 For the Female out our the feildis flew,
 And left hir bird but help or zit reskew.

Still

Still in the nest quhilk thairfra culd not fle,
Bot thair on force for to ly still and die.
Thairfor the male thocht he had mair kindnes
To the young Rauin, that in neid and distres
Out of perrell it nureist and vpbrought
Nor the Female that flew and fed it nocht.
Thairfor the Male sayis that he suld possid
His awin young bird that helpit it in neid.
Rather than scho quhilk in necessitie,
Left it alone but help in point to die.
Than the Female alledgis this agane,
That in the birth of hir bird had mair pane:
Mair laubour, sorow, and penuritie,
Mair honger than the Male had be sic thre.
Thairfor of him scho aucht to haue mair mirth
That had of him sic sorow in hir birth.
For this Ilk caus my Souerane Lord the King
Thir Rauius cryis, and for nane vther thing.
Desiring zow to Judge be zour wisdom,
Quha this young bird sall brusik in time to cum
Thairfor will ze on this thing giue sentence,
Thay will na mair cum in zour grace presence.
Than said the King becaus that the Female
Left hir awin bird into sic neid and bale,
And in na sort wald nureis it nor feid,
Bot fra it fled quhen that it had maist neid.
I think alwayis with restoun it suld stand,
The bird suld be at bidding and command:
With the Male Rauin, and in his companie,
Becaus he fed it in necessitie.
And quhair that scho alledges hir agane
To haue mair sturt, sorow trauell and pane
In his clekking, furth bringing and his birth,

I say to zow all that was turnit in mirth,
 Sa sone as scho hir awin bird quick culd se,
 Scho quyte forzet hir greit aduersitie.
 And als the male is caus of productioun,
 And Instrument of all generatioun,
 I say also in time of hir greit neid,
 He did his bird with pane nureis and feid:
 Quhen the Female it left into the nest,
 In greit honger, and als with cald opprest.
 Thairfor I giue diffinitive sentence,
 That the Male Rauin sal ay haue still presence
 The fellowship and als the companie
 Of the young bird, quhair euer he gang or fle.
 And the Female his fellowship sall want it,
 Except the Male vnto the Female grant it.
 Than quhen y^e Rauins hard the King sa declair
 Incontinent thay flew vp in the air,
 With sic ane noyis, as it had thunder bene,
 And was na mair into that Regioun sene.
 This being done, in schozt time efter than,
 Incontinent the King callit this young man:
 And said gude freind zour name to me ze schaw
 Alexander (quod he) Schir thay me caw
 Than said the King ze sall tak nane bot me
 For zour Father and ze my sone sall be.
 For ze sall haue my doughter in spowlage,
 And efter me sall bzuk hir heritage.
 And euer still sall heir be Lord and King
 And all this Realme sall haue in governing.
 Than Alexander in houshold still he baid,
 Daylie seruice vnto the King he maid.
 All men him lude for his greit courtasie,
 His gentilnes, and his humanitie.

He

He was sa soft, sa humbill and mansweir,
 Courtes, cunning, debonar and discreit.
 In all gude games him self he did frequent,
 In hoys, harnes, Jussing and turnament.
 And all gude games ganit for ane gentill man,
 Daylie exercit, and ay the praise he wan
 Abone all thame that dwelt into Egypt,
 He far excellit, and had the Maisterschip.
 In all that Realme nouthir he far nor neir,
 In manlie actis thair was nane found his peir
 Nor zit thair was na greit obscure questioun,
 Bot he thairto wald giue solutioun.
 Sa he gyddit in all thing and weill prufit,
 With young and auld wonder weil he was lufit.

¶ In this meane time Cytus the Emperour
 Quhilk was a man of greit might and honour
 Of gentilnes, and als of courtasie,
 In all vertew he was ane A per se.
 Quir all the world sa far rang his renoun,
 That he precellit all vther that bure Croun.
 Into sa far, that our all quhair did fle
 His Nobill name of Liberalitie.
 And round about into all partis him by,
 Baith far and neir oppinlie gart he cry:
 Gif ony man in maners and wisdom, e
 And gude Ingine, vnto his Court wald cum:
 Suld be Intreit into thair awin degre,
 And rewardit efter thair facultie.
 Quhen Alexander hard tell of sic ane thing,
 He past fra hand to his Father the King.
 And said to him kneiling vpon his kne,
 And pleis your grace my Nobill Father fre.
 The Nobill Court and courtasie is knawin

Of the Emperour, and to your grace is schawin
 That euerie man delites thair to abyde,
 That hes knowlege outhir to gang or ryde.
 Lyrning sall leir, maners and manlynes,
 Prettick of weiris, gude gyding and proues.
 Dew Intreitting, with honour laude and gloir
 And greit rewaird he sall obtene thairfoir.
 And pleis your grace I wald desire hartlie,
 Into that Court and companie to be.
 That I might wit and vertew daylie leir,
 My self exerce in Nobill actis of weir.
 This of your grace richt humble I desire,
 Na weyis mening that of your grace I tire.
 For God willing I sall retorne agane,
 To your plesure, quhilk is my Souerane.
 Than said the King your talking plesis me,
 Bot laith war I to want your companie.
 Zit not the les caus ze sic thing desire,
 I will glaidlie grant it that ze require.
 Bot or ze pas se that ze furneist be,
 In all behalfis, gold, clais, hors and monie.
 That ze want nocht that is neidfull to haue,
 That ze pairthow may baith our honours saue
 Siclike I think it war expedient,
 That ze suld spous my douchter or ze went.
 Or ze retorne perchance ane barne furth bring
 Than wist this Realme outhir of quene or king.
 Alexander than said vnto the King,
 And pleis your grace to spair me of that thing
 Till my retorne, than sall I with honour
 Your douchter spous with your graces plesour
 Than said the King of that I am content,
 Euin as ze will, thairto I do consent.

And

And grantis zow heir with all beneuolence,
 To pas zour time quhair that ze pleis licence.
 Than Alexander at the King tuik gude nicht,
 And all y^e Lords, baith Barroun squire & knicht
 Sine last of all he past to the Ladie,
 Tuik his gude nicht, and gaue hir knifes thre,
 Bad hir be blyith, for lang he thocht not hyde.
 Scho said gude schir I pray God be zour gyde.
 Sa furth he fairis, ane liklie man to luik,
 And lay on hors, and on his veyage tuik.
 And with him went ane honest companie,
 With gold, siluer, furneist at all plentie.
 Unto the Court quhair that the Emperour was
 He takis Jorday, and sa fordwart can pas.
 And quhen he come befoir the Emperour
 Upon his kneis he haillit him with Honour:
 Greit reuerence and all humilitie.
 Bot sa sone as the Emperour culd him se,
 Quhair that he sat, out of his sait he rais,
 To Alexander but mair tary he gais.
 And kissis him, as was of Court the gise,
 And in his armes he him Imbrastit twise.
 Sine him inquirit quhat was his name fra had
 Quhairfra he come, quhilk was his natue land
 Siclike he speirit quhairfoir that he was cum.
 Tell on he said, the treuth of all and sum.
 He said and pleis zour Nobill Maiestie,
 Alexander men vsis to call me.
 The King of Egypts sone and Aie I am,
 I wait his grace will ratifie the same.
 And is cum heir vnto zour Maiestie,
 To do seruice, gif ze will accept me.
 Ze ar welcum the Emperour said than,

Ze seme to be ane Nobill gentill man.
 To his Stewart than ane command he gaue,
 That in houshald Alexander he suld ressaue.
 The Stewart than to ane Chalmer him led,
 And schew him quhair that he suld haue his bed
 Weill perfurneist into all necessaris,
 With pertinentis thairto in all essaris.
 Alexander behauit him sa wiselie,
 With all the Court and Ilk mānis lufe wan he
 Sa in schozt time for his weill behauing,
 Maister Keruour he was maid to the King.
 Not lang efter the Kingis sone of France,
 To do seruice and daylie obseruance.
 In like maner come to the Empreour,
 Quhome he ressauit with blyithnes & honour.
 And speirit siclike at him quhat was his Name
 He said Lodwik all men callis me at hame.
 And am cum heir to do your grace seruice,
 Gif that ze pleis witchaif on me office,
 The Empreour said Alexander trewlie,
 Is my Keruour, my copper ze sall be.
 For that office I think ze be maist abill,
 To do seruice daylie befoir my tabill.
 Committit he to the Stewart Lodwik,
 To do to him, as to Alexander siclike.
 Sa the Stewart to Lodwik did assing
 That Ilk Chalmer was Alexanders ludgeing
 Quhairto thay war baith verray weill applesit
 That thay war twa into ane Chalmer esit.
 Thir twa young men Alexander and Lodwik,
 In all kin sozt thay war sa wonder like:
 In face, fauour, in forme and fastoun,
 In stature, visage, speiche and conditioun,

That

That Ilk man said ane was the vthers brother
 Skarslie nicht nane knaw the ane be the vther
 Bot Alexander in deidis was mair actiue,
 Than was Lodwik, and far mair scientiue.
 For Lodwik was schamefull and feminine,
 And Alexander peirt, furthie and Masculine.
 Of mair curage, mair manlie to behald,
 Than Lodwik was (sum said) be the thrid fald
 Thir twa young men Ilk ane sa lusit vther
 Nane wald haue said, bot ane was vthers bro:
 The empreour quhilk Tytus hecht to name (ther
 Had ane douchter of fastoun fair and fame,
 Hecht Florentine, ane gracious gay Ladie,
 Quhilk neirest air to hir Father suld be.
 Quhome hir Father lusit sa abone measour,
 And till hir gaue abundance of treasour.
 Hir awin seruandis scho had with hir to dwell
 And keipit Court and houshald be hir sell.
 To quhome daylie the Empreour vsit to send
 Of his dainteis, his douchters meis to mend
 In signe of lufe, daylie ane dische or tway,
 And Alexander to hir bure thame away:
 To this Ladie, befor hir thame presentit,
 Sa in hir sicht Ilk day he was frequentit.
 Quhairthrow fauour of this Lady he wan,
 For his wisdome, abone all vther man.
 Throw besines it chancit on ane day,
 At dennar time Alexander was away
 Fra his seruice, and nane in his absence
 His fault suppleit, nor zit gaue attendence.
 Than Lodwik come, and that persauit sone,
 Did sic seruice as Alexander suld haue done,
 And stude for him into the samin steid,

His fault he did supplie and als remeid.
 And quhen dennar neir hand it was at end,
 The Emperour tuk vp ane dische and send
 To his douchter as he had wont to do,
 And bad Lodwik the same dische beir hir to,
 Beleuing weill Alexander it had bene,
 Few culd discerne thir twa visages betwene.
 Than went Lodwik his way to the Ladie,
 Presentit hir the dische vpon his knie:
 With reuerence, as he in hart best thocht,
 For he befor that time hir sene had nocht.
 Incontinent quhen he the meit hir brocht:
 Scho persauit that Alexander it was nocht,
 Quod scho gude schir to me ze schaw your name
 He said Lodwik, it is surelie Madame.
 Duhaiss sone ar ze tell me but circumstance,
 My Father is (quod he) the King of France.
 Quod scho gude schir I thank you of your pane
 Ze ar welcum to pas or zit remane.
 Thank my Father of the meit he hes send,
 Quod he I sall, and sa furth can he wend.
 And tuk his leif with all gude reuerence,
 And past agane to the Emperours presence.
 In this meane time Alexander come to tabill,
 Did his seruice as he was wont and abill.
 The dennar done, Lodwik to Chalmer past
 Richt seik at hart, and laid him down bedfast.
 Dubilk Alexander persauit Incontinent,
 And to Chalmer to Lodwik is he went,
 And said to him, O my gude companzeoun
 What is the caus that ze ar now line down?
 Than said Lodwik, I feill my self trewlie,
 Next at the hart with sair Infirmitie.

Gzeitlie

Greitlie I feir without I get remeid,
 It haldis me sa, that it sall be my deid.
 Alexander said the treuth I traist to ges,
 The principall caus of all your sair seiknes.
 For this ilk day quhen that the meit ze bair
 To zone Lady, quhilk that ze thocht sa fair.
 Ze hir beheld sa verray feruentlie,
 Hir gude maners, hir visage and bewtie,
 That ze thairwith is hangit in hir lufe,
 Fra hir your hart na way ze can remuse.
 Than said Lodwik, O my gude brother deir,
 The verray treuth but dout ze haue gane neir.
 All Phisitians in warld thay culd not ges,
 Nor Judge maie trew the caus of my seiknes.
 Duhaifrof but dout I tak ane felloun feir,
 Get I na help, that it sall do me deir.
 Than Alexander bad him be of comfort,
 At my power I sall your pane support.
 Lift vp your hart and be of gude curage,
 Sturt in na way your seiknes can asswage.
 Than Alexander bethocht him on ane cast,
 Incontinent to the market he past:
 Ane precious claith with his awin gold he bocht
 Duhaifrof Lodwik knew na way nor wist nocht
 All set about with precious stanis coistlie,
 And presentit vnto the fair Ladie:
 Quhen scho it saw, scho askit him in hy:
 Duhaif he culd get sic coistlie claith to hy.
 Quod he the sone of the maist Christin King,
 Hes for your lufe Madame send zow this thing.
 Bot for a sicht that he saw of your face,
 He is sa fast lynkit in lufis lace.
 That he lvis seik without he get remeid,

S. j.

Appeirandly thair is nathing bot deid.
 And for your lufe suffer ze him to die,
 It sal degraid your honour gretumlie.
 Alexander scho said, wald ze now counsal me
 That I suld loise my clene Virginitie.
 Considdering I am of blude Royall
 Discendit down of stock Imperiall
 And secundlie, as ze know weill in deid
 Be apperance, to this Croun suld succed.
 Gif I did sa as ze to me declair,
 Than war I tynt: but dout for ever mair.
 Belene ze weill that ze for sic Message
 Sall haue na thank nor wyn of me na wage.
 Thairfoir pas ze fra hand out of my sight,
 Your message is nouthir ressoun nor richt.
 He saw the Mayd was sum thing discontent
 Furth of hir sight he past Incontinent.
 On the nirt day past Alexander agane
 To the market, and playit the counterpane.
 To this Lady he bocht ane fyne heid geir.
 Aboue the claith it was thre tymes mair deir.
 And present it vnto the Lady gent,
 On Lodwyks name, thairwith vnto hir went:
 When the Lady this coislie gift had sene,
 Scho meruellit greit quhat Alexander did mene
 And said to him I meruell of a thing,
 That ze to me sic coislie gifts suld bring
 Fra ony man, bot gif it war your sell,
 Deferring ay your awin erand to tell.
 And sa oft times ze haue had my presence,
 And for to speik ze might haue had licence.
 Sic thing I se in your heid neuer sank
 Duhairstoir but dout I can zow the les thank.

Quod

Quod he Madame ze mon hald me excusit,
 I durst not speik perchance ze had refusit,
 And mairatour my birth it is to law,
 Sa heich maters I durst not to zow schaw.
 Quod scho it is ane Prouerb of the ald,
 Quhilk I oft times in mirrines hes hard tald.
 Let ane zyoung man quhiddel he speid oz nocht
 Hane not his speich, bot speik furth & spair nocht.
 Into my hart (quod he) sic was not groundit
 Noz with sic thing my hart was neuer woundit
 And gif sic thing perchance had happinnit me,
 I wald haue chargeit ane of mair law degre
 Noz is zour grace, bot my gude freind Lodwik
 Is the greit aie of the maist cheif Kinrik:
 Of all the world, and the maist Christin King,
 The mair baulder he durst desire sic thing.
 Rather noz I, quhilk may be na compair,
 Unto zour grace, for zour blude singulair.
 Quod scho this word in remembrance ze tak,
 Lufe quhome ze like, thay say lufe hes na lak.
 Quod he quha hes into his companie,
 Ane gude fellow, as Lodwik now hes me:
 And in him traistis, am I not bound agane
 To wis him gude quhair that he lvis in pane
 At my power, in sa far as I may,
 Doutles Madame I culd not say him nay.
 Chairfoir I think ze Lady traist and trew
 Wuld ze witchaif vpon Lodwik to rew,
 And on him haue compassioun and pietie,
 That is sa sair woundit in zour betwie.
 Ane word of zouris wuld mak him haill agane,
 And him releif of all seiknes and pane.
 Let him na way his deid be on zow laid,

For that thing sall your honour greit degraide,
 Gif ze absent fra him your gude kindnes,
 Ilk man will say that ze ar mercyles.
 Scho said gude schir forsuith ze serue greit crime
 Of me ze get na answer at this time.
 Chairfoir ze may pas on fair weill adew,
 Ze ar to blame sa schairplie to persew:
 For ony man, bot gif it war your sell,
 Pas on your way, as now na mair I tell.
 He tuk his leif, and departit anone,
 The mozne agane to the market is gone.
 And bocht ane belt, quhilk ten times was mair
 Nor was the claith, & als the gay heid geir. (deir
 And presentit vnto the Ladyis sicht,
 On Lodwiks name, the wofull woundit wicht
 Quhen scho persaut the giftis sa coistlie was,
 Into hir self scho kest and did compas
 Seir diuers thochts pat neids not to be schawin
 Nor to Ilk man in na kinde to be knawin.
 Chairfoir as now I think best let thame be,
 Ilk man suld not know Ladeis preuitie.
 Bot at the last to Alexander scho said,
 I wait not weill for to be musit or glaid
 At your message, bot wonder laith war me
 In my default that ony man suld die,
 A mannis life to lois for laik of lufe,
 Gif I sa did I war greit to repzuse.
 Chairfoir ze sall in this point haue credence,
 In my Chalmer I will giue him presence.
 At the thrid hour that past is our midnicht,
 My Chalmer dure he sall find oppin richt,
 Schaw ze him sa this is my minde and will.
 Your minde (quod he) Madame I sall fulfill.

Of

Of this answer Alexander was glaid,
 Past to Chalmer, and to his fellow said,
 Lodwik ly not, ze lurk our lang for lufe,
 I haue not hanit to hant for your behufe:
 The companie of zone fair Ladie gent,
 Howbeit sum time scho stude not all content.
 Zit not the les sum grace I haue obtenit,
 To your Intent, sa far to hir I menit.
 Hir greit fauour to zow I haue purchest,
 And I beleue all is cum for the best.
 Chairfoir be blyith, and tak zow gude comfort,
 With clene curage now get zow vp at schozt.
 And in secreit I will zow schaw ane thing,
 To hir Chalmer this nicht I sall zow bring.
 Duhair that ze sall richt wonder welcum be,
 And weill Intreit with that fair gay Ladie.
 Fra he that hard he was curageous,
 Baith haill and feir, Iocund and Iolpous.
 Als blyith at hart, and sturt away was wzne,
 As euer he was, fra first day he was bozne.
 Was neuer bird sa blyith of hir brydgrome,
 Was neuer bird sa blyith to licht on blome.
 Noz zit Sparhawk sa blyith to get hir pray,
 Noz zit the Lark, in fresche morning of May.
 Neuer Henstrell sa blyith of his rewaird,
 As was Lodwik, quhen he thay tythings hard
 Bot for to speik of perfite Potingaris,
 Fyne Phisitians, meruellous Medicinaris.
 Clerkis of cunning, and counsallouris of hele,
 Charmers of chafts and giuers of Libblele.
 I neuer red into na buik noz place,
 As Alexander was to Lodwik in this cace.
 For luik how sone that Lodwik hard him speik

He said him self he was na langer seik.
 Ze knaw Lechis will haue ane lang proces,
 Gude Intreitting, rewardis and als kindnes.
 Bankettis making quhair euer it may be socht
 With Alexander be na way sa was nocht.
 Alexander debursit his money ay,
 Not being knawin to Lodwik in na way.
 Quhairthow to him he conquest this Ladie,
 Be coislie giftis cost with his awin monie.
 Now let vs schaw how Lodwik vp he rais,
 With curious corps, and cleikit on his clais.
 Sine Alexander his minde vnto him schew,
 How the Ladie all his maladie knew,
 And how scho was of his cūming content,
 And how that he did purches hir consent.
 Alexander conuoyit Lodwik that nicht,
 To the Chalmer of that fair Ladie bricht.
 With quhome he was in Joy and mirrines,
 And fra thine furth euer keipit kindnes.
 In sic ane sort, quhair that anis Intent
 Without contrair that vther gaue consent.
 Sa still thay vlit in vthers companie,
 Beleuing weill all was done quyetlie.
 Zit not the les, it come vnto the eiris
 Of all the Court, amang Knichtis and squyers
 How that Lodwik sa stude in greit kindnes,
 With that Ladie wrocht sa in quyetnes.
 Sa amang thame thay did conspire his deid,
 Not regarding the Ladeis fauour nor feid.
 And Alexander thair of gat knowlegeing,
 He armit his corps for to ganestand that thing.
 And quhē thay knew that Alexander tuik part
 Him to persew fra thine furth thay tyne hart.

Into

Into sa far, fra all sic thay did reis,
 And sufferit weill Lodwik to ga in peis.
 Howbeit oft times into greit Jeopardie,
 For Lodwiks saik Alexander was trewlie.
 Bot to Lodwik sic was not knawin a deill,
 Bot the Ladie it knew richt wonder weill.
 Than in schozt time thair was a message send
 Out of Egypt, be wryting makand kend,
 That of the lair was new deceissit thair King,
 Quhilk abone thame mony ane zeir did King.
 Requiring hame Alexander to cum,
 And with honour ressaue his awin Kingdome.
 For his Ladie the Kingis douchter and Air
 Of his absence tuk baith greit sturt and cair.
 Becaus the Realme was desolait of ane heid
 Unto that hour, sen his Father was deid.
 Quhilk sone he schew to Ladie Florentine,
 And thairfter to Lodwik schew it fine.
 Than he in haist behuifit to depart,
 Quhairof thay war baith wonder sad in hart.
 Also he past vnto the Emperour,
 And said plesit your graces greit honour.
 Furth of Egypt I haue ressaueit wryting,
 Makand it kend my Fathers departing.
 And it behuifis me to pas and ressaue,
 The Croun thairof, be richt thairto I haue.
 Gif that your grace will licent me to pas,
 Withouth your fauour I will na licence as.
 For but your leif or I suld licence take
 I had rather baith Croun and Realme forsake,
 In thir effairis, quhat euer plesis your grace,
 Of verray treuth sa standis euin the cace.
 The Emperour said ze sall knaw verrealie,

Of your depart my hart is richt heuse.
 For I held you amang my seruandis all.
 Into my hous euer the principall.
 Bot it becūmis not to ane Emperour,
 Into na sort, nor zit is his honour
 To his seruandis to mak Impediment,
 Quhat time thay be promouit to ony rent:
 Bot far rather to help thame and supplie
 To greiter giftis, and hier dignitie.
 Chairfoir ga ze fra our Stewart ressaue
 Als mekill gold as ze pleis for to haue:
 With my blissing, and with my Inwart hart,
 In Goddis Name I leif you to depart.
 And bad fair weill and sa he tuk gude nicht
 At the Emperour, sine at Lord squire & Knicht.
 Quha was sorie of his schozt departing,
 For he was lude baith with the auld and ying.
 Than past Lodwik, and with him Florentine,
 And on gaitward conuoyit him myles nine.
 Alexander wald let thame na farther go,
 Bot for to se the dolour and the wo:
 Quhen thay departit, quhairto suld I say maie
 It wald haue maid ane haill mānis hart richt
 For verray wo to ground all thze fell down (saie
 And Florentine for wo scho fell in swoun.
 Alexander than tuk hir vp agane,
 Comfortit hir of hir dolour and pane.
 And richt sa did to his fellow Lodwik,
 Comfortit him with mony wordis siclike.
 And said to him, now my fellow and brother,
 Quhome I lufe best of men abone all vther.
 In time cūming for to keip you fra skaith,
 This I you say, and to my Lady baith:
Tuitching

Tuitching secreitis that is betwene zow two,
Keip thame quyet or ze will suffer wo.
Chairfoir tak heid, and tent richt weill about,
Do ze not sa, ze stand baith in greit dout.
For weill I wait ane uther in my steid
Sall cum but dout, and haue zow at sic feid.
With greit haitrent, dissait and als Inuy,
Baith day and nicht sall zow chak and espy.
To se gif thay can chalange zow with crime,
Chairfoir be war and tak gude tent in time.
For gif thay can reproche zow ony way,
And zow rebuke, swyithlie thay will assay.
With the Empreour in fauouris ze do stand,
Chairfoir the mair thay will cast at zour hand
Than said Lodwik in sa far as I may,
I salbe war, baith be nicht and be day.
Bot wo allace thairin quhat sall I do,
Duhen I haue nane that I dar lippin to.
That I suld want zour treuthfull companie.
I can not mend, thairfoir full wais me.
Zit hartlie I require zow of a thing,
Ze will ressaue fra me this litill Ring.
Betuir vs twa to be in remembrance,
Of twa Princes of Egypt and of France.
Alexander said the Ring I will ressaue
In remembrance of zow still for to haue.
Bot zit howbeit the Ring I had not tane,
Zour remembrance fra me na way had gane.
And sa ather about the nek Imbraist,
With greit kindnes, and sine about the waist.
Bot Florentine was sa confound in Spreit,
Scho culd do nocht, bot sat hir down to greit.
Alexander said amendis now na greting,

Bot I pray God send vs mirrie meting.
 And sa partit with hartis wonder wo,
 Unto thair hame, Ilk ane thair gait did go.

¶ Not lang efter the Kingis sone of Spaine
 Come to the Court in seruice to remane.
 Namit Gwydo: and gat that Ilk office,
 That Alexander had into seruice.
 Als the Stewart to him he did assing,
 That samin hous, the Chalmer and ludgeing,
 That Alexander and Lodwik dwelt intill,
 Quhilk was but dout all aganis Lodwiks wil
 Howbeit the same na way he culd amend it,
 Bot zit his hart thairwith was sair offendit.
 Lodwik to gyde culd keip na fellowschip,
 As he did to Alexander of Egypt.
 Thairfoir Gwydo aganis him tuk Inuy,
 Howbeit thay baith in ane Chalmer culd ly.
 And Lodwik had of Gwydo sickin feir,
 That he durst not to the Ladie ga neir:
 In auenture that Gwydo suld espy
 Of his secreitis, and thame in oppin cry.
 Zit not the les of hir he had sic thocht,
 Hir companie to abstene culd he nocht.
 Nor zit scho culd his companie weill want,
 Sa he agane sum times to hir did hant.
 Than Gwydo that persauing was not sleuth,
 On thame to wait, quhill that he knew y^e treuth
 That Lodwik had with Ladie Florentine,
 Sa greit kindnes, that he thocht efter sene:
 Considering weill the treuth sen he did knaw,
 Sum time vnto the Emperour he suld schaw.
 Sa in his minde he held it quyetlie,
 With fals dissait, quhill he his time nicht se.

Upon

Upon ane time the Emperour in his hall
 Talking about amang his Nobillis all.
 Praising greitlie the wit and gentilnes
 Of Alexander, the wisdom and kindnes.
 And said he was baith trew verteous and wise
 To gyde ane hous richt weill he culd deuise.
 Than said Gwydo, and pleis your Maiestie,
 Sa far praisit he aucht not for to be.
 Noz for to be commendit as ze wene,
 Ane greit tratour in your hous he hes bene.
 The Emperour said, tell on how can that be.
 Than said Gwydo, I sall zow tell trewlie,
 To your douchter ze haue ane Ladie fair,
 The quhilk suld be appeirandlie your Air:
 And be the help of falsset and supplie
 Of him, Lodwik hes done hir velantie.
 And sa nichtlie quhen Lodwik takis delite,
 He hes his will of that fair Ladie quhite.
 And all this come be the fals subtell slicht
 Of Alexander, that he wzocht day and nicht.
 Quhen the Emperour this taird hard til him tald
 Into his minde was muisit monyfald.
 In that same time Lodwik come throw y^r hall,
 And vpon him the Emperour sone did call.
 And said quhats this that I heir tell of the,
 Gif it be trew thow salbe hangit hie.
 Than said Lodwik and pleis your nobil grace
 Ze will me schaw thair of how is the race.
 Than said Gwydo in oppin audience,
 Heir I auow in your graces presence:
 That Lodwik lvis with Ladie Florentine,
 Als sure as standis on craig this heid of mine.
 And sa he hes defoulit the blude Royall,

Dubilk I sall preif on him in plane battall:
 On his bodie, and thairat sall I stand,
 Defend it now, gif thow dar tak on hand.
 Than said Lodwik plesit zour Maiestie,
 I am saikles of zone he sayis on me.
 And richt falslie he layis on me sic crime,
 Dubilk I sall preif, quhen euer he thinkis time
 Sa into God I traist to find remeid,
 All his falsset sall fall on his awin heid.
 Than kest Gwydo his gluis down for a trane,
 Lodwik lowtit, and tuk it vp agane.
 Saying I will that Ladeis fame defend,
 With hart and hand vnto my lifes end.
 The Emperour than to thame baith did assing
 Ane certane day of battell and fechtung,
 And to thame baith he bad silence and rest
 And bad thame pas quhair that thay plesit best
 Than past Lodwik to the Ladie fra hand,
 And all the race he gart hir vnderstand.
 And how he was accusit in presence
 Of hir Father, in oppin audience.
 And how that he assignit the fechtung day,
 And vnto hir in this maner can say.
 Now Florentine my Ladie fair and gent,
 It me behuifis to wick with auisement;
 With zow alwayis, for sa the mater standis,
 I can not chaip vndeid of Gwydois handis.
 For quhy gif I had nayit to him battall
 Than had I zald my self all criminall.
 And of the crime grantit my self gyltie,
 Thairfor force was to counterfute mellie.
 Allwa Gwydo is wonder stout and strang,
 In fait of armes he hes bene vsit lang.

I neuer

I neuer knew in na companie heir,
 Bot Alexander to fecht can be his peir.
 For I am waik and febill of persoun,
 And to his strenth hes na comparisoun.
 Gif I him mett in feild quhat salbe than,
 Withouth refuge, I am bot ane deid man.
 And sa on me fall ly the caus and blame,
 And ze for ay fall thoill sclander and schame.
 Than Florentine to Lodwik this can say.
 Sen sic ane chance is cum betuix vs tway.
 And I feill zow dispairit in ane part,
 And in this cace our waik spretit in hart.
 Zit not the les quhair twa Illis dois appoche
 I think it best fra the greitest to foche.
 The first Ill is, fra ze zow gyltie grant,
 Than sal I ay baith welth and worschip want
 And ze also be put to cruell deid,
 And I for ay my life in langour leid.
 The secund is, gif ze to battell boun,
 Ze ar sa waik and febill of persoun.
 And Gwydo is sa strang and als hardie,
 That ze dow not ganestand him straikis thre.
 And sa alwayis I can find na remeid,
 How euer it go thair is to zow bot deid.
 Thairfoir heirin ze sall my counsall do,
 Ze sall but let my Father sone pas to:
 And schaw to him on zour maist humbill wise,
 That zour Father vpon his deid bed lyes.
 Duhaifrof thair is new writings cum zow till,
 Desiring him, gif that it be his will:
 To proroget the day of battell set,
 That ze may gang, and cum agane but let.
 And in meane time with zour Father to speik,

Be the reffoun he lvis sa wonder feik.
 And for to ken his perfite latter will,
 That in all pointis the same ze may fulfill.
 And for to speik with him twa wordis or thre,
 Furth of this world or he depart and die.
 And that ze may his bennefoun obtene,
 With his awin mouth, fine ze to lowk his ene,
 And quhen ze haue obtenit his licence,
 To Alexander in all gude haift pas hence.
 And secreitlie to him the mater schaw,
 How all thing standis, perfitelie let him knaw
 And him require into this extreme cace,
 That he wald cum and to supplie zour place.
 Contrair Gwydo, with him in battell fecht,
 Becaus zour self to do the same hes hecht.
 This counfall than it plesit Lodwik weill,
 Euin as scho said, sa did he euerie deill.
 Licence obtenit, and als prolongit the day,
 To Alexander Lodwik tuik his Joznay.
 Small rest he tuik, bot raid on day and nicht
 To Egypt land, quhill he come vnto richt.
 To the Castell than come he on in hy,
 Dubair that the King gude Alexander culd ly.
 Duhen the King gat of Lodwik knowlegeing
 He meruellit greit the caus of his cuming.
 Incontinent to meit him is he gane
 As his brother, euin sa with him hes tane,
 With all honour he did him thair reffauue,
 As him become, or he lykit to haue.
 Than said Lodwik my deir brother and freind
 In times bygane, and euer zit hes bene.
 Now at this time let I zow vnderstand,
 My life and deid lvis baith into zour hand.

He

He said brother mak knawin to me your querrel
 Your life salbe God willing in na perrell.
 Than said Lodwik, ze remember ze schew,
 At our parting, sum wordis quhilk I find trew
 Saying I suld in fellowship ane haue
 Into your steid, perchance wald me dissaue.
 And ly in wait my secreitis to espy,
 Quhilk now in deid richt wonder weill find I.
 Ze said without I war mair circumspect
 In quhilk my self in sum part did neglect.
 For ane Gwydo the Kingis sone of Spaine,
 Into your steid with me he did remane.
 And he resoun my secreitis he not knew,
 To my Lady I durst not lang persew.
 And sa at lenth I culd not lang abstene,
 It chancit him knaw the secreitis vs betwene:
 And me accusit befor the Emperour,
 Quhilk vnto me was vtter displeour.
 And hes promeist in battell to mak gude,
 That I defoullit the hie Imperiall blude.
 Sa hand for hand in battell we mon fecht,
 To counter him be my hand I haue hecht.
 This day aucht dayis the battell suld be done,
 Quod Alexander forsuith that is our sone.
 Als quod Lodwik Gwydo is stout and strang,
 And hes bene vsit in actis of weiris lang.
 And I am waik and febill as ze kend,
 Fra his greit dyntis I dow not me defend.
 And Florentine thairfoir gaue me counsall,
 Now for to schaw the caus and mater haill.
 For scho beleuis zow ay his faithfull freind,
 And hiddertillis sa euer mair hes bene.
 And traistis doutles ze will help and supplie,

Baith me and hir in this necessitie.
 Than Alexander to Lodwik can he say,
 Is thair ony knawis ze come heir away?
 Bot Florentine (quod he) forsuith not ane,
 For ilk man trowis that to France I am gane
 For to vesie my Father lyand seik,
 Thir same wordis to the Empreour I did speik,
 To that effect he did prolong the day,
 And I at poist to zow am cum away.
 Quod he schaw furth quhat Florentine had de=
 Or quhat at me is thing scho had require. (sire
 Or quhat counsall gaue Florentine to zow,
 That I suld help, in quhat maner and how.
 Than Lodwik said, O my maist cōstant freind
 This stands the race I traist that scho did mene
 Considdering we twa be sa done like,
 That ze suld cum with Gwydo battell strike.
 And nane knawing bot Florentine allane,
 The battell done, ze to cum hame agane.
 And I siclike in Court to present me,
 As I had done the Act and Jeopardie.
 Alexander said the battell ze haue set,
 This day aucht dayis to fecht withouttin let,
 It is to schozt, for euin this stands the race,
 I can not weill be reddy in sic space.
 For tary I the mozne withouttin maie,
 I can not find that I may weill be thair.
 Chairfoir but dout quhat I sall say heirto,
 I can not tell, nor wait not how to do.
 And my subiectis I haue commandit haill,
 That thay be heir the mozne at my bydaill,
 Keip I Joznay, thocht I ryde at the poist,
 Of my wedding the day is tynt and loist.

¶if I

Gif I ga not, and keipis not the battaill
 Than Florentine and ze ar loist but faill.
 Chairfoir Lodwik quhat think ze best to do,
 Quhat ze devise heir I apply thairto.
 Lodwik heiring the excuse ressonabill,
 To fall in swoun quhair that he stude was abill
 Began to sich, and sorrow monyfold,
 For to his hart catchit was cairis cold.
 Saying all tray and tene to me betydis,
 Sorrow and cair now cumis on all kin sydes.
 Persauing that Alexander till him said,
 Let be sic sturt, tak comfort and be glaid.
 For I will not forsaik zow this veyage,
 Thocht I suld baith tine wife and heritage.
 Bot ze sall heir in thocht quhat I haue tane,
 Into sa far as we twa ar like ane.
 And as ze ken it is not lang ago
 The Empzeours Court hidder sen I come fro.
 Zit I am not weill knawin in this countrie,
 Mony my Lords as zit hes not sene me.
 And for that caus thay ken not my presence,
 Thay will tak zow for me in my absence.
 Chairfoir heir sall ze tary and abyde,
 And in my steid ze sall Mary my byde.
 And hald the feist with greit solempnitie,
 And gar all thing be done that done suld be.
 Howbeit my self in bodie be absent,
 Let nathing want mair than I war present,
 To my Renoun pertenis oz honestie,
 Gif I for zow, do ze siclike for me.
 Except onlie quhen that ze pas to bed,
 With my awin wife, howbeit that ze hir wed.
 Into my Name, and my Authoritie,

T. j.

Into that care se that ze faithfull be
 And sa but baid, I fall Incontinent
 Loup vpon hors and to the battell went.
 And set my cozs for zouris into the feild,
 And zour actioun debait with speir and scheild
 And gif that God grantis me the victorie,
 For to vincus Gwydo zour Enemie.
 Without tary I fall retorne agane,
 And ze siclike in Court for to remane,
 As ze had done the principall act zour sell,
 Sa with honour in Court still fall ze dwell.
 This being done Alexander tuik gude nicht,
 Lattig na wit vnto his Ladie bricht.
 Vnto the Court fra hand tuik his Jor nay,
 Na man knawing the mater bot thay tway.
 Sa Lodwik baid at hame still with the Quene
 Into Egypt, as Alexander it had bene.
 And on the mozne Lodwik with noueltie,
 Past to the Kirk in greit solempnitie.
 As it had bene Alexander the King.
 And spousit his wife at the Kirk with ane Ring
 Na man knawing bot Alexander it had bene,
 That had spousit with greit honour the Quene
 And held the Feist with mirth and mirrines,
 Greit honour, gloir, triumph laude & blythnes
 All menstrallie of Musick was pair thair.
 Wantit nathing of mirth quhat wald ze mair
 Of meit and drink it neidis not for to speik,
 That neidfull was thair was nathing to seik.
 All the greit Lords and Nobills that was pair
 Thay maid greit mirth and solace singulair.
 Sine quhen nicht come all men bownit to rest
 To ga to bed the byde scho thocht it best.

Bot

Bot quhen Lodwik past to bed with the Quene
 Ane naikit sword he laid thame twa betwene.
 Dubatros scho had ane greit meruell & wonder
 On the first night, that thay suld ly asonder.
 Sa he ilk night with the Quene did remane,
 Hir bedfellow quhill hir King come agane.
 Nathing scho said, bot zit mekill scho thocht,
 Be the ressoun the treuth that scho knew nocht.
 Now let Lodwik and the Quene hyde at hame
 And we will speik of Alexanders fame.
 Than come helyue the day of Tournament,
 Alexander to the Emperour he went.
 And said I maist redoutit Souerane,
 Unto your grace now I am cum agane:
 Left my Father in greit Infirmitie,
 Douting nathing bot schoztlie he sall die.
 And to debait this battell with my blude,
 And with my handis my querrell to mak gude
 For God willing to all it salbe kend,
 That I Iustlie my querrell sall defend.
 The Emperour said ze do all that ze can,
 Accordyng to ane Nobill gentill man.
 And beleue gif your querrell be richt,
 Ze sall triumph like ane kene cruell Knicht.
 Fortoun will fauour your querrell and actioun,
 Howbeit ze fecht contrair ane Campioun.
 Than quyetlie he past in vnder cure,
 To Florentine the hie gait fordwart fure.
 Of quhais cūming scho was richt wōder glaid
 Scho him Imbrast, line kist and efter said:
 Bliss be the time that ze ar cūmin heir,
 Fra all dolour to mirth hes changeit my cheir.
 Ze ar als welcum to me now your allane,

As ony man on life excepting ane.
 For ay with me ze tuik sa trew ane part,
 Quod he Ladie I thank zow with my hart.
 Quhair is Lodwik, I pray zow to me schaw,
 And how he dois, I wald ze leit me knaw.
 He said Lodwik was into greit blythnes,
 In mirth and Joy, and in greit mirrines;
 Thair is na man leuis in mair lustie life,
 For he hes now maryit ane gay zounge wife.
 Maryit (said scho) I think that can not be,
 It is for treuth forsuith Madame said he.
 Euin on the morne efter I tuik veyage,
 It was assignit the day of Mariage.
 The Banket was preparit richt weill I ken,
 And callit thairto was mony Nobill men.
 All thing was drest, thair was na mair ado,
 Bot on the morne the Kirk for to ga to.
 The Ladie said, quhat woman may that be.
 He said forsuith scho is ane gay Ladie,
 Lustie of lufe, richt bounteous and fair,
 Of that countrie scho is appeirand Air.
 Quod Florentine schozt kindnes thair hes bene
 Dzellis auld lufe that hes bene thame betwene
 Bot gif sic thing that Lodwik now hes wrocht
 Zour cūming heir I think it is for nocht.
 Hir countenance to keip bad fill the cop,
 Howbeit I trow scho list not dzink ane drop.
 Than Alexander persauing hir patience,
 Hir lawlynes, and gentill countenance.
 Na langer he wald hald hir into noy
 Bot turnit hir sturt Incontinent to Joy.
 Quod he Ladie be blyth and mak na cair,
 All he hes done is done for zour weillfair.

Ze knaw richt weill is nane in warld mair lyke
 In all fassouns noz I am to Lodwyk.
 Sa quhen he come and tald me his erand,
 Euin on the mozne my bypdall suld haue stand
 And be resoun I culd not keip dyet,
 Noz zit to hyde the day of bypdall set.
 Becaus on him sa strangellie come the cace,
 Kindnes causit me to put him in my place.
 Sa I causit him in my place for to pas,
 Na man knawing bot the same man I was.
 And wed my wife as it had bene my sell,
 And I to tak the chance of the battell,
 For gif that I quhill the bypdall was done
 Had biddin at hame, I had not cum sa sone
 To the firt day of battell that was set,
 Zit than I thocht my bypdall suld not let.
 Sa I him left in my Realme to be King,
 Quhill I retorne, and zow to honour bring.
 Gif scho was blyith it neidis not for to talk,
 He tuik his leif, and to Chalmer did walk.
 Bot Florentine thair was nane that culd tell,
 Of verray treuth, bot it was Lodwiks sell.

¶ Sa on the mozne the day of battell was,
 And Alexander vnto the feild can pas.
 Into sic geir as than to him effeirit,
 And on his steid sa stoutlie he him steirit.
 Sine lichtit doun like ane kene cruell Knicht,
 To the Empreour the hie way raikit richt.
 Befoir Gwydo thir wordis to him he said.
 My greit Souerane ane crime is on me laid
 Be this Gwydo, fallie befoir your face,
 He me accusit befoir your Nobill grace.
 Saying that I had carnall knowlegeing

Of your douchter, and hir fiesche defouling,
 Quhilk to your grace it war greit dishonour,
 And I siclyke to you ane greit Tratour.
 Bot heir I sweir, and als affirmes surelie,
 Be the greit God that bled his blude for me.
 Be the Euangells that our Saviour spak,
 And all the michts that God in world did mak.
 That I neuer in na maner of way,
 Knew your Douchter, as Gwydo did you say.
 My mynd was not to do hir dishonour,
 Into na way, to your grace displeour.
 And I this day be help of Goddis grace,
 Upon Gwydo, sall preif befoir your face,
 That he hes leid, in dyspyte of his hart,
 And all his kin, and quha will tak his part.
 Than said Gwydo, zit I say anis agane,
 Befoir your grace, thou art a Tratour plane.
 And als I sweir be God Omnipotent,
 With thy awin fiesche, his Douchter thou hes
 To thy plesour, and thy foull appetyte, (schent,
 Ay quhen thou lyst, or thairin had delyte.
 Euerilk nicht had hir at thy plesour,
 Quhilk was to hir greit schame and dishonour.
 And als vnto the Empreours Hatellie,
 Oppin tressoun, quhilk I sall preif on the,
 Upon thy heid, in contrair all thy kin,
 Cum and defend, gif thou wald worschip win.
 Than heralds cryit with loud voce he on hicht
 Ga togidder, we pray God schaw the richt.
 Incontinent thay hendit on thair felds,
 Lyke vailzeant men, into thair wiefelyke weids.
 As twa bald Bairs, togidder baith thay ran,
Ik

Ilk ane was lyke to ding down hors and man.
 Speirs sprang like sparks as fyre dois of y^e flynt
 Thair docht na man Indure pair doutsum dynt
 Quhē speirs was past pair schynig swords drew
 Quhill plait and maill all into flenders flew.
 thair swords pai swāg quhil pair steids swat at
 the giltin spurs y^e cheual skin throw glyds (syds
 Froith ran fra fronts of the feirs forlie steids,
 Quhill hors and man baith at the basnet bleids.
 Styf strais they stryke of vthers stude nane aw
 Quhill Alexander at last ane wantage saw.
 On Gwydois nek ane nakit place he spyis,
 Quhair at gude speid he stryks twyse oz thryis.
 Quhill at the last, thair at he straik sa lang,
 All the harnes was thair away he dang.
 And thairefter but ony maie delay,
 He put Gwydo intill ane feirfull fray.
 Gwydo that seis, agane vpon him setts
 Of his Gorget ane buckill oz twa he fretts.
 And straik his Gorget down vpon his brest,
 Alexander ane vther straik waillit neist:
 Upon his nek quhilk he persauit was hair,
 With all his strenth, ane straik he laid on thair.
 Quhill baith thair steids stakkerit at the stound
 And Gwydois heid it hoppit on the ground.
 Sone lychtit down and tuke it in his hand,
 To the Lady it send into presand.
 Quhair of scho was richt wōder blyth and glaid
 To hir Father the same scho bure and said.
 Father behald, the heid quhilk vpon me,
 Sa falslie leid, sic seid vnfaithfullie.
 Quhilk zow and me at his power defamit,
 Bot the blameles him self hes maid vnblamit.

The Emperour said the vailzeand victorie
 Be Lodwik wrought, is now schawin patentlie.
 And said Lodwik it may be hard and sene,
 Beleuing weill that Lodwik it had bene.
 For ze haue saist this day fra schame and skaith
 Your awin honour, & als my doughters baith.
 And fra thine furth the mair ay sall ze stand,
 In my fauour, I hecht zow be my hand.
 And heirefter quha euer dois zow defame,
 In that behalf, he sall Incure my blame.
 And at my hand salbe accusit of crime,
 That sic thing talkis of zow in ony time.
 Than Alexander said vnto the Emperour,
 The victorie is ay at Goddis plesour.
 Quha traistis in him na way he will the wraik
 Nor thair Just caus he will not thraw abak.
 Bot will alwayis defend the Innocent,
 And will not thoill the saikles to be schent.
 Sen he hes send to me the victorie,
 Thanks euer mair to him alaneerlie.
 Bot now my maist redoutit Lord and King,
 Humblie your grace I require of a thing.
 Fra my Father quhen I last did depart,
 He was sa vert with seiknes at his hart,
 That we beleuit nathing bot standand deid,
 And now this race as ze know come on heid,
 That I micht not at that time weill remane,
 Now I wald haue licence to pas agane.
 To vnderstand in quhat stait all thing standis
 And thairefter to put reule in my landis.
 And gif he be of seiknes conuoless,
 Quhill I retorne I sall tak lytill rest.
 The Emperour said your langage liks me weill
 Bot

Bot I wald not, sa mot my saull haue seill:
 Want your seruice, nor your daylie presence,
 Nit not the les I grant zow gude licence.
 For sic effairis as ze haue schawin to me,
 To pas agane into your awin countrie.
 Than he tuik leif, and bad Ilk ane gude nicht
 To his awin Realme raid hame y^e gait ful richt
 In this meane time Lodwik he thocht greit lang
 To luik about, to the wall heid did gang,
 And persauit ane hois man cūming fast,
 Sine Alexander he knew weill at the last.
 Quhome quhen he saw he was baith blyth and
 And hartfullie ressauit him and said, (glaid,
 O maist trew freind, of all my freinds on liue,
 Quhais greit kindnes my wittis cā not discriue
 Ze ar welcum sa far heir as I may
 How haue ze done, and sped in your Jorney:
 O? quhat kin end that ze haue brocht it to.
 Quod he Lodwik now ze haue les ado.
 Nor of befoir, for Gwydo is departit,
 Chairfoir be blyth and wonder mirrie hartit.
 I wait I send his heid to Florentine,
 To hir Father scho it presentit sine.
 Chairfoir ga ze vnto the Emperour,
 For now ze stand far mair in his fauour:
 Nor euer ze did befoir in ony time,
 And als ze ar maid clene of all kin crime,
 That Gwydo laid vpon zow fair Ladie
 Tuitching hir fame, and your awin honestie.
 Than said Lodwik it neidis me say no moir,
 My life oft times ze haue preseruit befoir,
 And now my life and als my honestie,
 Siclike preseruit the fame of ane Ladie.

Quhilk be na way I can not recompence,
 Bot quhill I leif, all the beneuolence
 Of my hart rute ze salbe euer sure,
 Sa lang as I into this lyfe Indure:
 Togidder als with all my Gold and geir,
 Sa lang as I on lyfe is lestand heir
 Than thay Imbraist, at vthers tuik gude nicht
 And Lodwik raid vnto the Emperour richt.
 Na man knowing Alexanders absence,
 For all his Court beleuit his awin presence.
 Siclyke this Quene, nathing the mater knew,
 For na man was, that sic thing to hir schew.
 Syne quhen nicht come, Alexander him sped,
 Without tary vnto the Quenis bed.
 Sone in his armis he hynt hir in all haist,
 With fair sweet wordis richt tenderlie Imbraist
 With all plesure that thairto did pertene,
 Or into bed ane King do to ane Quene.
 Quod scho quhairfoir sen first ze did me wed,
 And euerie nicht I lay into your bed.
 Ze neuer schew lufe nor kindnes to me,
 Nor na freindschip quhil now how may this be
 For I beleue ze had Iudgeit sum crime,
 In my contrair, quhilk neuer in my time
 I committit vnto your Nobill grace,
 Quhairfoir I am astoneist in this cace.
 Out of my minde it can not weill depart,
 Bot still remane at the ruitis of my hart.
 Quod he thairat quhy ar ze discontent,
 All that I did was done in gude Intent.
 In gude Intent (quod scho) thair I say nay,
 For euerie nicht ze laid betuix vs tway
 Ane nakkit sword, and neuer couet moir

Of my persoun, and knew na caus quhairfoir.
 I did all that (said he) for probatioun,
 And als of lufe ane greit confirmatioun:
 Betuix vs twa of euerlasting lufe,
 On sic ane sort I thocht I wald zow prufe.
 In all my dayis ze sall not find agane,
 Ane naikit sword in bed betuix vs twane.
 Zit not the les the Quene said in hir thocht,
 In all my dayis forzet it sall I nocht.
 That lufe thow trowis for to obtene of me,
 In thy dispite I sall it wraik on the.
 Zit nocht scho said, bot thocht it in hir minde,
 How scho micht turne hir lufe in vther kinde.
 Chaic was ane Knicht that scho lude of befoir.
 And fra thine furth scho lude him moir & moir.
 At last thay twa bethocht thame of ane thing,
 How thay micht best sla and distroy the King.
 Betuix thame twa ane consait sone thay fand,
 Gaue him poylou, and thocht that he fra hand
 Suld be bot deid, and zit his complextioun
 It was sa stark, it tuik na Infectioun
 In his entrales, bot brak furth fra his hart,
 Into the flesche, and schew the self outward.
 Sa he wirking within ane schozt proces,
 It was conuert in vther sair seiknes.
 Uncurabill ay haldin amang vs,
 And turnit intill ane Lipper Lazarus.
 Quhill that na man with patience micht him se
 And all his Lordis dispylit his companie.
 Saying it is ane thing richt odius,
 Ane laith Lipper for to Ring abone vs.
 For all his barnis, and all his haill offspring,
 Withouthin faill sall haue the samin thing.

And sa at schozt him of all dignitie,
 Thay quite denude, for his Infirmitie.
 Out of his Realme as ane beggar him draif,
 Quhill he behude to beg amang the laif.
 In this meane time of Rome the Empeour,
 Payit his dew det, quhairof was greit dolour.
 Quha was Father to Florentine sa fair,
 Of the Impire scho was appeirand Air.
 And with auise of his counsall did wed,
 Lodwik hir lufe, and brocht him to hir bed.
 Quhairthrou he was maid principal empeour
 And gat the Croun thairof with greit honour.
 In the same time of France the Nobill King,
 Lodwiks Father in likewise maid ending.
 And payit his det as naturall cours him gaue,
 As dois all thing that euer did life ressaue.
 And sa Lodwik come Empeour throu chance
 Siclike he was the michtie King of France.
 Abone thame baith atanis sa did he King,
 And baith atanis he had in gouerning.
 Than Alexander quha was laillie deposit,
 Fra his Kingdome the quhilk he suld haue Josit
 Hard tell for treuth Lodwik was Empeour,
 And King of France and thairof possessour.
 Unto him self he said and tuk in minde,
 I will ga se gif that Lodwik be kinde.
 For diuers times I haue Jeopard my life,
 Baith for him self, and siclike for his wife.
 Now will I go and till him mak my mane,
 He will me help I am sure and certane.
 Sa on ane nicht Alexander vp rais,
 And as he micht, purelie put on his clais.
 And steppit furth with his staf in his hand.

With

With cop and clapper vnto the Emperours land
 Quhen he come thair he sat down at his zet,
 Amang the lipper sum Almous for to get.
 The Emperour come furth vpon ane day,
 Of his Palice to sport him and to play.
 Efter his play agane to Palice past,
 And to dennar ilk ane thay bownit fast.
 All the Lipper thay clappit and thay cryit,
 Bot at that time all Almous was denyit,
 And Alexander clappit as did the rest,
 Thocht thay gat nocht, to bide zit he thocht best
 Vnto the time the Emperour was set,
 Beleuing weill sum Almous for to get.
 And vp he rais, and neir the zet he went,
 Chairat knokit with meik minde and Intent.
 The porter said quhais that that knocks sa bald
 Quod he ane pure with zow sum erand wald.
 Requiring zow for lufe and cheritie
 That ze will do sum small message for me.
 The Porter said quhome to is that message,
 Few is heirin of quhome ze haue knowledge.
 Alexander said, gude freind with zour plesour,
 My erand is vnto the Emperour.
 The Porter said dois zour erand pertene
 To the Emperour, I wait not quhat ze mene.
 Schaw me the mater and quhat is zour Intent
 And I sall tell zour taill Incontinent.
 He said I zow require for Goddis lufe,
 And for his saik that sittis in heuin abuse:
 Ga ze and tell vnto the Emperour,
 Ane man is heir in seiknes and dolour.
 Ane laith Lipper, ane Lazarus ze se,
 Requiris his grace for part of Cheritie.

For Goddis lufe that creat hes all thing,
 And Alexanders saik of Egypt King.
 That he will grant me licence in his hall,
 To eit his meit befoir his Nobillis all.
 The Porter said I wonder of your wit,
 Within his hall that ze desire to sit.
 For all his hall of Nobill men is fow,
 And thay at meit forsuith gif thay saw zow:
 Thay suld abhor, and eit that time no moir,
 I think it best ze hald zow still thairfoir.
 Quod Alexander I pray zow of gudnes,
 For Goddis saik, and of your gentilnes.
 To your Maister ze wald schaw my Message
 Get I almous ze sall not want your wage.
 The Porter said, sa far as ze require,
 For Goddis saik, and hartlie ze desire.
 Your erand do, the same I tak on hand,
 Quhill I retorne, se still heir that ze stand.
 Than the Porter past to the Empeour,
 And hailsit him with reuerence and honour.
 Did his Message, as he had gottin command
 The Empeour hard, and vnderstude fra hand
 And quhen he hard namit Alexander King,
 Quod he in haist that man to me ze bring.
 How horribill or vglum that he be,
 In all gude haist ze fetch him heir to me.
 That he may eit his meit into my hall,
 In my ptesence befoir my Lordis all.
 Than the Porter vnto the zet is gone,
 And Alexander he brocht to hall anone.
 And ordanit him into the hall ane place,
 Quhair he micht eit befoir the Empeours face
 Quhen he was weil refrescht at his awin wil
 Ane

Ane gentill man belpue he callit him till.
 And said gude Schir, require the Emprour,
 Gif that it be his will and his plesour:
 For Goddis lufe first, and king Alexanders line
 He wald me giue ane Coup full of his wine.
 The gentill man said that I will do to the,
 Bot I beleue that sic thing sall not be.
 For gif ze anis of his Coup tak ane drink,
 To drink thairin he sall na mair I think.
 Nit nor the les the erand I sall do,
 Quise him self gif he consentis thairto.
 The Message than to the Emprour he schew,
 And als sa sone as he the erand knew:
 For Alexanders saik the Coup he send
 Full of the wine that for the best was kend.
 Drank his plesure, and sine he put the rest
 In his Bottall, that time he thocht it best.
 Of his finger ane small gold Ring he threw,
 Quhilk the Emprour lang time befor he knew
 Becaus the same he had him geuin befor,
 In takin of lufe and freindschip euer moir.
 Quhilk Alexander into the Coup leit fall,
 And bad the copper beir it vp throu the hall:
 To the Emprour, and the same leit him se,
 Quha said my freind, I sall it do trewlie.
 The Coup and Ring withouttin proces mair
 To the Emprour the copper sone it bair.
 The Emprour than how sone the Ring he saw
 Incontinent full weill he did it knaw.
 And wist richt weill it was the samin Ring,
 That he had geuin to Alexander King.
 Into freindschip quhen ather did depart,
 Out of the Court, quhairof he at his hart:

Was sorrowfull, for he knew na remeid,
 Bot Alexander his companioun was deid.
 Or ellis he thocht this pure man meruellouslie,
 Had gottin this Ring at sum greit Jeopardie.
 He commandit the Lipper not depart
 Quhill he had hard mair secretis of his hart.
 For he not knew be favour na uther thing,
 Quhat man it was that had send him y^e Ring.
 Efter dennar he tuk him quyetlie,
 And said tell me the treuth and veritie:
 And fenze not to tell to me this thing,
 Quhē, quhair, & how happinnit ze on this Ring
 Alexander said, and pleis your Maiestie,
 Quhat is the caus ze speir sic thing at me?
 Ze haue knowlege of this Ring I persaue,
 Gif it was yours, ze knaw quhair ze it gaue.
 The Emperour said richt wonder weil I knaw
 The Ring and man siclike gif I him saw.
 Alexander said I meruell that can be,
 Ze knaw the Ring, and na way knawis me.
 For Alexander I am of Egypt King,
 Sum time I was quhome to ze gaue this Ring
 Quhen he that hard to his hart straik ane stouid
 For verray sturt fell flatlings to the ground.
 And rent his robbis, and kest his clais him fra,
 Quhen he persaut Alexander was sa.
 With sair sichingis and sobbings to him said,
 My deir fellow how is this on zow laid.
 Sic sair seiknes, and greie Infirmitie,
 My hart it bzekis sic thing on zow to se.
 Ze ar my life, my saull and my weillfair,
 My onlie freind and fellow but compair.
 Quhair is your cozs that was sa clenelie cled,
 Your

Your bauld bodie that was sa finellie fed,
 Your puissant pith [and stait] that was sa stout
 Your maly strenth, quhairof Ilk man had dout
 Quod Alexander this greit Infirmitie,
 And vnclenes that ze se now on me:
 For the greit faith, trew kindnes & freindschyp
 That ze schew quhen I left zow in Egypt:
 To wed my wife, thair your fidelitie
 Causit this seiknes sa to chance vpon me.
 For into bed, with my wife quhen ze lay,
 Ane naikit sword ze laid betuix zow tway
 Scho beleuing it was not ze bot I,
 Sa fremmitlie with hir in bed culd ly.
 And for that caus had me at sic haitrent,
 Ane vther Squyer scho cheisit in lufrent.
 Betuix thame twa purposit to poyson me,
 Quhilk is conuert in this Infirmitie.
 Furth of my realme pai haue me dreuin & chaist
 And to retorne thairto I haue na traist.
 The Emperour than tuik him about the nek,
 For verray lufe, and said in this effeck.
 O my maist best belouit trew brother,
 Quhome euer mair I lude abone all vther.
 I sorow sair in sic sort zow to se,
 Withouth remeid maisterit in miserie.
 Bot ze mon thoill and tak in patience,
 And gif thair may be found ony defence:
 Help or remeid that may your seiknes saue,
 For gold or geir, but dout ze sall it haue.
 We sall not faill to fetch fine Phisitians,
 With cuning Clerkis, and persite practicians,
 Nor zit sall mis for mony Medicinars,
 Nor for payment to preif all Potingars.

With counsallis of Maisters and doctours fine
 For all seiknes that can giue Medicine.
 Into this neid gif thay can zow supplie,
 It sall not want for gold, geir nor monie.
 To get zow help we sall not spair to spend,
 Thocht we suld seik vnto the warldis end.
 Thairfor be blyth, and tak nathing in thocht
 Throw all the warld zour help it salbe socht.
 Except zour helth heir nathing ze sall want,
 Quhen plesis God he will that to zow grant.
 To ane Chalmer belyue thay culd him bring,
 Was weill preparit, wanting na kind of thing
 Of honestie, nor zit was necessair
 For eis or helth, quhair his bed was and lair
 In this meane time the Emperour gart prepar
 His Messingers to pas and seik all quhair,
 Cuning Doctouris, and Phisitians profound
 That was expert in ony land or ground.
 Of quhome thair come to him in oulkis thre,
 Threttie Doctouris cunning in all degre.
 The maist expert, and had experience,
 In sic effairis, belanging that Science.
 Of sure supplie pertening Phisick fine,
 And was extollit Maisters in Medicine.
 To quhome anone the Emperour than said,
 Of zour cuning Maisters I am richt glaid.
 This is the cace quhy I send to zow all,
 I haue ane freind the quhilk lvis seik and thral
 Uncurabill, quhilk onlie I suspect,
 As is Lipper, quhairwith he is Infect.
 Quhairfor gif ze culd mak him haill and sound,
 I wald giue gold mony ane thousand pound.
 All the riches I haue and vther geir,
 I wald

I wald it giue to haue him haill and feir.
 The Maisteris said we sall do diligence,
 Be Airt, Phisick, and naturall science:
 Togidder with all possibilitie,
 Him to recure of his Infirmitie.
 Pleisit your grace ze mon vs all pardoun,
 We mon haue sicht of the princypall persoun.
 Quhilk all threttie at anis quhen thay him saw
 Incontinent his seiknes thay did knaw.
 And said it was ane seiknes vncurabill,
 And to remeid to mortall man not abill.
 Quhen the Empreour hard thame deliuer so,
 At his hart rute he was richt wonder wo.
 Remittit all to the help and calling
 Of God abuse, that can help all sic thing.
 The Empreour callit to him godlie men,
 Furth of all partis, quhair that he culd thē ken,
 That war deuot with minde & thocht Inwart
 Desiring thame richt humblie with his hart:
 That thay wald pray to God of his gude grace
 Throw thair prayer gif thay culd helth purches
 To Alexander quhilk was ane King with croun,
 Be thair fasting, and als deuotioun.
 And als him self fastit and prayit daylie
 That God might haue of his gude freind pietie
 Upon a day Alexander alone,
 Lying in bed, in hart all wo begone.
 Praying to God for sum help and supplie,
 He hard ane voice saying to him on hie.
 Alexander gif that the Empreour,
 Desiris thy helth, thy help and thy succour:
 Let him ga sone with his awin handis twa,
 His twa young sonnys Incontinent he sla.

The quhilkis his wife at ane burding thē bair,
 At the last time scho was in Childbedlair.
 Wescche thy bodie with the twa babeis blude,
 Thy flesche salbe als fair, als clene, als gude.
 As euer it was in ony time befozne,
 Or as the flesche of ane babie new bozne.
 Alexander hard, and this said to him sell.
 I think it not neidfull this taill to tell.
 Nor to be schawin is not expedient,
 Nature thairto be na way will consent.
 Na wonder war his hart for to be wa,
 For ane stranger his awin twa sonnys sla.
 Thocht I be now in sic extremitie,
 Sic ane vane voce sall not be schawin for me.
 Zit not the les the Emperour nicht and day
 Continuallie at his deuotioun lay:
 Praying to God to send help and supplie,
 To Alexander King of Egypt suld be.
 Sa at the last come to the Emperour,
 Ane voce saying quhy makis thow mair laubour
 For to get help to Alexander King,
 Sen to him self is schawin the samin thing.
 The Emperour than to Alexander went,
 Saying be blyith and mirrie in Intent.
 O my gude freind, sen God of his gudnes,
 Hes schawin remeid and helth for your seiknes
 Unto your self alone sa secreteilie,
 I pray you schaw quhat fassoun it salbe.
 God is remeid for all vpon him cawis,
 To thame supplie in sundrie sort he schawis.
 And sen sa is, sic secreteis hes you schawin,
 I wald the same ye sa mak to me knawin.
 To get our helth gif I micht help thairin,
 And

And to weillfaire agane we nicht zow win.
 I cure na Gold, nor counts na worldlie geir,
 Sa I agane nicht haue zow haill and feir.
 I count na coist, nor zit na vther thing.
 Sa zow agane to helth it nicht zow bring.
 Hele not zour mynd into na sort fra me,
 In ony thing that may zour helth supple.
 For nicht I deill zour seiknes into thre,
 Ze suld not haue sa greit Infirmitie.
 My wyfe and ze the twa part ze suld haue,
 And the thrid part, my self it suld ressaue.
 Knew I as ze, quhair ze may haue support,
 It to ressaue, the tyme suld be richt schozt,
 Chairfoir feir not for to tell me the treuth,
 To help zour self, se na way ze be sleuth.
 Than Alexander answerit with mynd sa meik,
 Howbeit that I fyftene tymes war mair seik:
 And at the poynt of the maist cruell deid,
 I can not schaw the caus of my remeid.
 Nor I wald not that sic ane thing war schawin
 Nor I wald not to ony mak it knawin.
 For to be schawin it is sa odious,
 And to nature sa done contrarious.
 In to this case ze mon hald me excusit,
 To haue my helth, sic way quyte I refuse it.
 The Empreour said my onlie freind and brother
 Quhome with my hart I lufe abone all vther.
 Haue me in traist, haue me in na dispaire,
 Bot the haill treuth I pray zow me declaire.
 The thing is not possibill to be done,
 Zow for to cure, bot it salbe had sone.
 Chairfoir I zow requyre of brother heid,
 Hyde not fra me, that may be zour remeid.

Alexander said, sen euin sa is zour will,
 The haill fassoun I will declair zow till.
 With hartlie minde, hūblie praying zour grace
 Sen zour will is, that I schaw zow the race:
 That ze will tak my wordis in patience,
 And pardoun me quhair that I mak offence.
 For ze will think my wordis far by resoun,
 Neid war thairfoir zour grace grant me pardoun
 Wit and resoun my talk will baith Impoung
 Best war thairfoir in time to hald my toun.
 The Emperour said for his saik that zow bocht
 Withouthin feir schaw me zour minde & thocht
 Ze sall me find to zow trew and constant,
 And zow to helth, thair is nocht ze sall want.
 Thairfoir schaw furth zour minde gif it zow
 For ze sall say nathing sall me diseis. (pleis
 Alexander said I will pleis zour Intent,
 As it was schawin to me in verament.
 Zit anis agane zour grace I will protest,
 That my schairp wordis zour minde nathing
 Be ane greit voice it was to me reuelit, (molest
 Be ane strange way, how that I may be halit.
 Zour awin twa sonnys zour self thame for to fla
 And my bodie welsche with the blude of tha.
 This is the way quhairthow I mon be haill,
 Dubilk is ane thing to zow vnnaturall:
 That the ffather his awin twa sonnys suld keil
 With his twa handis, for ony strangers weill.
 And is contrair the cours of naturall Law,
 This was the caus sic thing I durst not schaw.
 The Emperour said ze sail far to me thair,
 That callis zour self to be heir ane strangair.
 For in trew faith, and sa my saull haue seill,

As

As my awin self I lufe zow euin als weill,
 For gif I had ten barnis perchance and ma,
 To get zour helth, thair suld not ane of tha
 Sone be vnslane, I schortlie zow declair.
 Of this mater now we will speik na mair.
 Sa ze to rest and mak na mair ado.
 With help of God all to gude sall cum to.
 The Emprour he waittit day and nicht,
 And watchit about quhat time yat he best micht
 Cum to his chak, his awin twa sonnys to sla.
 Sa on ane day the Emprice furth culd ga
 With hir Ladeis airlie in ane morning,
 To tak pastime into ane grene garding.
 The Emprour saw, and to Chalmer him sped
 Dubair the twa babis lay sleipand in thair bed
 Incontinent his quhinzeir furth he drew
 With his twa hands his awin twa sonnys flew
 Cuttit thair throttis, and sine keppit the blude,
 Howbeit the same contrair his hart it stude.
 Na meruell was howbeit his hart was wo.
 He thame begat, and was his children two.
 Sine with that blude, Alexander did welsche,
 With his awin hands, all his body and flesche.
 Dubilk was als fair Incontinent and clene,
 As ony time befor had euer bene.
 And als gude lyke in parson and visage,
 As quhen he was bot twentie zeir of age.
 The Emprour than knew weill be his cullour,
 Be his fassoun, his face and portratour.
 It was but dout Alexander trewlie,
 Dubairof in hart richt wonder blyth was he.
 For of befor he knew bot this and so,
 Dubider gif it wes Alexander or no.

Bot doutles Alexander he knew,
 Without dispair it was Alexander trew.
 Kist him and said, O my gude tender freind,
 Sen first we knew and euer mair hes bene.
 Of your persoun now I haue gude knowledge,
 Of your fauour your far and your visage.
 Quhilk mony time I delytit to se,
 To eit and drinke, and be in companie.
 Blyst be the time, sic childzing I begat,
 That hes zow brocht to the stait ze ar at.
 Bot zit nane wist that the Childzing was flane,
 Bot Alexander, and the Emprour allane.
 The Emprour said, sen God of his gudnes,
 Hes maid zow haill of all your sair seiknes.
 I sall ordane for zow richt quyetlie,
 To pas ane space, ane honest companie.
 Out fra this place bot aucht or myles ten,
 To that effect, that nane heir sall zow ken.
 And on the morne ze sall send me message,
 Of your cūming, making to me knowledge.
 Than sall I cum with blyth and merie spreit,
 Into all haist, cast me zow for to meit.
 Than still with me alwayis ze sall remane,
 Quhill we auise to get your Realme agane.
 Of this counsall Alexander was content,
 As thay talkit, was done Incontinent.
 On the nixt day come to the Emprour,
 Ane Helsing, quha hailsit him with honour.
 Schawing to him, as he had gottin command
 King Alexander of Egypt was at hand
 The emprice hard and was richt wonder glaid
 To the Emprour scho hailsit hir and said.
 O my gude Lord, be blyth and mak gude cheir,
 King

King Alexander thay say is cūming heir.
Duhome with we oft in greit blythnes hes bene
This mony day bygane hes not him sene.
And wald your grace be sa gude to mak gait
Him for to meit, he wald be blyth I wait.
I and my Ladeis into our best array
Sall pas with you, and meit him be the way.
This being done, as zit nathing scho knew
That the ffather his awin twa sonnys flew.
The Empreour said, gif that it be your will,
That ilk Jorney blythlie I will ga till.
Than raid thay furth ane honest companie,
Lords, Knights, Ladeis, with greit solempnitie
And as thay raid sa Royallie throw the streit,
In the midway King Alexander culd meit.
Duha haillit vther with all humilitie,
With laude & gloir, and honour that micht be.
Thair was kindnes & thair was greit kissing,
Thair was blythnes, pair was in armes brasing
Thair was kneilling, and thair was courtasie
With reuerence and greit solempnitie.
Efter talking with gude and trew Intent,
All togidder vnto the Palice went.
Duhaire that he was ressauid with blythnes,
With greit honour, with Joy and mirrines.
Time come of meit, all was at Tabill set,
Nathing wantit that neidfull was to get.
Alexander was set at the hie deis,
With the Emprice, and the Empreour at meis.
As thay war talking into mirrines,
The Empreour said to his awin Empres:
O Florentine, my awin gude wife and lufe,
I think my hart in Joy exalt abuse.

That ze do mak King Alexander sic cheir,
 And is sa blyth, that he is cūmin heir.
 Scho said forsuith culd I it better make,
 It suld be done, for Alexanders sake.
 Suld not to vs his cūming be glaidnes,
 And in speciall to zow ane greit kyndnes.
 For ze had not cum to this Dignitie,
 Quhair ze ar now, forsuith had not bene he.
 And diuers tymes als he hes sauit zour lyfe,
 And was principall, that gat me to zour wyfe.
 The Emperour said, zour wit weill I allow.
 That thinks on thame that was sa gude to zow
 Than I pray zow tak gude heid quhat I say,
 Into this hall saw ze not the last day,
 Ane laith Lipper befoir our Tabill sat,
 Baith meit and dzink as ze saw sum he gat.
 Sine for Goddis lufe, & King Alexanders sake,
 Desirit ane dzink, quhilk I gart till him take.
 Scho said my Lord that man richt weill I saw
 Ane maie vglie zit did I neuer knaw.
 The Emperour said, a thing I zow demand,
 Quhilk I beleue ze will discus fra hand.
 I put the cace that Lipper man had bene,
 King Alexander that ze se with zour Ene.
 And his remeid and helth in zour hand lay,
 And with the blude of zour young sonnys tway
 Behude for to be bathit all about,
 Wald ze not than with ane styf hart and stout:
 Richt weill consent that baith thair bludes war
 To the Intent, pat his helth micht be had. (sched
 Thair throtts cuttit, and do thame baith to deid
 Sa Alexander thairthzow micht get remeid.
 And mak him haill, euin as ze se him now,
 That

That I wald do (quod scho) God I auow:
 Had we ten Sonnis gottin vs twa betwene,
 I wald consent to se thame with myne Ene:
 Incontinent to se thame deid and flane,
 Into that case to get his helth agane.
 Thay being flane with my power and pith,
 My awin twa hands suld welche him weil pair
 Rather than I suld leif him in sic neid, (with
 I wald not cure to se thair throttis bleid.
 For God agane micht send him barnis anew,
 Bot neuer agane ane freind sa traist and trew.
 Quhē the Emperour thir words of hir hard said
 Into his hart he was baith blyth and glaid:
 And said to hir gude Florentine my wife,
 Had ze rather saue Alexanders life:
 And helit of sair nor haue zour sonnis leuand.
 Trewlie (quod scho) that heir I tak on hand,
 Becaus thairfoir ze ar to him sa kinde,
 I will zow schaw the Inwart of my minde.
 The laith Lipper quhilk sat into my haw,
 That I and ze baith eit and drink we saw.
 Scho said he was maist Lipper Lazarous,
 That euer come within ane Nobillis hous.
 I meruellit greit quhairfoir y^t thing was wrocht
 Within zour hall sic ane beirne suld bene bocht
 To zow I trowit it suld haue done offence,
 That sic persounis suld cum in zour presence.
 Bot sen zour grace sufferit sic thing to be,
 I was content, and weill allowit with me.
 The Emperour said, had ze the treuth thā kend
 As I beleue, ze had not bene offend.
 Gude Florentine now I will mak zow sure,
 Quhilk man it was that sat on our hall sure.

I will zow schaw but ony fenzeing,
 Alexander it was of Egypt King.
 Quhilk at our Tabill now sittis presentlie,
 Quod scho my Lord, I think that can not be.
 Alexander that now sittis at our Tabill,
 That is ane thing not likelie to be abill.
 For Alexander that sittis heir presentlie,
 Is haill and feir, plesand to luik and se.
 Withouth seiknes of bodie sound and clene,
 Blyth of visage, with twa fair Cristall Ene,
 Curious of cozs, ane cumlie Creature,
 Sa was he not that sat into the flure.
 Bot of his lyze was laithlie and horribill,
 And had seiknes quhilk was vncurabill.
 And sa is not now Alexander King,
 And I meruell ze suld say sic ane thing.
 My hart (quod he) God hes send him remeid
 Throw me and zow be our sonnys deid.
 My hart nor hand forsuith na aw I stude,
 To cut thair throttis, & bath him in thair blude
 Sa be Goddis grace he is maid haill and feir,
 Ane clene persoun, as ze now se him heir.
 Than scho began to murne and to mak sorow
 As nature wald, howbeit scho said besorow:
 That scho had rather se all hir Childzen deid,
 Into that cace, or he wantit remeid.
 Zit not the les the naturall cours and kinde
 In this behalf, changeit baith thocht & minde
 The hartlie lufe, and motherlie pietie,
 Quhilk nature geuis in the Mother to be.
 Culd not suffer, nor zit na way sustene
 Bot with sair hart scho grat with baith hir ene
 And maid sorow, as it was na meruall,

Throw

Throw kindlie cours, and als lufe naturall.
 The Emprour persauit hir tak pine,
 To stanche hir sturt said O gude Florentine,
 Thocht ze be wo, I can na way zow wite,
 For weill I know ze had lufe and delite:
 Inwart kindnes vnto zour sonnes two,
 I can weill think that zour hart suld be wo.
 Zit not the les I pray zow ceis of sorow
 All will be weill I find zow God to borrow.
 The Nuris heirand of sic tythands,
 For greit hart bzek thay cryit & wrag pair hāds
 Thay wist nathing quhat for to do or say,
 Past to Chalmer quhair that the barnis lay,
 Beleuing weill of na vther remeid,
 Bot find the barnis in thair bed lyand deid.
 Thay fand the baith at thair pastime playing
 In greit blythnes, and geuing God louing.
 Neuer mair blyth sen first hour thay war bozne
 Nathing knowing that thair twa throtis was
 The Nuris to the Emprour went, (schorne
 And how all was thay schew Incontinent
 How his twa sonnys was leuand blyth & glaid
 And how about baith thair twa nekis pai had
 Ane cirkill of gold quhair y^t the knife had gane,
 Quhilk knife sa sone fra thame the life had tane
 Quhairthrow thair was greit mirth in y^e Cietie
 In the Palice, and all the companie.
 That God sic grace to hir twa babs had grātīt
 Thay being slane, thair lifes zit not thay wātīt
 Quhairfoir thair was throw the cieteis & tounis
 Greit prayers maid with mony Disounis.
 Louing the Lord life to thir babeis lent,
 And grantit helth to seik and Impotent.

Bankettis thay maid with Joy and mirrines,
 Menstrallis maid mirth, ceissit was all sadnes.
 Quene Florentine scho blis that samin day,
 Scho did conlaue and beir sic sonnys tway.
 Nothing was thair the space of fourtie dayis
 Bot al kin mirth, with blythnes sports & playis
 Greit tozamentis, with hardie hors rynnning,
 Sum vther dayis w^t grew houndis deir hunting
 This being done the Emprour did prepair
 Ane greit armie of manheid singlar,
 And pass away with all thair fellowschip
 With Alexander agane into Egypt.
 Set him agane into his Royaltie,
 In his awin Realme with greit solempnitie.
 Restorit him haill to all his possessiounis,
 With dew seruice of his Lordis and Barrounis
 That gude Iowell King Alexanders Quene
 In Adultrie that sa done lang had bene.
 With hir luifer, quhat he was Knicht or squire,
 As thay deseruit, was baith bzint in ane fire.
 In this meane time y^e Emprour chācit to haue
 Ane fair sister, quhome in to wife he gaue
 To Alexander, and fortifeit the band
 Of greit kindnes, quhilk euer mair did stand:
 Betuix thame twa, of hartlie minde and thocht
 Quhat that ane did, the vther wald haue wrought
 Sa Alexander being set down at rest,
 In his awin Realme, the Emprour thocht best
 For to retorne agane to his Impire,
 And tuik gude nicht at thair awin hartis desire
 Thay war richt wa to pairt ze may considder,
 Bot zit ay still freinds may not bide togidder.
 Sa departit with mirrines and Joy,

Alexander

Alexander on gait did him conuoy.
Sine efter this Alexander him drest,
To gyde his Realme alwayis as he thocht best
With manlines and wisdom in him sell,
He vincust all contrair him did rebell.
His enemies about him all he dantit.
Sa thow wisdom of his will nocht he wantit
Quhen he was in all his gloir peice and micht,
Into his minde it come vpon ane nicht.
How his Father in the sey did him sing,
Becaus he schew quhat the wilde bird did sing.
And his Mother thairto did weill consent,
Thairfor he send Messager Incontinent.
Howbeit thay did ane far way fra him dwell,
The Messinger zit he had to thame tell,
That Alexander quhilk was King of Egypt,
Wald to thame cum with ane greit fellowship.
Eit and drink, and with thame mak gude cheir
In that countrie sum new nowellis to heir.
The Messinger blythlie thay did ressaue,
And riche rewardis siclike thay to him gaue.
Saying thair seruice at euerie time and hour
Suld be reddy at that greit Kingis plesour.
Howbeit thay war not worthie for sic thing,
For to ressaue with thame ane crownit King.
Zit not the les and pleis his grace to cum,
With all our hartis he salbe richt welcum.
The Messinger to the Emperour is went,
As thay him said he schew Incontinent.
And quhat reward with blythnes pai him gaue
And how blythlie the King thay suld ressaue.
And how reddy thay war at his command,
Him for to serue all time at hart and hand.

Quhat euer his grace gaue thame cōmandemēt
 Dubairof the King was blyth and weill cōtent
 The day become the King tuik his Jorday,
 With diuers Lordis to pas the reddy way
 Dubair his Father and mother maid dwelling
 Unknawin to thame of ony vther thing:
 Bot he was King of Egypt and nane vther,
 Nor zit nane knew of his Father and Mother.
 Except him self quha knew weill all the race,
 And quhē thay drew neir hand his fathers place
 As thay come furth rydand in thair Jorday
 The Knicht his Father met him be the way.
 And quhen he saw the King cūming with croun
 Incontinent of his hors lichtit down.
 With all honour and all gude reuerence,
 Upon his kneis making obedience.
 And quhen he saw his Father tak sic pane,
 He tuik him vp, and bad him ryde agane.
 Sa cheik for cheik, to his Castell thay raid,
 Dubair thair was cheir w^t all aboundance maid
 And quhen thay come vnto the Castell zet,
 His Mother come, and with blythnes him met.
 Kneilling to him, he lichtit and hir kist,
 Bot quhat he was the suith nathing scho wist.
 Scho said to him sen it plesis your grace
 To vesie vs at this time, and our place.
 Ze do to vs your seruandis greit honour,
 And we blyth ar that it is your plesour.
 And is welcum to all that ze find heir,
 And as we may we sall mak zow the cheir.
 The time of day drew neir all bownit to dine,
 His Father come with ane siluer Basine:
 With Rois watter vpon his knie kneilland,
 And

And his Mother with Cowell in hir hand,
 Saying meiklie, pleisit your grace to welsche,
 And thairefter with sum meist you refresche.
 It is reddy the cheir we dow you mak,
 Praying your grace in patience it to tak.
 The King this saw he simplit and fine he said
 Untill him self, thair is nane can auaid,
 Nor set on side the godlie prouidence
 He will haue done be his persit prudence.
 The Nichtingailis sang now I persaue is trew
 Quhilk lang ago to my Father I schew:
 Quhen that scho come to his windo and sang,
 That thay suld baith be richt glaid for to gang
 With the Cowell and Basine in thair handis,
 He for to serue as thay war my seruandis.
 Sif I wald thoill thame sic thing for to do,
 Now the same thing and mater is cum to.
 This in him self he said, and na man knew,
 Nor to na man as zit sic thing he schew.
 Sa he wald not thame thoill to do sic thing,
 Howbeit that time he was ane Crownit King,
 Saying schir Knicht, I will honour your age,
 Ze nor your wife sall do me sic homage.
 It becūmis not sic twa agit to bring,
 Water to welsche, howbeit I be ane King.
 Tak in patience, forsuith I say you trew,
 For I haue heir vther seruandis anew.
 Than said the Knicht to vs it war honour,
 Sa that it war vnto your grace plesour.
 Bot sen race is, ze will not thoill vs do,
 Be resoun we ar not worthie thairto.
 Than said the King, I dude to honour age,
 Sic office ganis to younger personage.

Chan to dennar was this gude King set down,
 And thairefter his Lordis of greit Renoun.
 Quhen he was set he gart set down his Mother
 On his ane side, his Father on the vther.
 Quhome Inteirlie beheld ay his visage,
 Eif thay culd haue of him ony knowlege.
 Bot nane thay had, seiknes, eild and laubour,
 Causit thame misken his fassoun and fauour.
 The dennar done, the King to Chalmer went,
 For his Father and Mother efter sent.
 Quha come to him with all obedience
 Banderiing to him seruice and reuerence.
 He commandit all persounis pas on side,
 Nane bot the Knicht and his wife to abide.
 At quhais command, as he had sa was done,
 Chan was the dure on thame thze closit sone.
 Chan said the King to the Knicht and his wife
 Haue ze na barnis, quod thay nane vpon life.
 Sone noz douchter at this time haue we nane,
 And to get ma, we traist the time be gane.
 Chan said the King I speir for time bygane
 Had ze ony, or had ze neuer ane.
 Chan said the Knicht for a sone we had ane
 Bot it is lang sen he was deid and gane.
 Chan said the King, in quhat deid deit he.
 Chan said the Knicht ane naturall deid trewlie
 Chan said the King be that not trew but faill,
 Ze fault to me, and dowbillis to me your taill.
 Chan said the Knicht, your grace now I require
 Quhat is the caus sa seruentlie ze desire,
 And to sic thing quhat causis zow tak heid,
 With sic effect to speir efter his deid.
 Chā said the King, without caus do I it nocht
 How

How your Sone deit, schaw me your minde and
 Gif ze will not schaw furth the veritie, (thocht.
 Ane schameles deid but dout ze sall baith die.
 Duhen thay þ hard thay fell doū on thair knie
 Asking him grace forgiuenes and mercie.
 Than said the King, zit I will honour age,
 I couet not of zow sa greit homage.
 I grant zow leif befoir me for to stand,
 And sa he raist thame baith vp be the hand.
 To that Intent I come not in your place,
 Now to betraies in ony sort or cace,
 For it is geuin me weill to vnderstand
 Ze put your sone to deid with your awin hand.
 And gif sic thing cum to the Iudgement,
 Ze will be baith condampnit Incontinent.
 Chairfoir to me the verray treuth ze schaw,
 It is danger for sic to hyde the Law.
 Schaw me the treuth, and I sall saif zow baith
 Fra all perrell, and keip zow fra all skaith.
 Than said the Knicht, my life schir to me grāt
 Of the trew treuth ane word ze sall not want.
 Than said the King feir not the treuth to say,
 And on credence heir I sall saif zow tway.
 Than said the Knicht ane sone we had trewlie,
 Quhilk was weill sene in cunning and Clergie
 Sicker cunning he had in science seuin,
 In all Planetis that mouit vnder heuin.
 He knew the cours, and all thair strāge aspectis
 Chair pith, power, and all thair firme affectis.
 All herbis and treis richt wonder weill he knew
 Quhat strēth pai had, quhat pith, & quhat ver-
 Chair was na foull þ euer flew in wing, (tew
 Bot he knew weill quhē pai pair sang wald sing.

Into sa far, thair was na herb that sprang,
 He knew the pith, and als the foullis sang.
 Upon ane day befoir vs he culd stand,
 With Basine, Towell, and watter in his hand
 In the meane time that bony foull of sight,
 The Nichtingaill, at our windo did licht.
 And sa began to sing hir noitis gude,
 Weill war the man (quod I) that understude
 Zone sweet singing, & quhat the bird dois mene
 Quod he Father sa ze will not be tene:
 I suld zow schaw quhat zone bird sings sa sweet
 And euerie note I sall zow Interpret.
 Quod I deir sone, I pray the to me schaw,
 To say the suith of na man stand thow aw.
 Quod he Father, forsuith I tak greit feir,
 It sall zow craib, hir sang quhen ze it heir.
 Nay, nay, (said I) of that haue thow na dout,
 The birds sang I pray the tell me out.
 Quod he zone bird scho menis into hir sang,
 My Mother and ze ar abill to leif sa lang,
 Quhill that ze stand befoir me as seruandis,
 And to be blyth hald watter to my handis.
 Gif that I will zow suffer sic to do.
 Quod I that day thow sall neuer cum to.
 And sa at schozt oʒ euer I tuik rest,
 Into the sey for to drowne I him kest.
 Chan said the King, to zow had bene na skaith
 Unto his hands ze had haldin watter baith.
 I think it had bene to zow baith plesour,
 That zour ane sone had cum to sic honour.
 Chan said the Knicht, that same thing I cōfess
 In greit furie I did it and wodnes.
 Wit and wisdome was went, will was our mā
 Richt

Richt and reffoun and reuth gupte fra me ran.
 Sa quhen wit wants and strenth of reffoun leiff
 I count a man na better nor ane beiff,
 That ryppis on heid and lukis to na reffoun
 And sa did I quhen I my Sone did droun.
 Than said the King, I think it was folie,
 Now for to wyrk contrair the Maieftie
 Of God alone, and his greit prouydence,
 His wit his will, and michtie Ordinance.
 Ze micht weill wit, God of his Sapience,
 That to your Sone had send him sic Science:
 To know the voce of the byrds in the Air,
 And it was God that causit hir to cum thair,
 To sing that sang, as God had hir directit,
 For in na sort scho micht na way neglectit.
 Chairfoir lat nane the man maiff michtieff,
 Cast him to wyrk contrair quhilk God hes drest
 For it passis wit power and puiffance,
 To wyrk contrair his michtie Ordinance.
 Now ze fall know the treuth and veritie,
 I am your Sone quhilk ze kest in the fie.
 And the greit God of his michtie Godheid,
 Hes me preferuit fra all danger of deid.
 And be his grace hes brocht me to this stait,
 As I am now and for me did debait.
 For his foirsicht na way can be down smozit,
 Bot euer mair the same will be decozit.
 As worthie is for nane can wyrk contrair,
 His prouydence, that schairplie I declair.
 Than the Father and Mother heiring that,
 For feir and Joy fell to the eird down flat.
 Quhome he take vp with all humilitie,
 Saying Father and Mother feir not me.

Haue ze na dout of all that I haue said,
 Rather be blyth, Ioyus, merie and glaid.
 With help of God na danger sall zow deir,
 Quhat euer ze think, I pray zow tak na feir.
 Ze sall nocht aill in geir noz in persoun,
 Of all bygane, I grant zow plane pardoun:
 For ze sall fynd, that my micht and weilsaie,
 Salbe zour gloir, for now and euer maie,
 Into this lyfe, sa lang as I Indure,
 I haue ressoun, ze twa me gat and bure.
 Sa with blythnes, with hat into his hand,
 He kist them baith, with merie hart lauchand.
 Than the Mother scho grat richt pieteoussie,
 And the Father the teir fell in his Eye.
 Than said the King, be still and weip ze nocht,
 For in my Realme with blys ze salbe brocht.
 And with all gloir thair sall ze honourit be,
 With all blythnes, worschip and Dignitie:
 Aboue my self, except my Kinglie Croun,
 Quhilk is preseruit bot to my awin persoun.
 Sa in that place he left certane seruands,
 To reule & gyde pair rowmes pair rents & lands
 Tuke his Father and Mother with him hame,
 Quhair thay leuit still in honour and gude fame
 All thair life tyme quhil God to deid thame drest
 Gydit the Realme in Justice peice and rest.
 Unto the tyme cours was past of nature,
 Endit thair lyfs onlie to Godds plesure.

¶How the Emprice was condampnit to deid.

¶With hir Luifer. but mercie or remeid.

THAN Dioclesiane said to the Empeour
 Father this Tale I tald to zour plesour,
 Quhilk

Quhilk I beleue richt weill ze understand.
 Ze euerie word (quod he) Sone I warrand,
 It is ane taill to be notit I say,
 Not ane better I hard this mony a day.
 Than said the Sone and pleis your Maiestie,
 Howbeit that God hes geuin sic grace to me:
 Of wit, wiidome, and vther greit Cuning,
 Of diuers thingis hes lent vnderstanding.
 Zit this suld not na way minische your micht.
 Nor your honour, your Maiestie and hicht.
 Bot rather suld the same eik and augment,
 Be richt, restoun, and equall Judgement.
 Sa in likewise the Kingis gre and estait,
 Quhilk was be God onlie predestinait.
 Send be the bird, to sing that he micht heir,
 Quhilk in that cace was Goddis Messinger.
 For had not bene God gaue that bird sic grace,
 Scho had not sung sic singing in sic place.
 The sonnys honour, and all his dignitie,
 Tuik na honour fra the Father ze se.
 Nor to his Mother it did na hinderance
 Bot rather was thair honouris to auance.
 For as ze hard thay war honourit alwayis,
 Into his Realme, during thair life and dayis.
 Than said agane to him the Empreour,
 I persaue weill the sonnys greit honour:
 Can na way pair the Fathers micht and gloir
 Bot rather ay to mak it moir and moir.
 Thairfoir I will the haill Impire resing
 Into your handis, and ze thairof be King.
 And gyde tbe same, and haue the reule and steir
 For I am auld, dow not sic burding heir.
 Bot rather wald be set at rest and eis,

And ze the Realme to gyde as ze best pleis.
 For I dow not Indure sic besines,
 Be ressoun of my eild and febilnes.
 Than said the sone sauing your graces will,
 To that sentence na way grant will I till.
 Bot ze sall ay haue the Authozitie,
 During your life, ever mair abone me,
 To charge, command, to bid, and for to do,
 In all effairis, that ever pertenis zow to.
 All besines that ar laborius,
 Actis and erandis, welthie and ponderus.
 Alwayis I will accept them vpon me,
 Zow for to seque, as is my greit dewtie.
 And ever sall, the samin nicht and day,
 To your plesure, in sa far as I may.
 The Emperour than commandit his Justice,
 In Judgement sit, and do furth his office.
 And the Emperice in ptesence to gar bring,
 With hir Rebald cled in wemens clething.
 Quhilk nixt hir self he causit for to stand,
 Than hir Ladeis in ordour at the nixt hand.
 Than Dioclesiane to the Emperour said,
 Father your Quene your honour hes degraid.
 Quir all the warld ze ar greit Emperour,
 And it pertenis to your grace and honour:
 To do Justice to all the same despris,
 For the same thing your Maiestie requiris
 Asweill to pure, as to the riche alway,
 Equall Justice ze suld minister ay.
 Now I desire that ze giue richt sentence,
 On the vntreuth, falsset and greit offence
 Done and alledgeit be the Emperice falslie,
 Be counsall of hir lufe in contrair me.

Be quhais fals meanis seuin times furth I was
 To the Gallous to leif my life in wed. (led,
 And daylie stude in greit perrell of life,
 And all this come thzow falsset of zour wife.
 Als to zour grace vnfaithfull scho hes bene
 Of hir bodie, not gydand like ane Quene.
 Quhilk is weill prouin into zour awin pzesence
 Be manlie signes, and persite euidence.
 Upon the quhilk I ask and als desyzis,
 Justice and richt, euin as the caus requyzis.
 To zour Justice I wald ze gaue command,
 To giue sentence but dilatouris fra hand.
 Quhen the Empryce hard this sair petitoun,
 Upon the eird than fell scho flatlingis down.
 At the Emprour askit grace and mercie.
 Bot in na sort sic thing thair culd not be,
 According to the Law he bad proceid,
 And giue sentence conforme vnto hir deid.
 And bad pans weill to quhōe the deid was done
 Be quhome, quē, quhair, and how lang oz how
 And thairfter to mak the punischement, (sone
 As pleisit the Judge to gif furth his Judgemēt.
 Than said the Judge na way I can hir clenge
 For hir awin deid hir self it dois reuenge.
 The persite prufe of hir Rebald and knaif,
 Thame self baith fylis, as all man may persais
 And than the fault it is leis Maiestie,
 Done in contrair the Crownis dignitie.
 Into sa far as scho defoulit his bed,
 And his ane sone to Gallous gart be led.
 Thairfoir I giue in oppin audience,
 And pronouncis now for extreme sentence,
 That the Empryce be bound to ane hors taill,

Throw all the strengthis of the Cietie hir traill,
 Dubill scho cum to the place bring for to be,
 For hir prepairit, that euerie man may se,
 And thair with schame and lak to end hir life,
 In remembrance scho was ane Emperours wife
 And als we giue on hir Rebald sentence,
 For his knaifrie, and his peruerst offence:
 Contrair the Croun, merciles to be marterit,
 On the Battis reuin, hāgit, drawin & quarterit
 And sine his flesche furth cassin to the tykis,
 To be deuozit with doggis vnder dykis.
 And with the foulis that fleis in the Air,
 The doggis leuings to tak vp to thair skair.
 In memorie that he durst sic presume,
 In contemptioun the greit Emperour of Rome.
 This schairp sentence we pronounce oppinlie,
 To all pepill and dois it ratifie.
 Makis the same knawin to all man patent,
 Asweill absent, as thay that ar present.
 Sa war thay baith conforme to thair offence.
 Done and demanit, according to sentence.
 Geuin and pronoucit than be that awful Iuge
 Duhairfra remeid thay had nane nor refuge.
 Bot suffer deith with everlasting schame,
 And ay to bruis of greit harlattis the name.
 As worthie was, for quhy continuall sin,
 With Indurit hart, euer to ly thairin:
 But feir of God or ony repentence,
 Causit them suffer sic doly sad sentence.
 Howbeit that man sic baudrie did not knaw,
 Zit God in heuin richt weill it hard and saw.
 For all thing is to his Ene ay patent,
 Chairfoir he fand ane subtell Instrument,
 To

To mak sic thing to mannīs sīcht be kend,
 This ze may se of this Emprīce the end.
 Praying greit God of vs to haue mercie,
 And hīr forgiue, Amen sa mot it be.

¶ Ane declaratioun to the Emprīce efter hir deid.

O FAITHLES febill fule, ô helie het hoillit hure,
 O poysonit paddokis pule, ô mischant mad Monsture
 Curst catiue creature, ô Sathans seid all schent,
 That euer zit wrocht nature, or zit to lyfe was lent.
 Quhair was thy wīsdome went, quhen sic fulische thow fand,
 Thy lust thow may lament, that euer tuik sic on hand.
 Thow hes loist lyfe and land, and all thy Royall rout,
 Thy stait na way culd stand, it was sa stinkand stout
 Vpon the all cryis out, fy, fy, for verray schame,
 All wemens seid dois schout, vpon thy filthie name:
 Ay waryit be the wame, that brocht the in this lyfe
 Euer to bruik sic blame, wa worth the wickit wyfe:
 Rutit in sturt and stryfe, thy bow was euer bendit
 Thairfoir but sword or knyfe, thy lyfe now thow hes endit
 Sa greitly thow offendit, vnto ane Innocent,
 That thow wald neuer mend it, into this lyfe present.
 Thow wald neuer repent, bot wrocht wrang with Iniures,
 Now with schame thow art schent, heid patrōn to all hures
 Ay quhill this warld Indures, euer to bruik that name,
 With all quick Creatures, with sclander lak and schame.

¶ Frons meretricis non erubescit

¶ Nec in ea voluptas nunquam senescit.

NOW our Emprīce hes sufferit deid and gane
 Thairfoir as now we will let hīr alane
 With hīr harlot, quhais dayis thay haue ill spē-
 Ane Ill entrie for commoun is Ill endit. (dit
 As weill appeirit in deid betuīr thame tway,
 Of thame as now na farther I will say.
 Bot in all haist ga finische furth our buik,
 Becaus the same to do we vndertuik.
 Thairfoir as now maīr time we will not spend

Bot schaw at schozt of the gude Emperours end
Within few dayis efter this besines.

The Emperour he tuk ane sair seiknes:
As plesit God, and payit his naturall det,
As the time come, and as the terme was set.
Dioclesiane than tuk the steir on hand,
And Emperour was of that countrie and land
Reulit the Impire with wisdom and prudence
Held his Maisteris in daylie reuerence.
Be quhais counsall, wisdom and desire,
He gydit weill his Kingdome and Impire.
That he precellit all his predecessouris,
In riches, wisdom, Justice and honouris.
Of his lieges sic lufe still he conquest,
That our all thing in erd thay lude him best.
His Maisters als thay lude him our all thing,
With all seruice, as thair trew Lord and King.
Into sa far, thame self in Jeopardie
Thay put oft times to saue his honestie,
And sa endit thair dayis in greit honour,
In Joy and mirth, and to the greit plesour
Of God alone, to quhome all honour be,
Laude, praise, Impire, triumphe and dignitie.
Kingdome, Renoun, and Joy perpetuall,
Louing and lufe, obedience our all.
Helth and vertew, and everlasting gloir,
Into all worldis, baith now and ever moir.
Be to that Lord with all humilitie,
And to distill ane drop of his mercie
On vs sinners, his gloir that we may se it
To his plesure, say euerie man so be it.

Finis quod Rolland.

¶ Ane

¶ Ane schort schawing quhair and quhen, and at
quhais requeist this buik was tranflatit out
of prois in Scottis Meter.

AT the requeist of my Ant callit Cast,
In roustie ryme this quair I did translaist
Of all trim termis as ze may se denude,
Becaus scho me protestit air and laist
All strange termis to cast out of my gait.
Saying to me scho not thame understude,
Requiring als that I wald be sa gude
Memens honour to hald vp and estait,
As ze may se, I durst not ellis bot dude.

Sa in seuin oulkis this quair was clene cōpleit
Out of plane prois, now keipand meteris feit
Within the Fort and Towre of Tamtalloun,
Quhen the Inglis Floit beside Inchekeith did
Upon the sey, in that greit birning heit, (fleit
Baith Scottis & Inglis of Leith lay at y^e toun,
With schairp asseige, and garneist garisoun
On ather side, quhair sindrie loist the sweit,
That samin time I maid this translatioun.

In mirrines, sen my Ant causit me mak it
I zow require gude Reidaris for to tak it
Into patiere, quhair faults ar foud correct thame
Zit war I laith our far that it war lakit.
Gif sum verse haltis, or ony cullouris crakit
For my requeist tak out ane pen and blek thame
Becaus for haist perchance I did neglect thame
For gif sa be, I can na way defend it
Excuse it self, and sa this quair is endit.

¶ Quod Rolland. 1560.



¶ The Author sayis to the Buik.

IN haist ga hy the to sum hoill,
And hyde the, be not callit ane buik
Ga cowne the ouir all clene with coill
Sone smeir the ouir with smiddie smuik,
Dz scour pottis to sum creischie Cuik:
Dz in sum kitching turne the speit:
Amang Ladeis thow dar not luik
Foz thay will on the with thair feit,
Foz men of gude thow art not meit
Thay will the hald of small auail,
Quhat restis thair than bot zald thy Spreit:
Dz to tryit Cinklaris tell thy taill.
Thy rousie ryme amang thame raill
Foz honest folk few will set by the,
And I sweir be the Rude of Craill
Cuitching my part heir I deny the:
My counsall is, that thow gar cry the
Amang Cowclinkis and commoun hures,
All gude women thay may defy the
Of all thy crakis thay tak na cures:
Bot fond Fillokis vp in the Hures
Quha first zow reddis, Sym Skynnar hang thame
Se on thame thow wrik all Iniures,
Pas on and fend thy self amang thame.

¶ Quod Rolland in Dalkeith.

Et sic est finis

Laus detur & gloria trinis.

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